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NEDL TRANSFER
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MY CURIOSITY SHOP.

1885.

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FROM THE BOOKS
IN THE HOMESTEAD OF

Sarah Orne Jewett

AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

BEQUEATHED BY

Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905

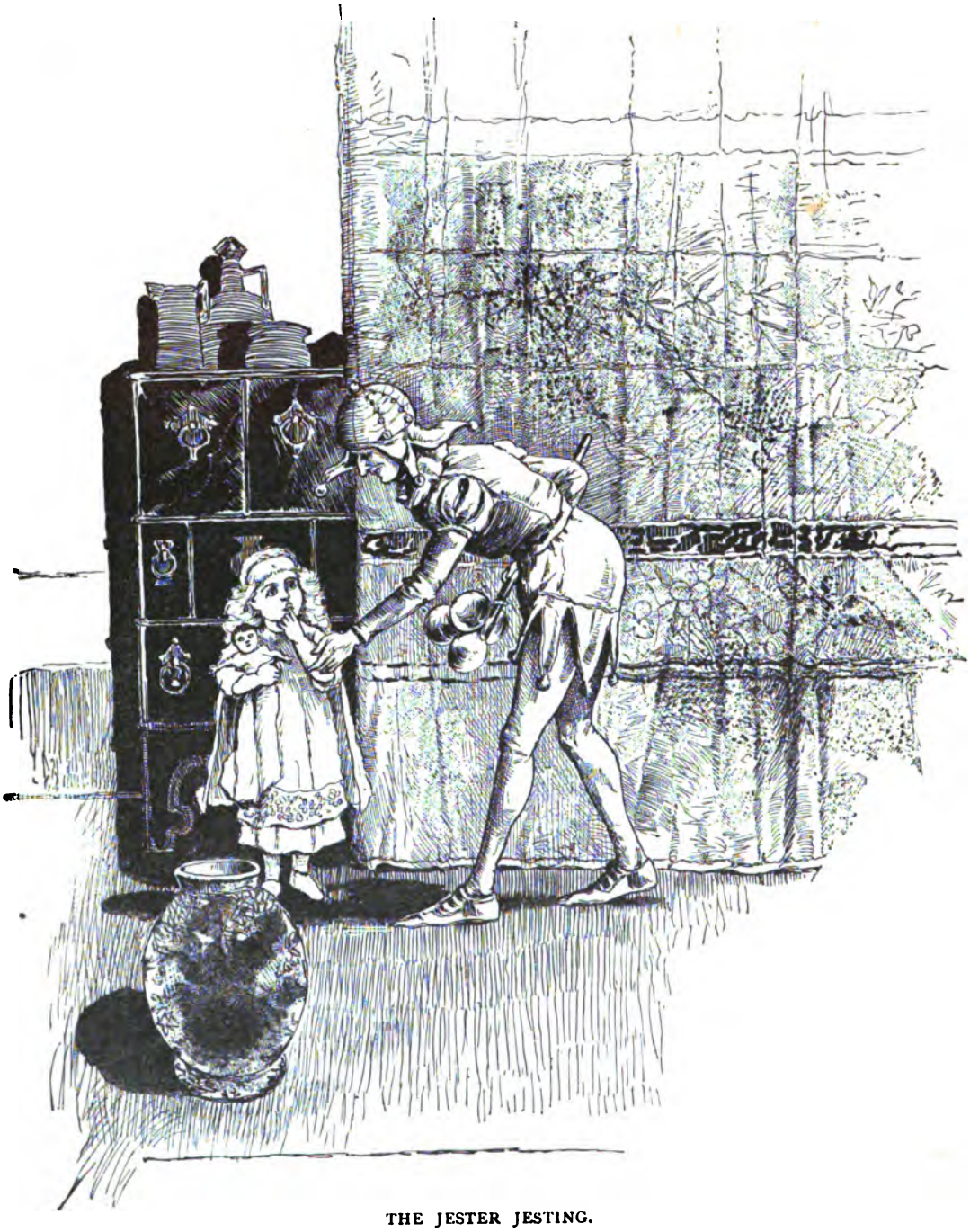
1931

My Curiosity Shop

1885

D. Lothrop & Co.

Boston



THE JESTER JESTING.

MY CURIOSITY SHOP

PICTURES AND STORIES FOR YOUNGEST READERS

BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
FRANKLIN STREET

Jun 1885.8

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THE FAIRY FLAG.

(A Skye Folk-lore Story.)

By Mary E. Wilkins.

BEYOND the purple gloom of moors,
Beyond the blueness of the sea,
Beyond the range of chalk-white cliffs,
The sun was setting peacefully.

The fairy, on a grassy knoll,
Sat dreaming, singing to the cows:
"*Knee-deep in clumps of plumy ferns,*
Knee-deep in rustling grasses browse!

"*The chieftain slays his foeman's clan,*
The lady 'broiders in the hall;
I sit here singing to the cows,
And am the gayest one of all!

"*Now of the clumps of spicy fern,*
Now of the juicy grasses taste!"
The fairy wore a grass-green gown,
With golden girdle at her waist;

Her winsome little face upturned,
Her soft gold hair all round her streamed;
Her small pink cheeks like roses burned,
Her wild blue eyes like jewels beamed.

She struck a little harp o' pearl,
As to the browsing kine she sung:
All lightly o'er the fairy bridge
Beyond, a bonnie laddie sprung.

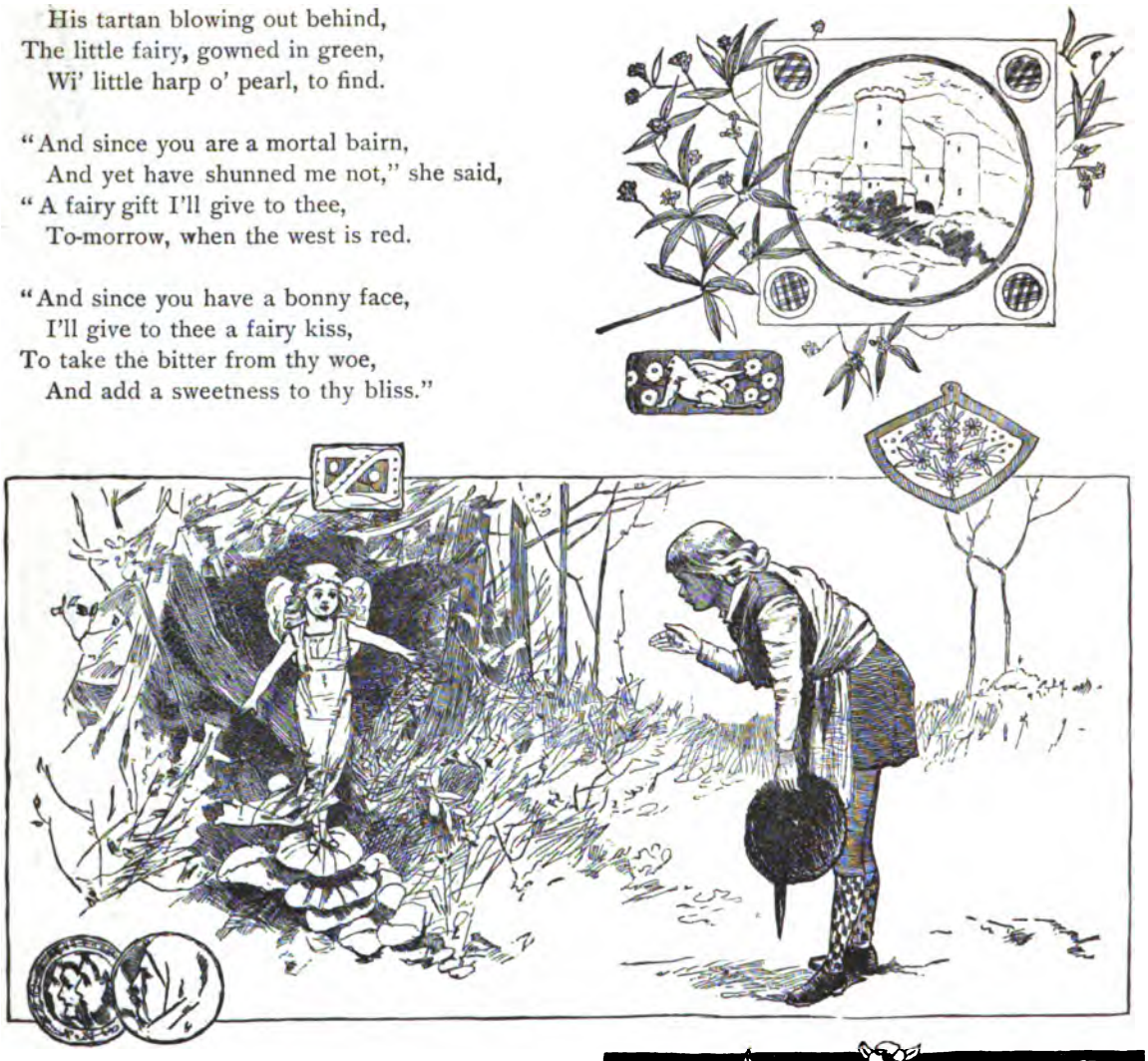
He had Prince Charlie's yellow locks,
His gay blue eyes and lovesome way:
Macleod's little son he was—
The castle just beyond him lay.

The fairy lilted loud and sweet,
The laddie turned him round to see;
She lifted up her little face,
And sweet, and sweet, and sweet, smiled she.

The laddie thro' the heather ran,
His tartan blowing out behind,
The little fairy, gowned in green,
Wi' little harp o' pearl, to find.

"And since you are a mortal bairn,
And yet have shunned me not," she said,
"A fairy gift I'll give to thee,
To-morrow, when the west is red.

"And since you have a bonny face,
I'll give to thee a fairy kiss,
To take the bitter from thy woe,
And add a sweetness to thy bliss."



She kissed the laddie's blushing cheek,
And all the air grew sweet around,
As if a million flowers bloomed out—
And than she vanished from the ground.

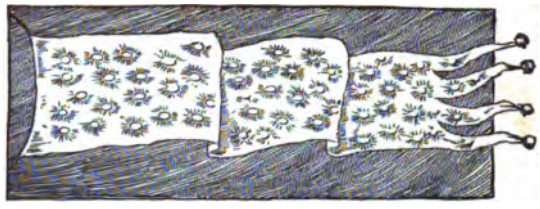
The western sky all roses was,
And round "Macleod's Maiden's" feet
Foam-wreaths to wreaths of roses turned.
The fairy lilted loud and sweet;

The laddie o'er the fairy bridge,
Came running lightly to her side:
"And have you brought the fairy gift
You promised me last night?" he cried.

The flag was green as springtide sward
What time the sun upon it lies,
And shot with threads of glittering gold,
And filled with spots of gold, like eyes.

She put it in the laddie's hand:
"Once waved, 'twill bring thee thy desire,
And twice, and thrice—but not again;
Then cast it, worthless, in the fire!"

A shadow o'er her gown o' green,
A shadow o'er her winsome face,
A shadow o'er her golden hair,
Came softly creeping on apace.



The fairy through the shadow shone,
And struck her little harp o' pearl;
Then vanished in the shadow's heart,
Wi' golden and wi' rosy swirl.
The laddie held the fairy flag,
Alone in twilight gray and cold;

And stood and looked, his wond'ring eyes
All filled with dancing motes of gold.

The laddie's yellow beard had grown;
He'd wedded with a lady fair;
And he had got a little son,
With his same bonnie yellow hair.

And alway had the fairy's kiss,
She gave to him so long ago,
Added a sweetness to his bliss,
And ta'en the bitter from his woe.

But never yet the fairy flag
Had waved upon the castle wall;
For with his stalwart arm and sword,
His troubles he had breasted all.

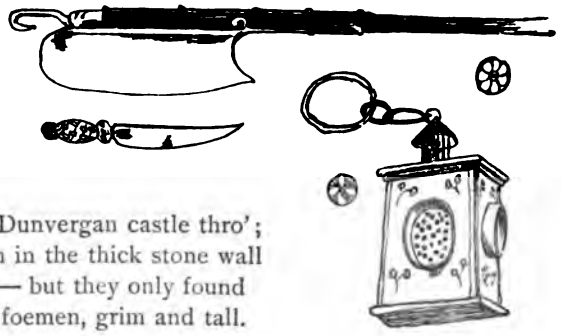
"Oh, where's my little laddie gone?"
The lady left her 'broidery frame;
Through every castle window peered,
With tearful eyes, the gentle dame.

Macleod called his followers out,
And loud the castle trumpets blew:
"Macleod's heir is strayed awa',
And on the heather falls the dew.

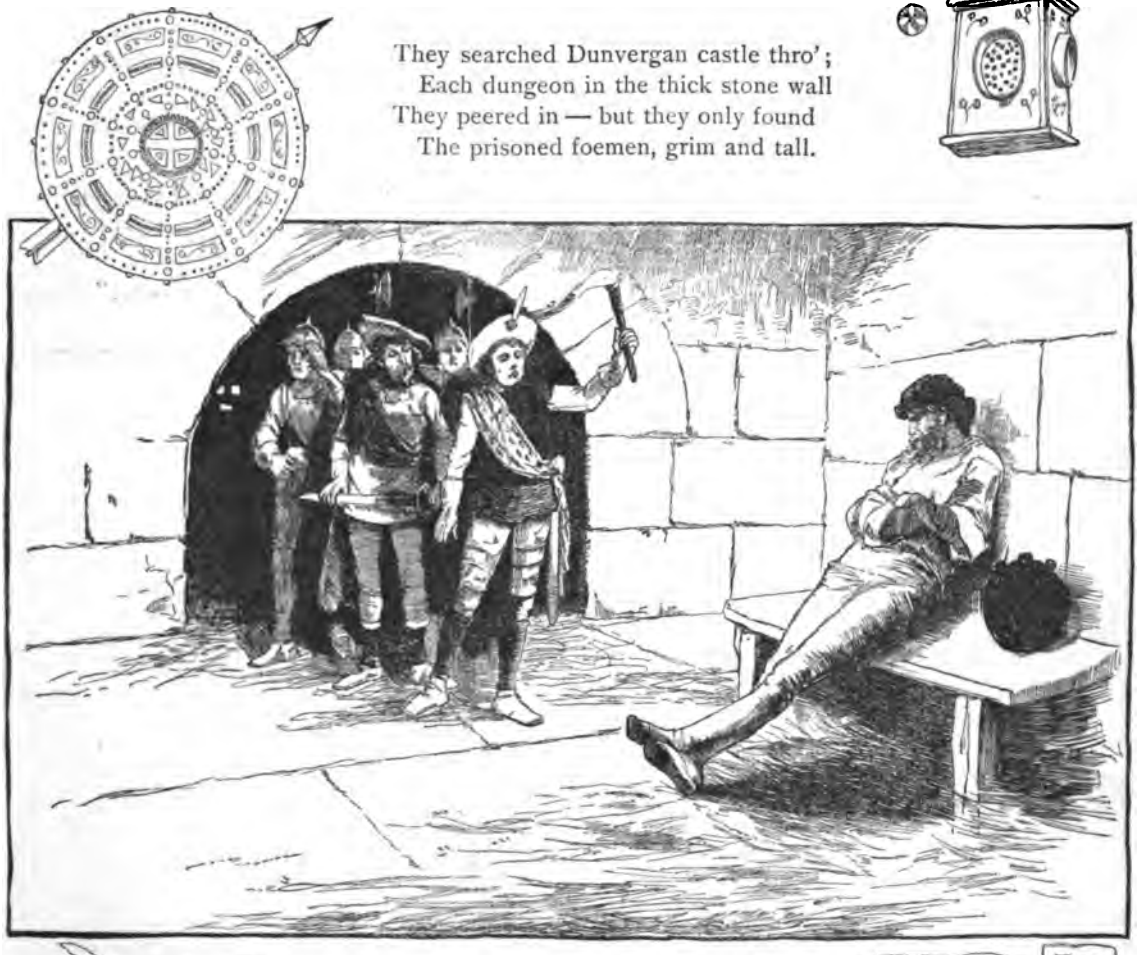
"And on the heather falls the dew;
Shadows are floating o'er the sea.
Oh, where's my little laddie gone? —
I pray ye bring him back to me!"

They searched along the chalk-white cliffs,
Upon the dizzy hanging paths;
They sought him on their breezy tops,
Along the strips of grassy straths.

They called "Macleod" down the hill;
They called "Macleod" down the vale;
They hailed the shepherd with his flock,
The maiden with her milking-pail.



They searched Dunvergan castle thro';
Each dungeon in the thick stone wall
They peered in — but they only found
The prisoned foemen, grim and tall.



His mother looked out o'er the sea,
To where "Macleod's Maidens" stand,
To see, above the foam-wreaths, rise
His yellow head and waving hand.

The laddie came not; and the moon
With all the stars sailed out in sight;
"Macleod's Tables," tops of snow,
Were cloth of silver in her light.

"Bring out, bring out the fairy flag!
I'll wave it from the topmost tower!
There'll come no direr need than this —
Macleod's race has lost its flower!"

Macleod waved the fairy flag;
It looked a net of golden wire;
Its streaks of gold and spots of gold,
All linked and curled like tongues of fire.

There came a twang o' pearlie harp,
There came a lilting loud and sweet;
And softly o'er the fairy bridge
There came the dance o' slender feet.

There danced along the fairy bridge
A spot i' the golden light apace:
The laddie at the castle gate
Stood lifting up his bonnie face.

All day the chief had held the field,
Nor quailed until the sun sank low;
His followers, bleeding, round him lay,
And he was hemmed in by the foe.

"Oh, life is sweet!" Macleod thought
"I love my bairn and lady dear:
I'll wave again the fairy flag —
Oh, will it bring me succor here!"

"Oh, I ha' wandered by the burn,
And I ha' wandered by the glen;
A little leddy all in green,"
He said, "has led me home again."

Macleod furled the fairy flag:
"Ye've served me once in blessed stead —
But sorely I'll be pressed again
Ere I will wave ye twice!" he said.

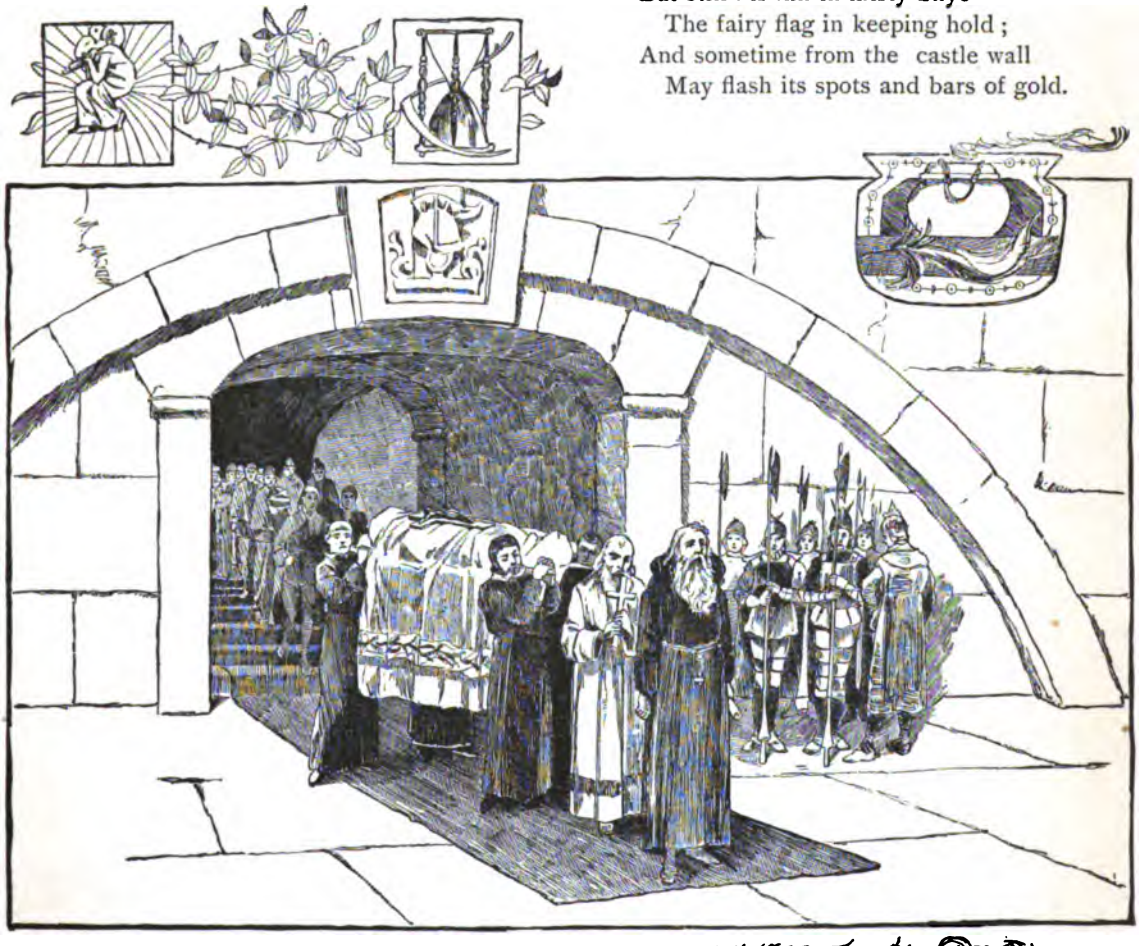
Macleod waved the fairy flag —
His foemen reeled back at the sight;
For in their cruel eyes there danced
Great spots and bars of golden light.

There came a twang o' pearlie harp,
There came a lilting loud and sweet:
Macleod's foemen turned and fled,
The hills all rang with flying feet.

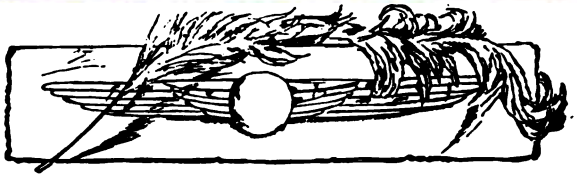
Macleod furled the fairy flag:
"Ye've served me twice in blessed stead —
But I shall in the churchyard lie
Ere I will wave ye thrice!" he said.

The hand that waved the fairy flag,
The lips the fairy kissed, are still:
Macleod in the churchyard lies,
And deaf to lilting sweet and shrill.

But still his kin in misty Skye
The fairy flag in keeping hold;
And sometime from the castle wall
May flash its spots and bars of gold.



"For if I thrice should wave the flag,
And thrice should get my heart's desire;
Next day might come a sorer need,
When it was ashes in the fire."



Macleod kept his word: he fought
For life on many a bloody plain,
He tossed in peril on the sea,
Nor waved the fairy flag again.

But dire indeed shall be the need,
And every other hope be slain,
Ere a Macleod of the Isle
Shall wave the fairy flag again.

THE TULIP AND THE BUTTERFLY
APPEAR IN GAYER COATS THAN I.
LET ME BE DRESSED FINE AS I WILL STILL.
FLIES WORMS AND FLOWERS EXCEL ME
THEN WILL I SET MY HEART TO FIND
INWARD ADORNING THE MIND!
KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE, TRUTH & GRACE
THESE ARE THE ROBES OF RICHEST DRESS
DRUSILLA DICKINSON IS MY NAME
AMERICA MY NATION.
LITTLE CHEAPSIDE IS
AND CHRIST IS MY
LACE
TION

GRANDMOTHER'S CAP.

WHAT has become of grandmother's cap
She spread with care on the grass one night,
Close by the blossoming lilac-bush,
To bleach in the dews and moon-beams white?

Has human malice or elfin guile
Plundered the gossamer web in play?
Or thoughtless winds from the east or west
Wafted it far from her sight away?

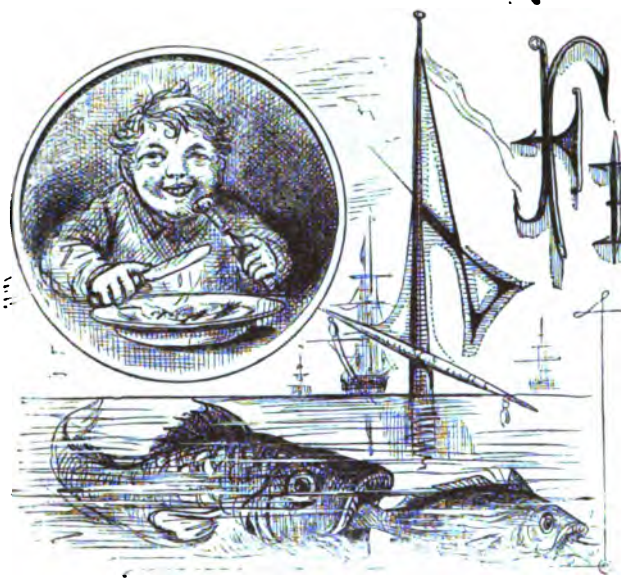
No answer comes to her faithful search,
From the earth-fields green or the sky-fields blue,
And what has become of her finest cap
Is grandmother's wonder the summer through.

The robins could tell; Dame Redbreast knows;
For at early dawn, one morning in May,
Seeking her building-stores, she came
Where the bleaching lace in the dew-drops lay.

She seized it, and flew with her helpful mate
To the half-made nest on the apple-tree,
Where they deftly wove it with twigs and straws,
Chatting and singing in frolicsome glee.

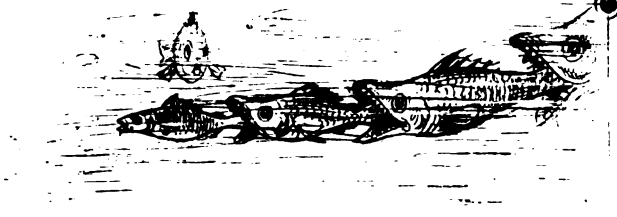
But when the lilac, lily and rose
Had bloomed and faded in retinue sweet,
When summer birdlings were fledged and flown,
And autumn winds round the hill-tops beat,

From the leafless boughs of a gnarled old tree
A nest was hanging in ruins forlorn;
While a fluttering fragment of lace revealed
Grandmother's head-dress spoiled and torn.

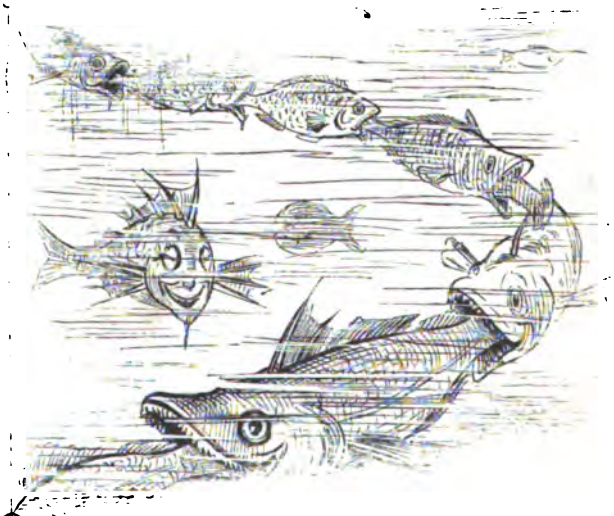


A Fish Story

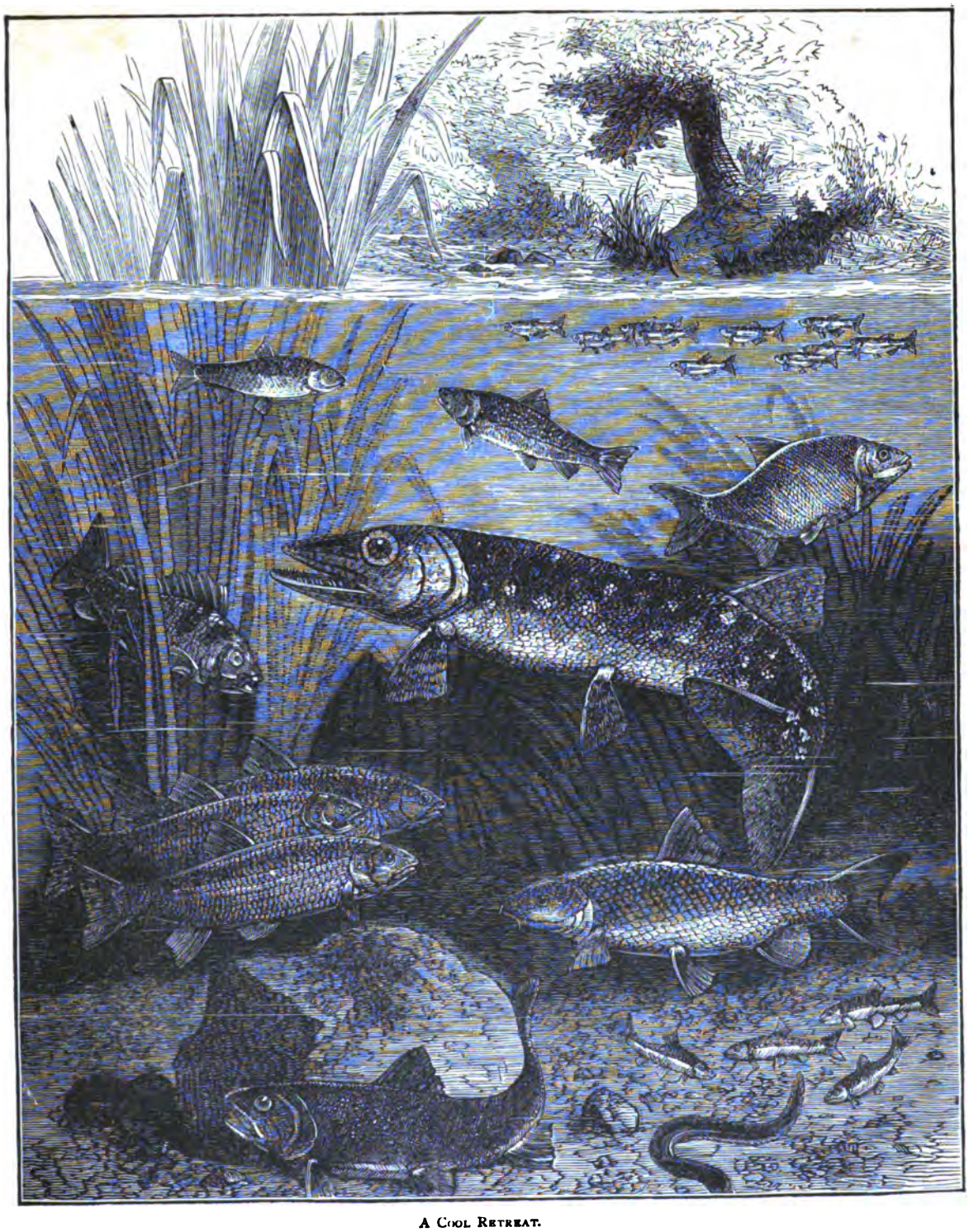
SIR Arthur, the sinner,
Ate twelve fish for dinner,
And you may believe it's just as I say!
For if you but knew it,
'Twas I saw him do it,
And just as it happened, sir, this was the way:
One day this tall fish
Swallowed this small fish
(*He* had just eaten a smaller one still);
Up came this queer one
And gobbled that 'ere one —
Didn't he show the most magical skill?
Then came this other
And chewed up his brother,
Made but one gulp, and behold he was through!
He was a gold fish
Oh! he was a bold fish —
But before he could wink he was eaten up too!
Up came a flounder,
He was a ten-pounder,
Opened his mouth, swallowed *him* and was gone;
Before you could blink, sir,
Before he could shrink, sir,
This fish came by and the flounder was gone!



(Alas for my story,
'Tis getting quite gory!
So many swallows a summer might make.)
This one came smiling,
And, sweetly beguiling,
Gobbled the last like a piece of hot cake;
A cod followed after;
'Twould move you to laughter
To see in his turn how this hake came up,
Swallowed that cod, sir,
As if he were scrod, sir,
And then went by in a kind of a huff!
Last, but not least,
Came this fellow, the beast —
Down went the hake like a small pinch of snuff!



Then Cap'en Jim caught him,
And then mamma bought him,
And then Annie cooked him, served up in a dish;
And so this small sinner
Who had him for dinner —
'Twas just as I say, sir — had eaten twelve fish!

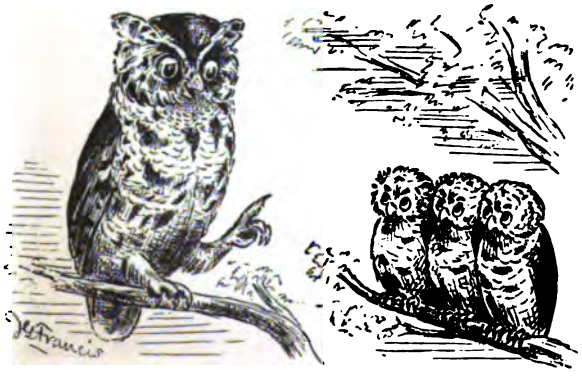


A Cool Retreat.

HIGH on a branch of a beautiful beech,
Three brown owls and their mother
(They went by the family name of Screech,)
Chattered with one another —
For they were invited out to tea,
By a cousin of theirs in a neighboring tree.

Each was dressed in his Sunday rig:
Their faces were round and flat;
Their eyes were yellow, and just as big
As the crown of my new black hat;
And pretty red feathers just covered the dears,
From the tip of their tails to the top of their ears!

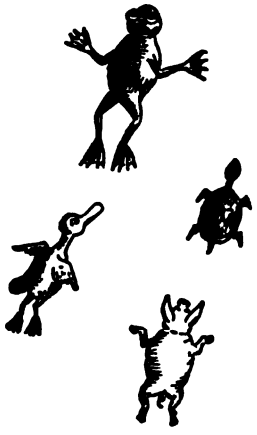
"Tu-whit! Tu-whee!
You're going to tea,"
Said the mother-owl, croaking and squawking;
(Her voice was hoarse,
And her tones were coarse,
And this was her manner of talking:)



"Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!
And what *should* I do
If I happened to hear to-morrow
That your manners were rude,
Or your conduct not good?
It would break my heart with sorrow!
Remember you're *owls*,
And not barn-yard fowls;
So let there be no complaining —
No grabbing, or biting,
Or scolding, or fighting —
And never forget your training;
Don't giggle or laugh,
Or indulge in chaff —
That's almost as low as stealing —
But make use of your eyes,
And always *look* wise,
No matter how silly you're feeling!"

High on the branch of the beautiful beech,
The three owls, one and another,
Vowed to be good, in a terrible screech,
And kissed the beak of their mother,
And went off demurely, as little owls should,
To assist at high tea in the depths of the wood.

Ah! that was a feast that would tempt the soul
Of an anchorite even like Tanner:
There were mice on the half shell, and rats on the whole,
In every conceivable manner,
And beetles and moths of enormous size,
And gauzy-winged, taper-tailed dragon-flies.



There were moles with a beautiful earthy smell,
And pigeons and squabs by the score,
And downy young chickens, and grouse, and — well,
Could anyone wish for more?
If they could, there were squirrels and even hares,
And some dear little ducks that were caught in snares.

There were soft-shell crabs and plenty of frogs,
And grasshoppers strong and hearty,
And tree-toads fresh from the neighboring bogs,
Served up at this wonderful party;
And round it were gathered, with hoots and with howls,
A family mixture of all sorts of owls!

Hawk-owls — *Surnia Ulula*,
(That's their sweet little Latin *cognomen*,)
Barred owls, calling out "Wha! wha! wha!"
Snowy owls, beaked like a Roman,
Horned owls, snapping with fume and fret,
And a great many others that I forget.

Alas! for my poor little owlets three!
A while they were timid and quiet,
But the terrible noise of this terrible spree
Soon moved them to clamor and riot —
They flew at the supper, and hissed and croaked,
And gobbled so fast that they almost choked.

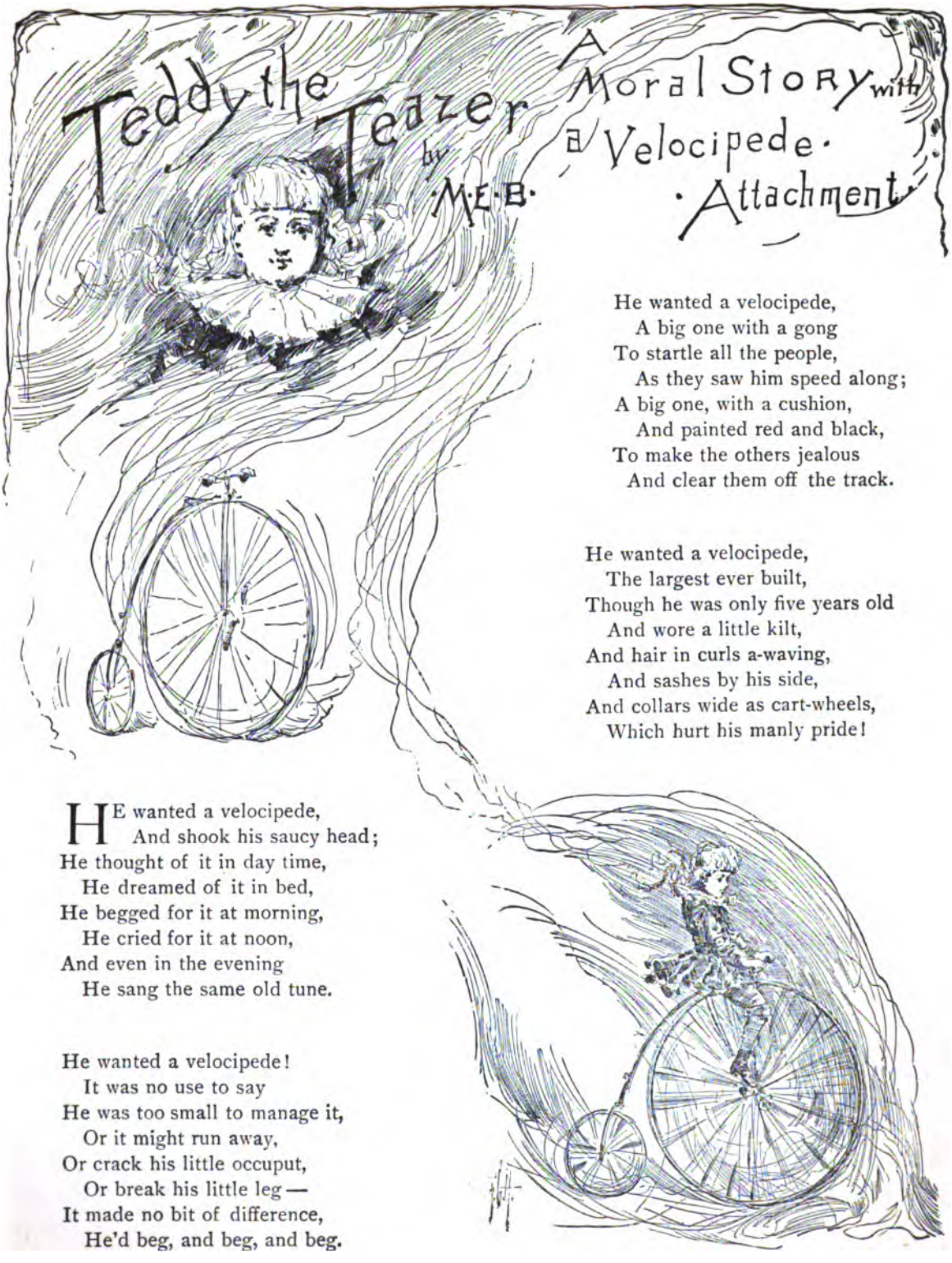
And when they went back to their nest that night
In the branch of the beautiful beech,
There was cuffing and huffing to left and to right
By the mother whose name was Screech;
For she wasn't one of the kind of fowl
Who spares the rod and spoils the owl.

But whether this taught them the lesson it should,
Or whether it left as it found them,
If they were made better, or not quite so good
By the blows that were rained down around them —
That's something I am not prepared to confess,
For I never found out, and I never could guess.

Teddy the Teazer

by M.E.B.

A Moral Story with a Velocipede Attachment



HE wanted a velocipede,
And shook his saucy head;
He thought of it in day time,
He dreamed of it in bed,
He begged for it at morning,
He cried for it at noon,
And even in the evening
He sang the same old tune.

He wanted a velocipede!
It was no use to say
He was too small to manage it,
Or it might run away,
Or crack his little occuput,
Or break his little leg —
It made no bit of difference,
He'd beg, and beg, and beg.

He wanted a velocipede,
A big one with a gong
To startle all the people,
As they saw him speed along;
A big one, with a cushion,
And painted red and black,
To make the others jealous
And clear them off the track.

He wanted a velocipede,
The largest ever built,
Though he was only five years old
And wore a little kilt,
And hair in curls a-waving,
And sashes by his side,
And collars wide as cart-wheels,
Which hurt his manly pride!

He wanted a velocipede
With springs of burnished steel;
He knew the way to work it —
The treadle for the wheel,
The brake to turn and twist it,
The crank to make it stop,
My! hadn't he been riding
For days, with Jimmy Top?

He wanted a velocipede!
Why, he was just as tall
As six-year-old Tom Tucker,
Who wasn't very small!
And feel his muscle, will you?
And tell him, if you dare,
That he's the sort of fellow
To get a fall, or scare?

They got him a velocipede;
I really do not know
How they could ever do it,
But then, he teased them so,
And so abused their patience,
And dulled their nerves of right,
That they just lost their senses
And brought it home one night.

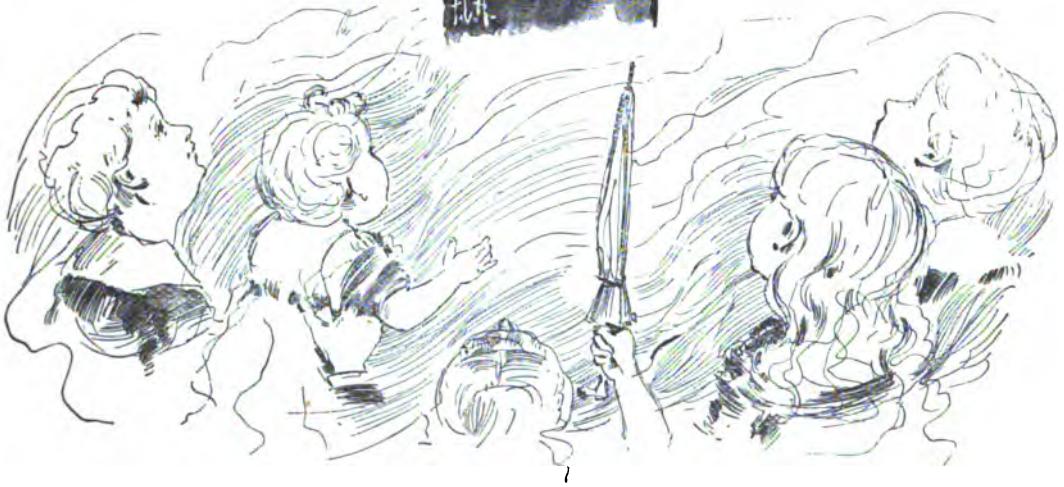
They bought him a velocipede —
O woe the day and hour!
When proudly seated on it,
In pomp of pride and power,

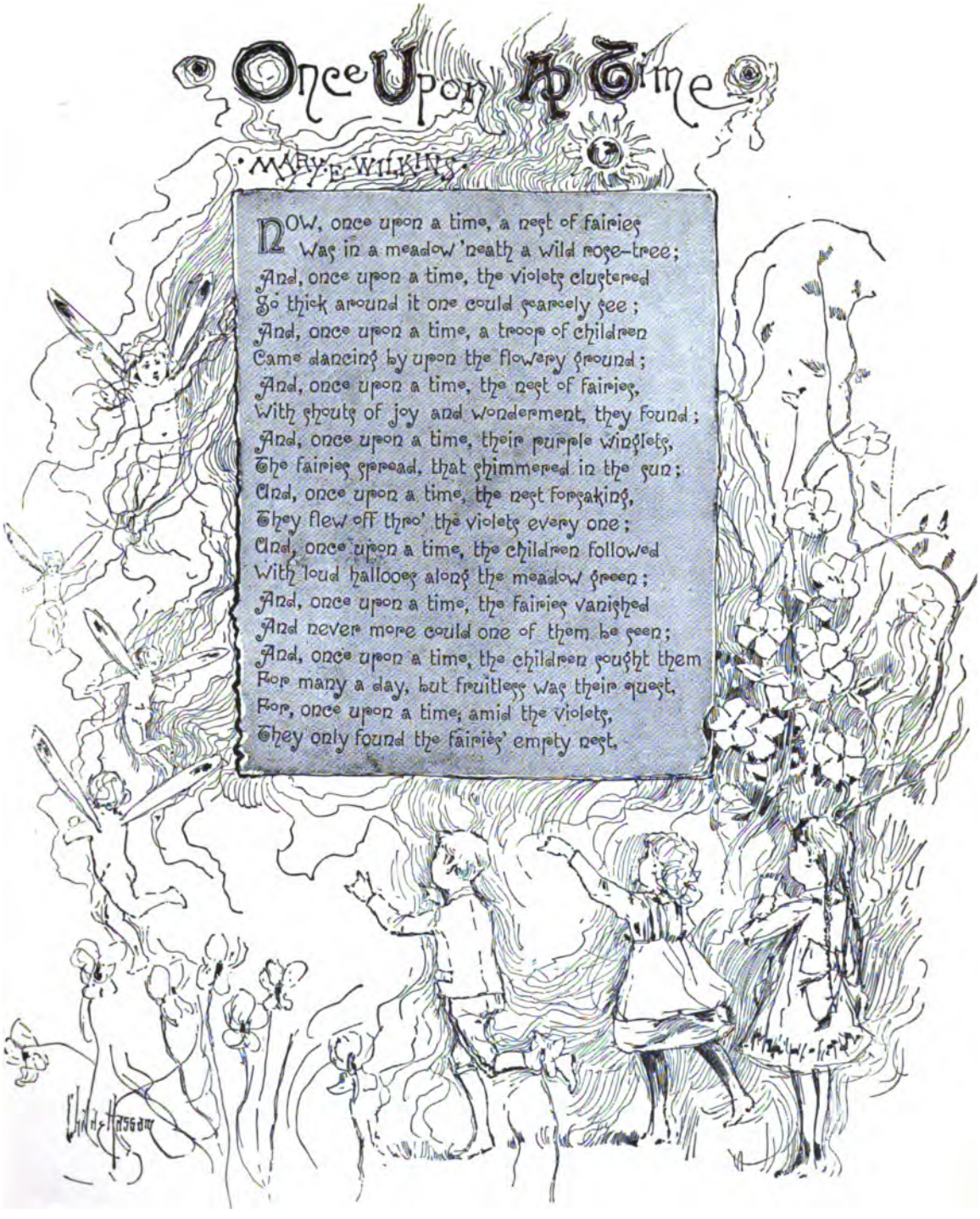
His foot upon the treadle,
With motion staid and slow
He turned upon his axle,
And made the big thing go.

Alas, for the velocipede!
The way ran down a hill —
The whirling wheels went faster,
And fast, and faster still,
Until, like flash of rocket,
Or shooting star at night,
They crossed the dim horizon
And rattled out of sight.

So vanished the velocipede,
With him who rode thereon;
And no one, since that dreadful day,
Has found out where 'tis gone!
Except a floating rumor
Which some stray wind doth blow,
When the long nights of winter
Are white with frost and snow,
Of a small fleeting shadow,
That seems to run astray
Upon a pair of flying wheels,
Along the Milky Way.

And this they think is Teddy!
Doomed for all time to speed —
A wretched little phantom boy,
On a velocipede!




Once Upon A Time
MARY E. WILKINS
NOW, once upon a time, a nest of fairies
Was in a meadow 'neath a wild rose-tree;
And, once upon a time, the violets clustered
So thick around it one could scarcely see;
And, once upon a time, a troop of children
Came dancing by upon the flowery ground;
And, once upon a time, the nest of fairies,
With shouts of joy and wonderment, they found;
And, once upon a time, their purple winglets,
The fairies spread, that shimmered in the sun;
And, once upon a time, the nest forsaking,
They flew off thro' the violets every one;
And, once upon a time, the children followed
With loud hallooes along the meadow green;
And, once upon a time, the fairies vanished
And never more could one of them be seen;
And, once upon a time, the children sought them
For many a day, but fruitless was their quest,
For, once upon a time, amid the violets,
They only found the fairies' empty nest.

To my dear little sweet little Valentine

The fierce winds blow,
And the drifting snow
Has buried the garden,
And hidden the wall,
And the moon in the sky
With her great white eye
Sees snow on the hills
And the mountains high.

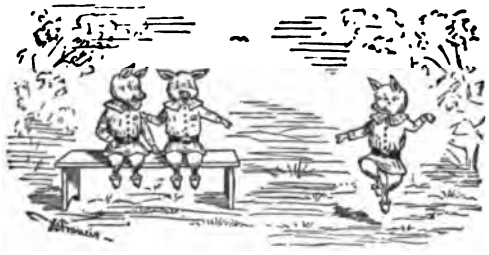
But the winds may blow,
And the snow may fall,
I don't mind the weather
When we are together.
For if I could waken a bobolink
If I could gather a sweet grass pink,
The song nor the flower
Would not be as sweet
As the gift of love
I lay at your feet;
For I love you true
As the sky is blue;
Though I'm most sixty
And you're only nine,
My dear little,
Sweet little
Valentine,

Grandfather

THREE LITTLE PIGS.

By Margaret Sidney.

THREE little, merry little, piggy-wiggy-wigs
Danced three jolly little jiggy-jiggy-jigs:
"This way," said one,
Skipping alone:



With a high step here, and a slow step there,
He pranced and he danced to make the rest stare:
"Now follow me,
And then you will be
The very best dancer in Piggy-wig-town!"

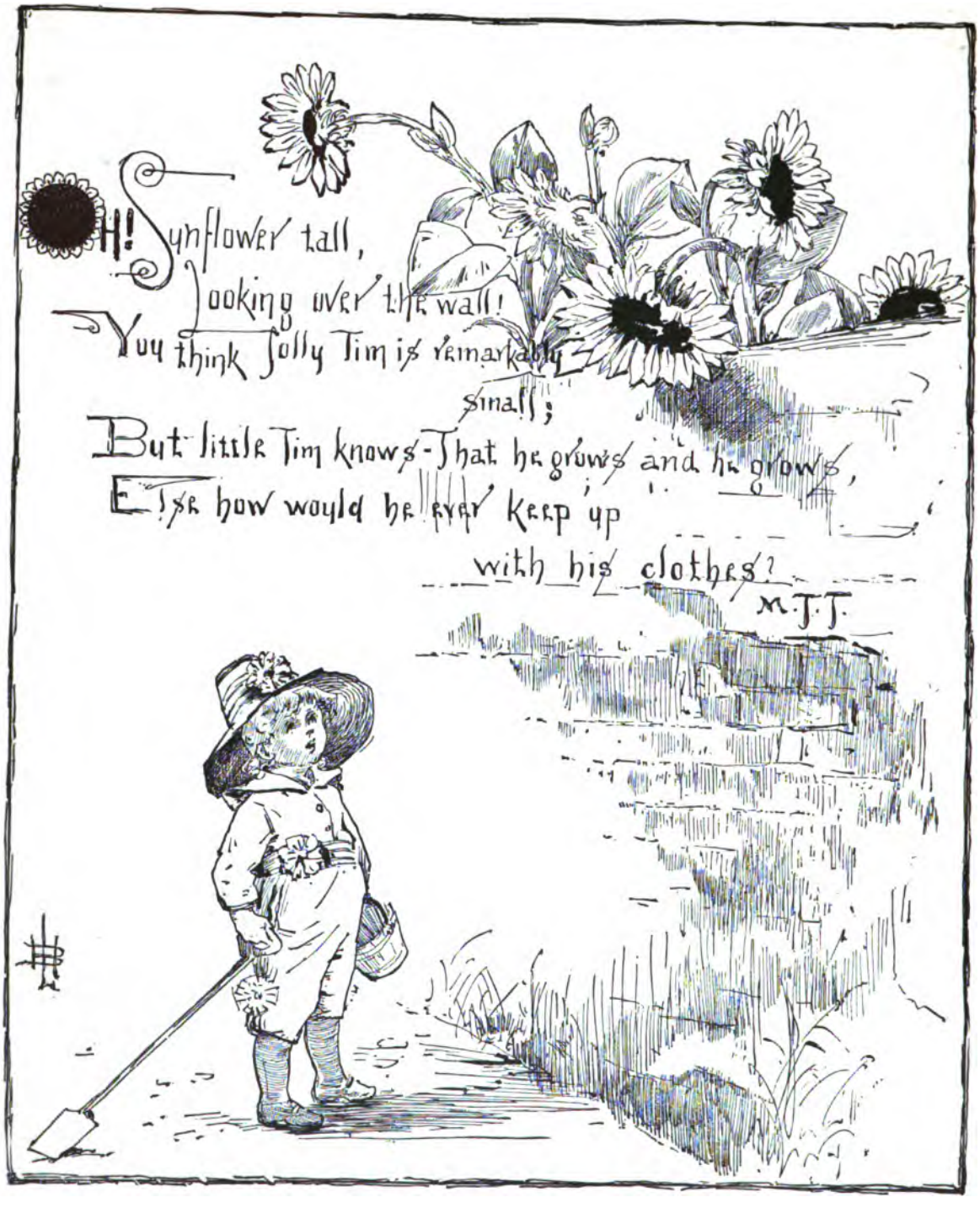
Second little piggy stepped out into sight,
With a nose that was sharp, and an eye that was bright:

"Not so, my brother;
There is another,
A great deal better dancer — and that one's I!
Now then: One, two, three! away you must fly!"

He struck out apace
In a mad, mad race —
This very fine dancer in Piggy-wig-town!

Whew! and a puff! And whew! and a sneeze!
Up flew another pig, as smart as you please.
"I say, stop — stop!"
He cried with a hop:
"You don't know the first thing — neither of you two;
If you want to learn to dance, do just as I do!"
With a curvet and a spin,
In the midst of the din,
Went the very finest dancer in Piggy-wig-town!

So this is the way
I saw them that day,
Dancing merry, merry jigs —
Those little piggy-wigs!


H! Sunflower tall,
looking over the wall!
You think Jolly Tim is remarkably
small;
But little Tim knows - That he grows and he grows,
Else how would he ever keep up
with his clothes?
M.T.T.

Two Little Paths

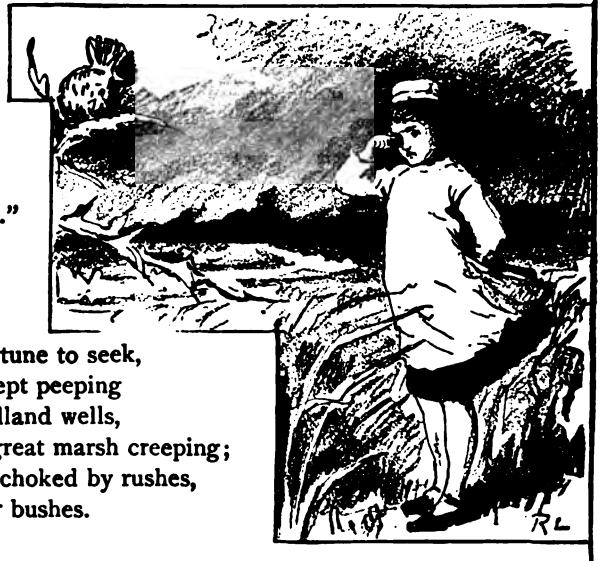
BY SOPHIE SWETT

TWO little paths met by a sparrow's nest,
Down in the meadow green and sunny,
And, sitting there 'neath a rose-tree rare,
Where a yellow bee was sipping honey,
Made plans for the merry summer weather,
With their dewy faces close together.

"Oh, I," said one, "I shall stay in the field,
And hither and thither through the clover
Will trip away through the long bright day,
But never stray to the woodland's cover.
Here brooks and sunbeams laugh in the grasses,
And I find bluebells for pretty lasses."

"I," said the other, "my fortune will seek,
And find the fairies that somewhere cluster.
Daisies are bright, but common as light,
And sunbeams, with all their merry lustre,
Dull enough when one sees them forever, —
What flowers, I wonder, live by the river?

And where in the woods do red-caps hide?
Here there is never one, I am certain,
For I've chased the brook into every nook,
And pushed back the tall fern's green lace curtain."
Then they said good-by, each one to follow
Its own sweet way over hill and hollow.



But the one that went its fortune to seek,
Never found it, but still kept peeping
Mid clustering bells by woodland wells,
And lost itself through a great marsh creeping;
Was hindered by briers and choked by rushes,
And always turning aside for bushes.

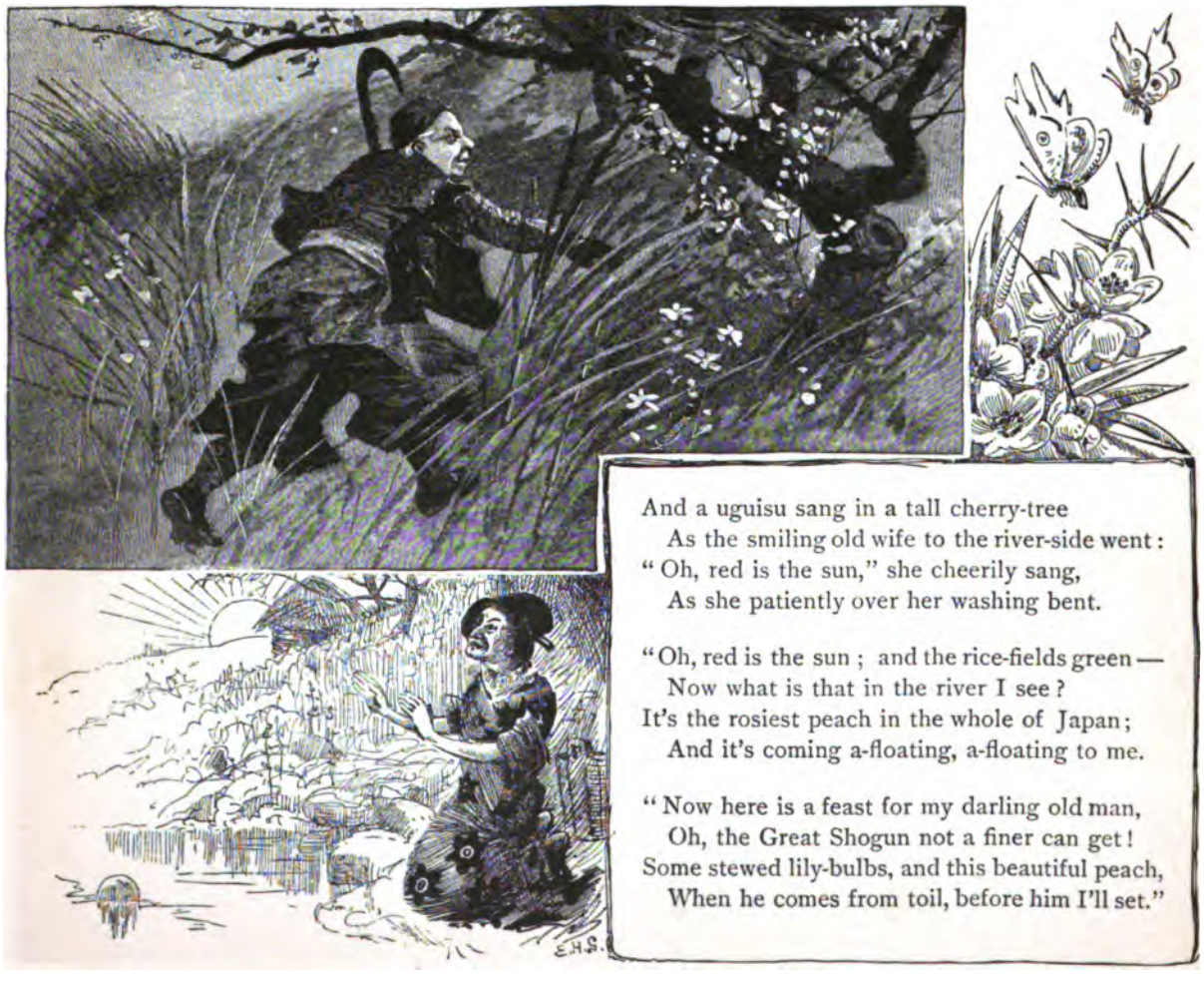
And the one who took for itself no thought,
But sought for weary feet cool sweet places,
Mid dewdrops bright, in midsummer night,
Met troops of fairies with all their graces;
And often felt through its velvet mazes
The touch of light feet as soft as daisies!

AT the foot of the Golden Dragon Hill,
Long ages ago, in a snug little house
With a roof of dark-brown, velvety thatch,
There lived an old woodman and his spouse.

One morning, his bill-hook the old man took:
"To the mountain, to cut me a fagot, I'll hie,
While you, O Koyo, the linen can wash
In the river which rushes and gurgles by."

Oh, the merry old man to the mountain hied,
Past young rice-fields in the morning sun,
Toward the dark fir-trees on the mountain side,
Standing forth in its silence, every one.

From wild camelias and white plum-trees,
In his twinkling old eyes the spider-webs swung;
And he merrily brushed by the green bamboos,
With his bill-hook over his shoulder hung.



And a uguisu sang in a tall cherry-tree
As the smiling old wife to the river-side went:
"Oh, red is the sun," she cheerily sang,
As she patiently over her washing bent.

"Oh, red is the sun; and the rice-fields green—
Now what is that in the river I see?
It's the rosiest peach in the whole of Japan;
And it's coming a-floating, a-floating to me.

"Now here is a feast for my darling old man,
Oh, the Great Shogun not a finer can get!
Some stewed lily-bulbs, and this beautiful peach,
When he comes from toil, before him I'll set."

Soon down from the mountain the old man came,
And fast on his back his fagot was bound.
"Oh, hasten you, husband," his loving wife cried,
"And taste this beautiful peach that I found!"

But just as he took it the peach split in twain,
And a fat little baby with raven-black hair
Was cradled right in the heart of the peach,
And lay a-twinkling and blinking there.

"Oh you brave little boy, you shall be our own son;
And Momotaro shall have for a name,
Or Little Peachling, since out of a peach,
You dear little fellow, this morning you came."

The rice-fields blossomed for twenty more years,
While the gurgling old river amongst them ran;
For twenty more years grew the slim bamboo,
And Little Peachling was grown to a man.

"Some millet-dumplings pray make for me,"
To his good foster-mother he said one day,
"And off to the ogres' castle I'll go,
And the whole of their treasure will bring away.

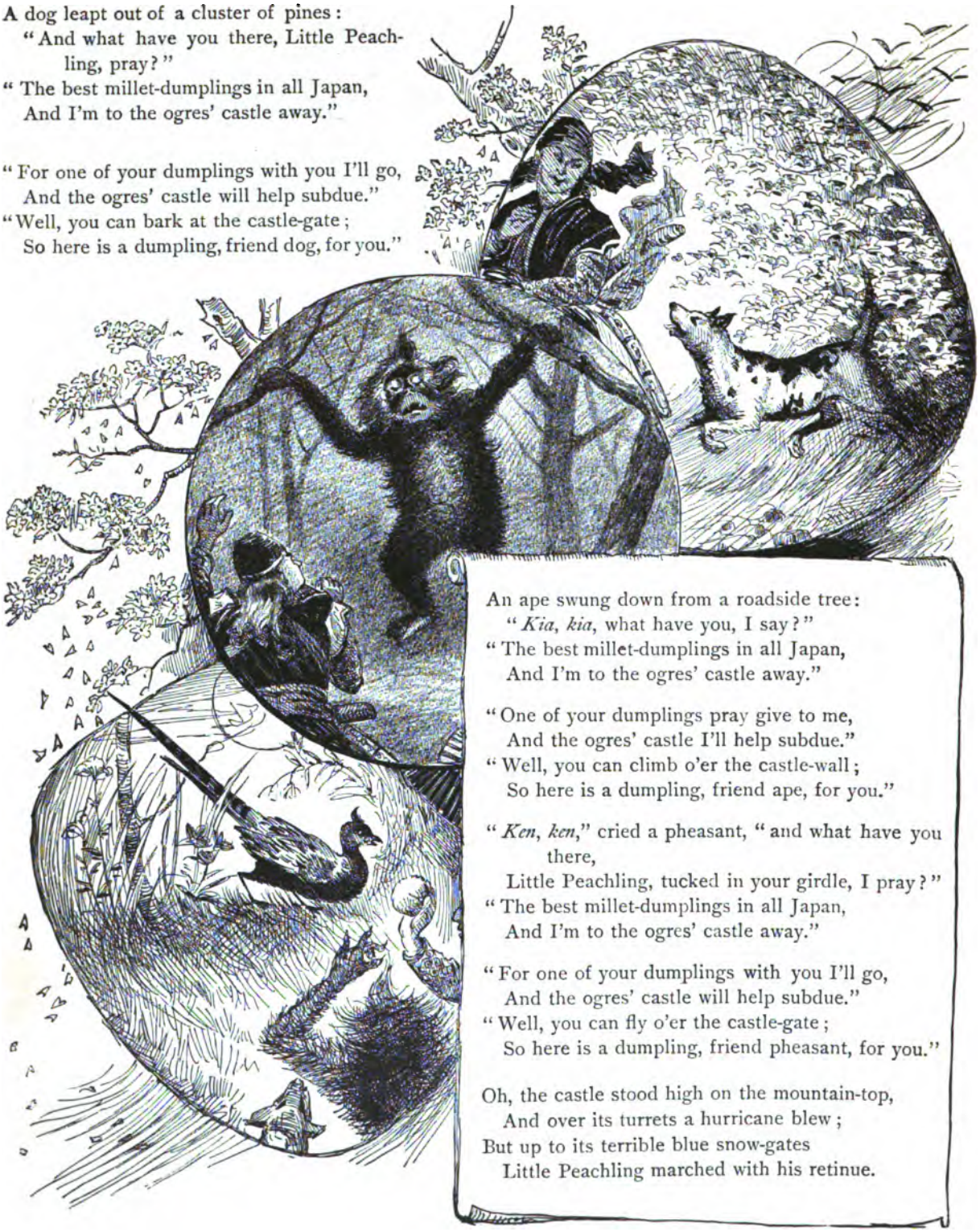
"As thick in the ogres' treasure-vaults
The jewels are lying as sea-shore sands;
With blue snow-gates on the mountain-top,
The ogres' castle all proudly stands—

"With blue snow-gates that are stronger than steel;
But I will enter, and will bring to you
The wealth from the ogres' treasure-vaults,
Hung over with pearls, like flowers with dew."

"I have made you the dumplings," his good mother said,
"But I fear lest the ogres should do you a harm."
But the Little Peachling danced gayly away,
With the millet-dumplings under his arm.

A dog leapt out of a cluster of pines:
"And what have you there, Little Peachling, pray?"
"The best millet-dumplings in all Japan,
And I'm to the ogres' castle away."

"For one of your dumplings with you I'll go,
And the ogres' castle will help subdue."
"Well, you can bark at the castle-gate;
So here is a dumpling, friend dog, for you."



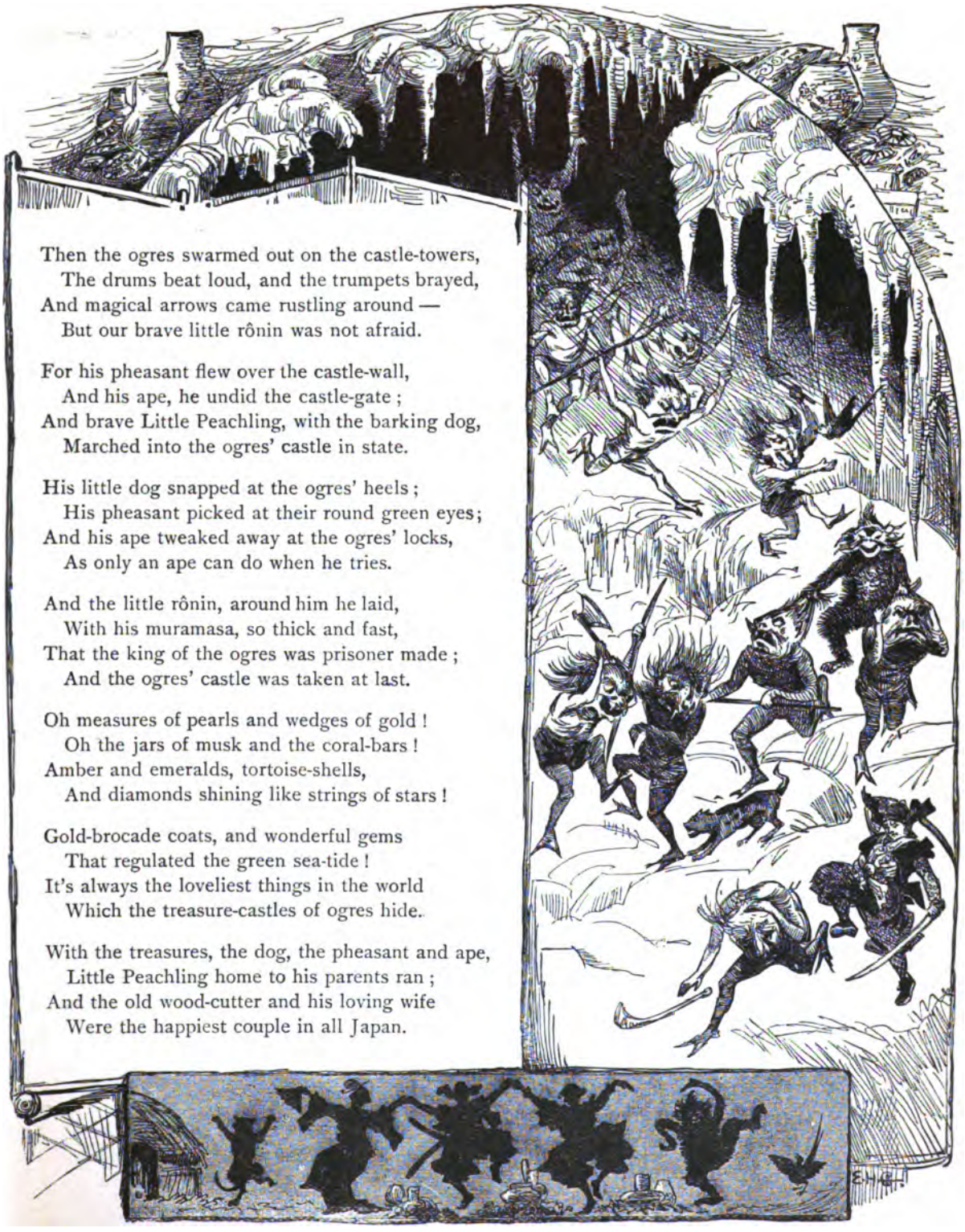
An ape swung down from a roadside tree:
"*Kia, kia*, what have you, I say?"
"The best millet-dumplings in all Japan,
And I'm to the ogres' castle away."

"One of your dumplings pray give to me,
And the ogres' castle I'll help subdue."
"Well, you can climb o'er the castle-wall;
So here is a dumpling, friend ape, for you."

"*Ken, ken*," cried a pheasant, "and what have you there,
Little Peachling, tucked in your girdle, I pray?"
"The best millet-dumplings in all Japan,
And I'm to the ogres' castle away."

"For one of your dumplings with you I'll go,
And the ogres' castle will help subdue."
"Well, you can fly o'er the castle-gate;
So here is a dumpling, friend pheasant, for you."

Oh, the castle stood high on the mountain-top,
And over its turrets a hurricane blew;
But up to its terrible blue snow-gates
Little Peachling marched with his retinue.



Then the ogres swarmed out on the castle-towers,
The drums beat loud, and the trumpets brayed,
And magical arrows came rustling around —
But our brave little rônin was not afraid.

For his pheasant flew over the castle-wall,
And his ape, he undid the castle-gate ;
And brave Little Peachling, with the barking dog,
Marched into the ogres' castle in state.

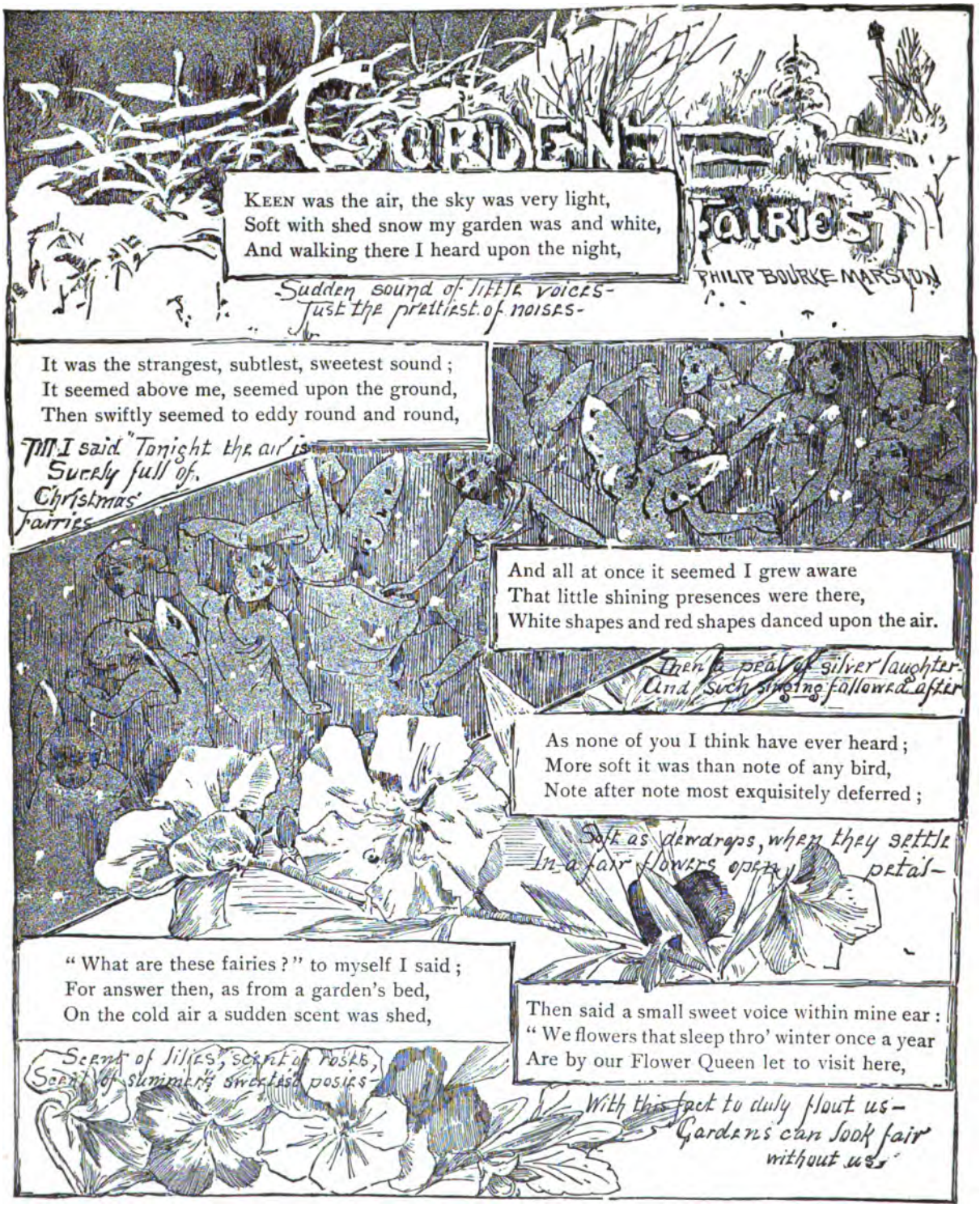
His little dog snapped at the ogres' heels ;
His pheasant picked at their round green eyes;
And his ape tweaked away at the ogres' locks,
As only an ape can do when he tries.

And the little rônin, around him he laid,
With his muramasa, so thick and fast,
That the king of the ogres was prisoner made ;
And the ogres' castle was taken at last.

Oh measures of pearls and wedges of gold !
Oh the jars of musk and the coral-bars !
Amber and emeralds, tortoise-shells,
And diamonds shining like strings of stars !

Gold-brocade coats, and wonderful gems
That regulated the green sea-tide !
It's always the loveliest things in the world
Which the treasure-castles of ogres hide.

With the treasures, the dog, the pheasant and ape,
Little Peachling home to his parents ran ;
And the old wood-cutter and his loving wife
Were the happiest couple in all Japan.


GARDEN
FAIRIES
PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON
KEEN was the air, the sky was very light,
Soft with shed snow my garden was and white,
And walking there I heard upon the night,
-Sudden sound of little voices-
Just the prettiest of noises-
It was the strangest, subtlest, sweetest sound ;
It seemed above me, seemed upon the ground,
Then swiftly seemed to eddy round and round,
"I said "Tonight the air is
Surely full of
Christmas
fairies
And all at once it seemed I grew aware
That little shining presences were there,
White shapes and red shapes danced upon the air.
Then a peal of silver laughter-
And such singing followed after
As none of you I think have ever heard ;
More soft it was than note of any bird,
Note after note most exquisitely deferred ;
Soft as dewdrops, when they settle
In a fair flowers open petal-
" What are these fairies ? " to myself I said ;
For answer then, as from a garden's bed,
On the cold air a sudden scent was shed,
Then said a small sweet voice within mine ear :
" We flowers that sleep thro' winter once a year
Are by our Flower Queen let to visit here,
Scent of lilies, scent of roses,
Scent of summer's sweetest posies-
With this fact to duly flout us-
Gardens can look fair
without us."

"A very little time we have to play,
Then must we go, oh, very far away,
And sleep again for many a long, long day,

Till the glad birds sing above us,
And the warm sun comes to love us.

"Hark, what the roses sing now as we go!"
Then very sweet, and soft, and very low,
A dream of sound across the garden snow,

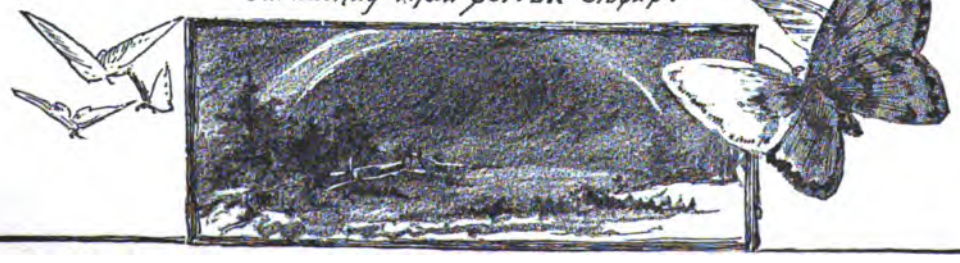
Came the sound of roses singing,
To the lily bells faint ringing.

"Softly sinking through the snow
To our winter rest we go,
Underneath the snow to house,
Till the birds be in the boughs;
And the boughs with leaves be fair
And the sun be everywhere.
Softly through the snow we settle,
Little dewdrops pretty each petal.

Oh! the snow is kind and white,
Soft it is and very light;
Soon we shall be where no light is
But where sleep is and where night is
Sleep of every wind unshaken
Till our summer bids us waken—"

Remote and more afar that singing drew,
Then altogether ceased: more fiercely blue
The blue stars shone; but in my spirit grew

Hope of summer, Love of roses,
Certainty that sorrow closes.



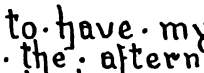
My Supper:

by Margaret Johnson

Don't you wish you had some?
Tell you it is good!
Think you wouldn't like it much?
Guess you would!

This is my blue bowl too.
Pretty big for me.
I can carry it myself.
Do you see?

Want to know what's in it?
Guess I shan't tell you.
Dolly knows; I'll give her some
When I'm through.



Have to have my supper.
In the afternoon.
Going to have a birthday though.
Pretty soon.

Shall not eat my dinner.
Any more alone.
Are your blue bowls prettier.
Than my own?

Have they
little rose-buds
All around
the rim?
Are they
full of
something nice
To the brim?

Dolly's getting hungry.
Dear me.
so am I.
Can't wait
any longer
now.
So good-by!

M.

KING OLEG'S CROWN:

By Mrs. Louise T. Craigin.

FROM Finland to Azov, Ochotsk to Obe,
There's tumult and turmoil on land and on sea;
You'd think all creation was turned upside down —
King Oleg of Russia has lost his gold crown!

They say the King cut off the chancellor's head;
They say the old chamberlain tumbled down dead;
The guards in the palace, in five minutes' space,
Were straight to Siberia sent in disgrace!

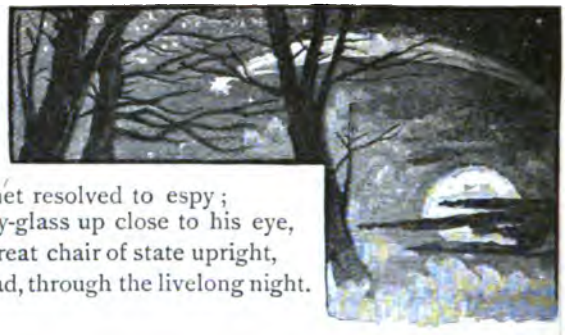
The fault was not theirs; but, if matters go ill,
'Tis certain that some one must foot up the bill;
If kings can't be censured for mischief they've done,
There must be found shoulders to lay it upon!

Did robbers force open the great castle gate?
Did burglars break in and then stealthily wait,
And, spite of stout bars, iron bolts and steel locks,
Bear off from the palace King Oleg's strong box?

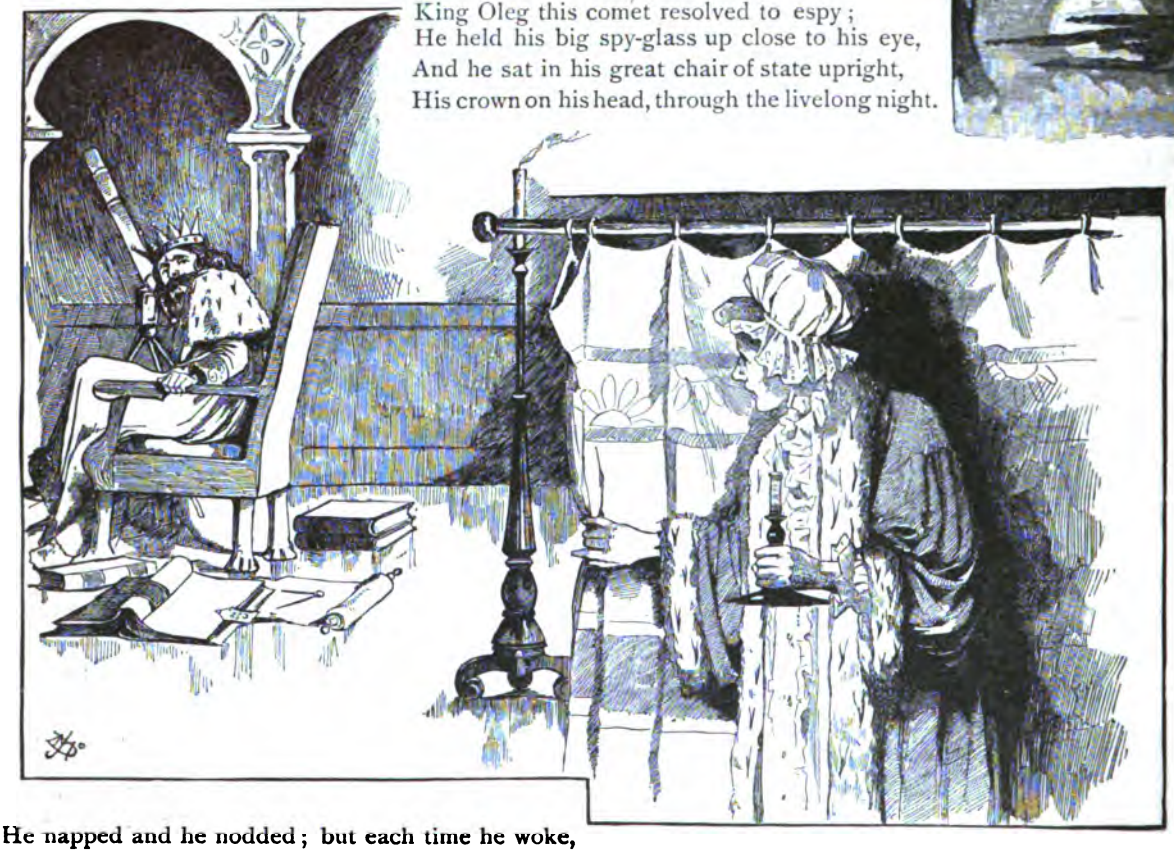
Ah, no! Tho' 'tis treason to say it, I fear,
Nor burglar nor midnight marauder came near,
No robber gained entrance. If truth must be told,
King Oleg himself lost the big crown of gold!

A long while ago, on the night of his birth,
Was seen a great comet approaching the earth;
And now, once again, the astrologers wise
Discover strange portents aloft in the skies.

The horoscope old they ponder anew,
They find, past a question, the comet is due
About this same season; and with it, 'tis clear,
Misfortune and trouble must surely appear.



King Oleg this comet resolved to espy;
He held his big spy-glass up close to his eye,
And he sat in his great chair of state upright,
His crown on his head, through the livelong night.



He napped and he nodded; but each time he woke,
Straight out of the window his head he could poke.
—It wasn't so easy to balance that crown!
It seemed ev'ry instant it must topple down,

For each time he twisted his head in the search,
Tho' too sleepy to know it, the crown gave a lurch.
Now crowns, to look stately, should always stand square,
For if not, they give one a scandalous air,

The sensible Queen in her white-ruffled cap
Woke again and again from a warm cosey nap,
"Do take off that big crown, dear Oleg," she said,
"And, too, you would be better off in your bed!

"I never could see why your crown you would wear,
When there's nobody round but just me to care!"
"Because you're a woman; it's quite plain to me:
A king wears his crown for his own dignity!"

* * * * * * * * * *

The wind it was high and the night it was cold,
The King felt the frost through his ermine and gold;
He rubbed his nose smartly, for fear it would freeze,
Then shivered and shook, and then gave a big sneeze!

Ah, fatal that sneeze for the great Russian crown!
It trembled and tottered, and then tumbled down;
It bumped, and it bounced from the wall to the ditch,
And fell at the feet of an old wrinkled witch.

Loud sounded the trumpets; the news through the land
Flew fast, and each courtier in grief wrung his hand.
It was "oh," it was "ah," and they tore at their hair,
While Oleg himself was half-crazed with despair.

They summoned the cunning, the star-gazing men,
In hopes by their wisdom to find it again —
Arabian, Persian, Chaldee and Chinese!
As well, for advice, have consulted the geese!

In throngs they came trooping, North, South, East and West;
Some horoscopes drew, and some quietly guessed.
But each one was round-eyed, and grave as an owl,
And nodded as sagely as that learned fowl.

Quite strange to relate, they at last all agreed,
Then sent to King Oleg their verdict with speed.
To make it more mystic they put it in verse,
And muttered in Sanscrit, "It might have been worse!

"When from an old crone comes again your gold crown,
Though all of your courtiers should grimace and frown,
And though humble the goose-girl by whom it was won,
Right there on the spot she shall marry your son."

She picked up the glittering circlet of gold;
Her big woollen apron in many a fold
She wrapped round her treasure without more delay,
And then, undiscovered, soft trotted away.

The King then commanded the heralds to stand
And blow from each corner the news thro' the land,
That the maids of Russia of every degree,
Might search if they would, all diligently.

'Twas strange how thick goose-girls appeared on each hand!
Old crones, too, for mistresses, came in demand!
Small service they got, when their poor backs were turned —
To hunt for that crown every girl's fingers burned.

"A maiden I'm seeking whose tidy and neat,
To milk and make butter, and cut up my peat,
To dust and to sweep, and to go to the mill,
And care for my geese when I'm busy or ill."

Then Drontha said quickly, "Take me for your maid,
Of hard work I am not in the least afraid."
For Drontha the oracle kept in her mind,
"For perhaps it is *I* who the crown shall find!"

Now Drontha and Dwina were fairest by far,
Of all the goose-girls in the lands of the Czar;
They herded their geese on the common all day,
And snapped their long whips if the geese dared to stray.

Of course they both wondered whom fate would decree
To find the gold crown, and a princess to be.
"I wish some old crone would take me for her maid!"
Sighed Drontha. That instant a voice gruffly said,

One morning the crone waked her maid from her sleep:
"The peat you must cut, you can dust, too, and sweep;
To Novgorod fair I am going to-day,
And mind from the chimney you keep far away."

The old crone had scarcely gone out of her sight,
When Drontha began to poke round, left and right.
At last she climbed up on the high bacon rack,
And found in the chimney a black sheepskin sack.

Then quickly she seized it and quicker jumped down;
She danced high for joy as she felt of the crown;
With fingers that trembled, the knots she untied,
"Yes *I'll* wed Prince Imar!" she eagerly cried.

Then safe in her apron the treasure she hid,
And under her jacket the golden crown slid.
She ran down the pathway that led to the wood,
For close to the forest the King's castle stood.

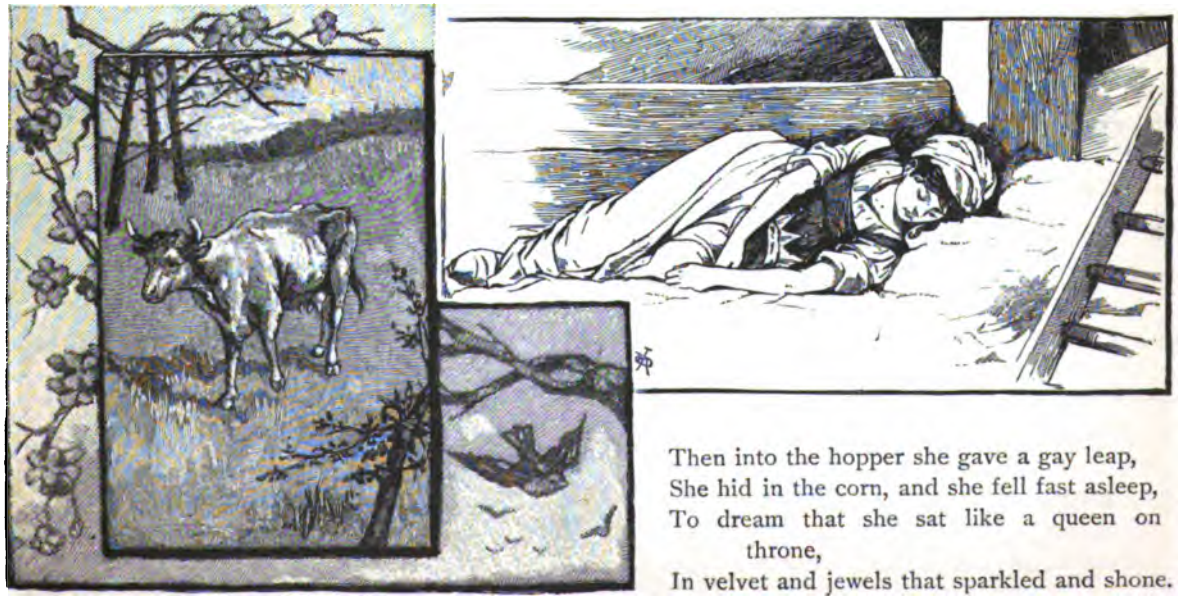
Right over the pathway a little gate hung,
And backward and forward it ceaselessly swung.
It creaked and it squeaked, and it mournfully sighed,
It moaned and it groaned, and it plaintively cried:

"Please shut me and latch me, I pray, pretty maid,
It hurts my back badly to swing so," it said.
"The Prince I'm to marry, you'll just have to swing,
I can't stop to bother for such a small thing!"

While crossing the meadow, she met the red cow:
"Pray stop, pretty maiden, and please milk me now!"
"I'm in a great hurry," replied the rude maid,
"I can't stop for trifles — the Prince I'm to wed."

As Drontha came near to the foot of the hill,
She heard a low voice from the old water-mill:
"O pray, pretty maiden, just turn my big wheel!
I'm tired of standing here silent and still!".

"Indeed I won't," Drontha then rudely replied;
"For a nap in the hopper, I'm going to hide;
And that is the reason I stopped here to-day —
To marry Prince Imar I'm now on my way."



Then into the hopper she gave a gay leap,
She hid in the corn, and she fell fast asleep,
To dream that she sat like a queen on a throne,
In velvet and jewels that sparkled and shone.

The crone returned home, and at once missed
the sack,
And soon started off on the naughty maid's track.
She trotted along till she came to the gate,
That, creaking and moaning, swung early and
late.

"O gate o' mine, O gate o' mine,
Say, have you seen that girl o' mine?"

"A rude girl passed an hour ago,
Who left me swinging to and fro."

"That's just my Drontha, the rude, rude maid,
'Twas she, I'm certain," the old crone said.

"O cow o' mine, O cow o' mine,
Say, have you seen that girl o' mine?"

"A rude girl passed an hour ago,
Who wouldn't milk me, that I know."

"That's just my Drontha, the rude, rude maid!
'Twas she, I'm certain," the old crone said.

"O mill o' mine, O mill o' mine,
Say, have you seen that girl o' mine?"

"A girl's in the hopper fast asleep,
Way down in the corn she's buried deep."

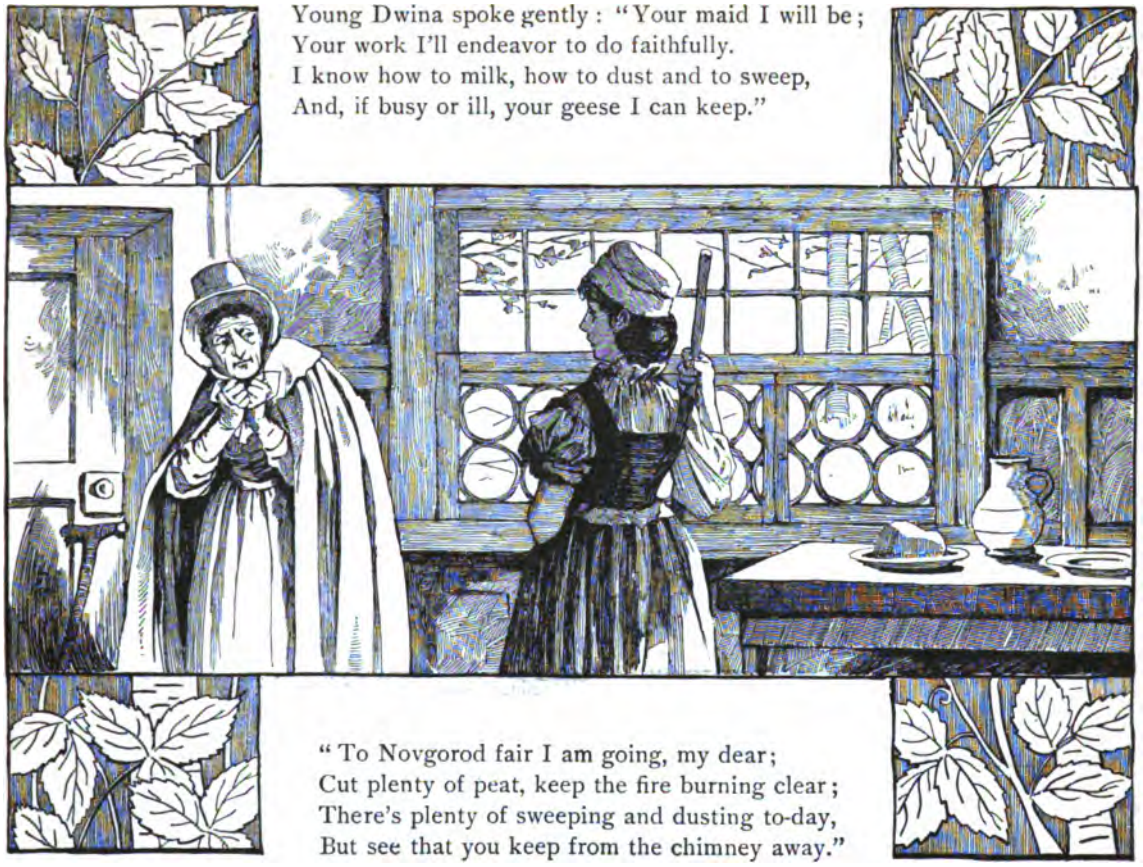
"That's just my Drontha, rude, lazy maid!
'Tis she, I'm certain," the old crone said.

Then out of the hopper the old woman took her;
With all of her might and her main she shook her,
Till Drontha the crown dropped in terror and fright,
And ran without stopping till quite out of sight.

The old woman put the gold crown in the sack,
And hid it again by the high bacon rack;
Then off to the common she went with all speed,
Though sorry was she of a maid to have need.

There Dwina sat knitting and watching her
geese,
Her dinner beside her of black bread and cheese,
While round her the geese on one leg stood to rest;
These words to the goose-herd, the old crone ad-
dressed:

"A maiden I'm seeking who is tidy and neat,
To milk and make butter, and cut up my peat,
To dust and to sweep, and to go to the mill,
And care for my geese when I'm busy or ill."


Young Dwina spoke gently: "Your maid I will be;
Your work I'll endeavor to do faithfully.
I know how to milk, how to dust and to sweep,
And, if busy or ill, your geese I can keep."
"To Novgorod fair I am going, my dear;
Cut plenty of peat, keep the fire burning clear;
There's plenty of sweeping and dusting to-day,
But see that you keep from the chimney away."

The hut Dwina swept and made everything neat;
She washed up the hearthstones and cut up the peat;
But the fire wouldn't burn, and the smoke filled the hut,
So her broom-stick she took to clear out the soot.

When lo! from the chimney there came tumbling down
A black sheepskin sack with King Oleg's gold crown!
Said Dwina, "This crown to the King ought to go!
My way I can find to the castle, I know!"

She came to the gate that still wearily hung:
"Please latch me. I'm tired, so long have I swung."
"Yes, that I will gladly," the young maiden said.
She latched the gate gently, and then onward sped.

She met on the meadow the poor lowing cow:
"I wish, pretty maiden, you *could* milk me now!"
"Indeed I will gladly," the little maid said.
She filled the big bucket, and then onward she sped.

She came to the brook, where the old water-mill
Huskily said, "Please, to start my big wheel."
"Indeed I will gladly," the little maid said.
She turned the big wheel, and then onward she sped.

The old crone returned, and of course missed the sack.
She looked at the hearth, she examined the rack;
The hut was so tidy, so wholesome and sweet,
She said, "One thing's certain, young Dwina is neat.

"O gate o' mine, O gate o' mine,
Say, have you seen that girl o' mine?"

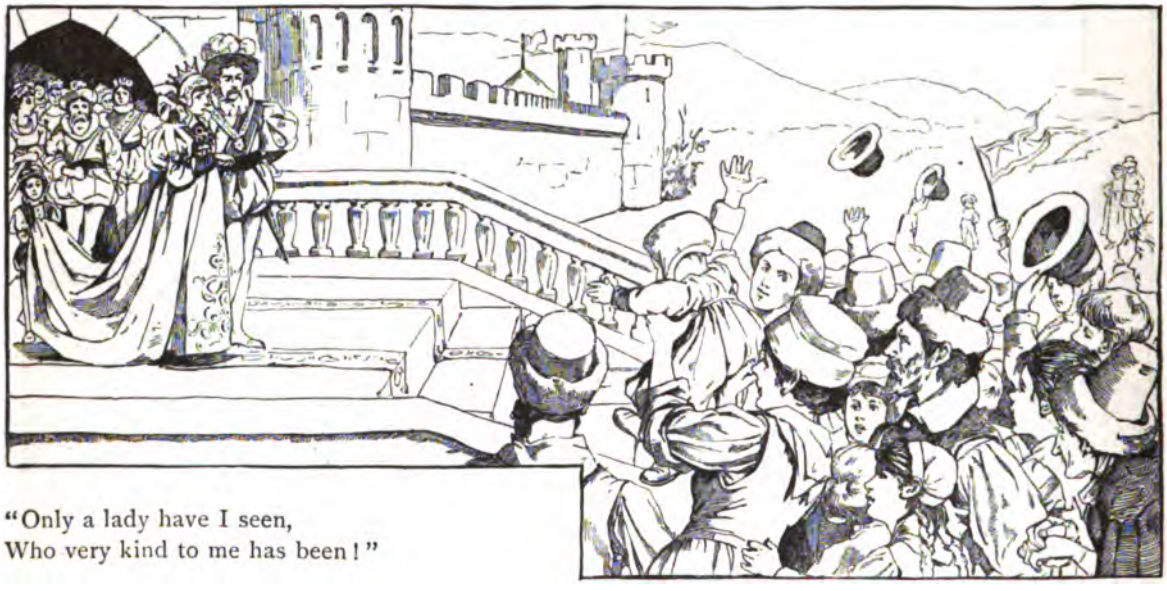
"Only a lady have I seen,
Who very kind to me has been!"

"Oh, that can never be my little maid,
She's only a goose-girl," the old crone said.

"O cow o' mine, O cow o' mine,
Say, have you seen that girl o' mine?"

She came to the castle, and stood there amazed,
For joy bells were ringing, and bonfires blazed;
Brass bands, too, were playing, and the people who chose,
Were going to court in their best Sunday clothes.

And when the old crone said, "What does this mean?"
They shouted "King Oleg his crown has again!
Prince Imar, young Dwina, the goose-herd, will wed,
For that's what the oracle plainly has said!"



"Only a lady have I seen,
Who very kind to me has been!"

"Oh, that can never be my little maid,
She's only a goose-girl," the old crone said.

"O mill o' mine, O mill o' mine,
Say, have you seen that girl o' mine?"

"Only a lady have I seen,
Who very kind to me has been!"

"Oh, that can never be my little maid,
She's only a goose-girl," the old crone said.

"I'm glad," said the crone, "and I am not surprised
(She was really a fairy quite closely disguised);
Prince Imar no worthier Princess could find,
For Dwina's obliging, neat, courteous and kind."

Her words were the truth, whether fairy or crone;
For of all the Czars that have sat on the throne,
Nor annals, nor legends, before then or since,
Can tell of a happier Princess and Prince.

GUESS-WORK.

(The name of the portrait is found in the letters composing the names of the objects around it. Names of the objects are spelled from that of the portrait.)

WHERE · WAS · THE · BABY?

WHERE · DID · THE · BABY · GO?
HUNT · FOR · HIM · HIGH · AND · LOW.
GARRET · AND · CELLAR · SHELF · AND · FLOOR ·
UP · THE · CHIMNEY · AND · OUT · OF · THE · DOOR ·
WHERE · IS · THE · BABY · O ·

WHERE · DID · THE · BABY · GO?
HUNT · FOR · HIM · HIGH · AND · LOW.
MOTHER · LOOKS · WITH · EAGER · EYES ·
SISTER · MAY · ON · THE · STAIRWAY · CRIES ·
WHERE · IS · THE · BABY · O ·

WHERE · DID · THE · BABY · GO?
HUNT · FOR · HIM · HIGH · AND · LOW.
AND · WHERE · DID · WE · FIND · THE · CURLY-HEAD ·
BUT · FAST · ASLEEP · IN · HIS · OWN · WHITE · BED ·
THERE · WAS · THE · BABY · O ·

A Castle in Spain.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

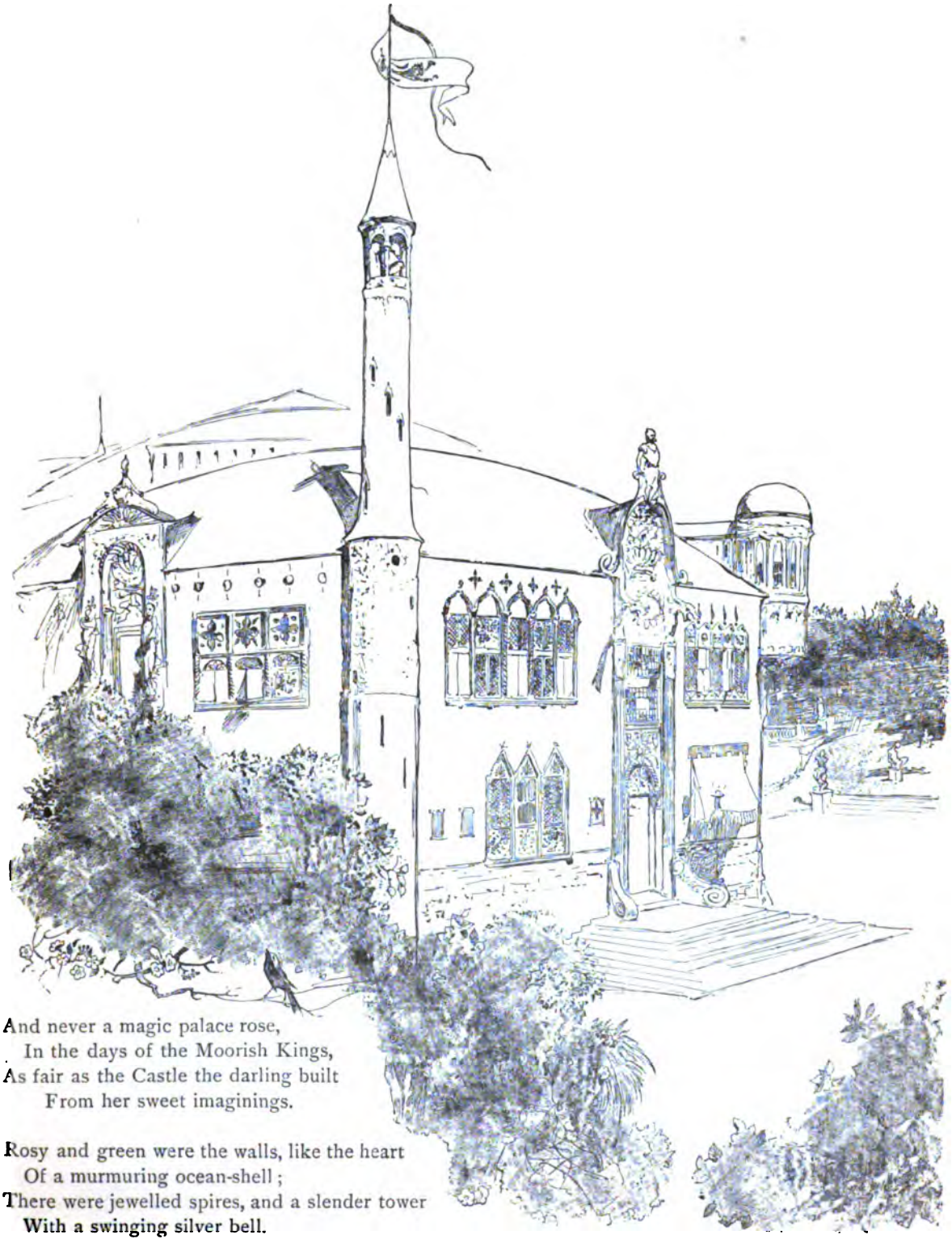
Decoration, etc. by F. Bromm.

THE draggled lilies were beaten down
As if by a prancing hoof;
The roses swayed and the warm rain came,
Like the patter of pearls, on the roof.

Up in the garret the darling sat,
In her little gown of blue,
With her lily cheeks and her rosebud lips,
And dreamed as she loved to do.

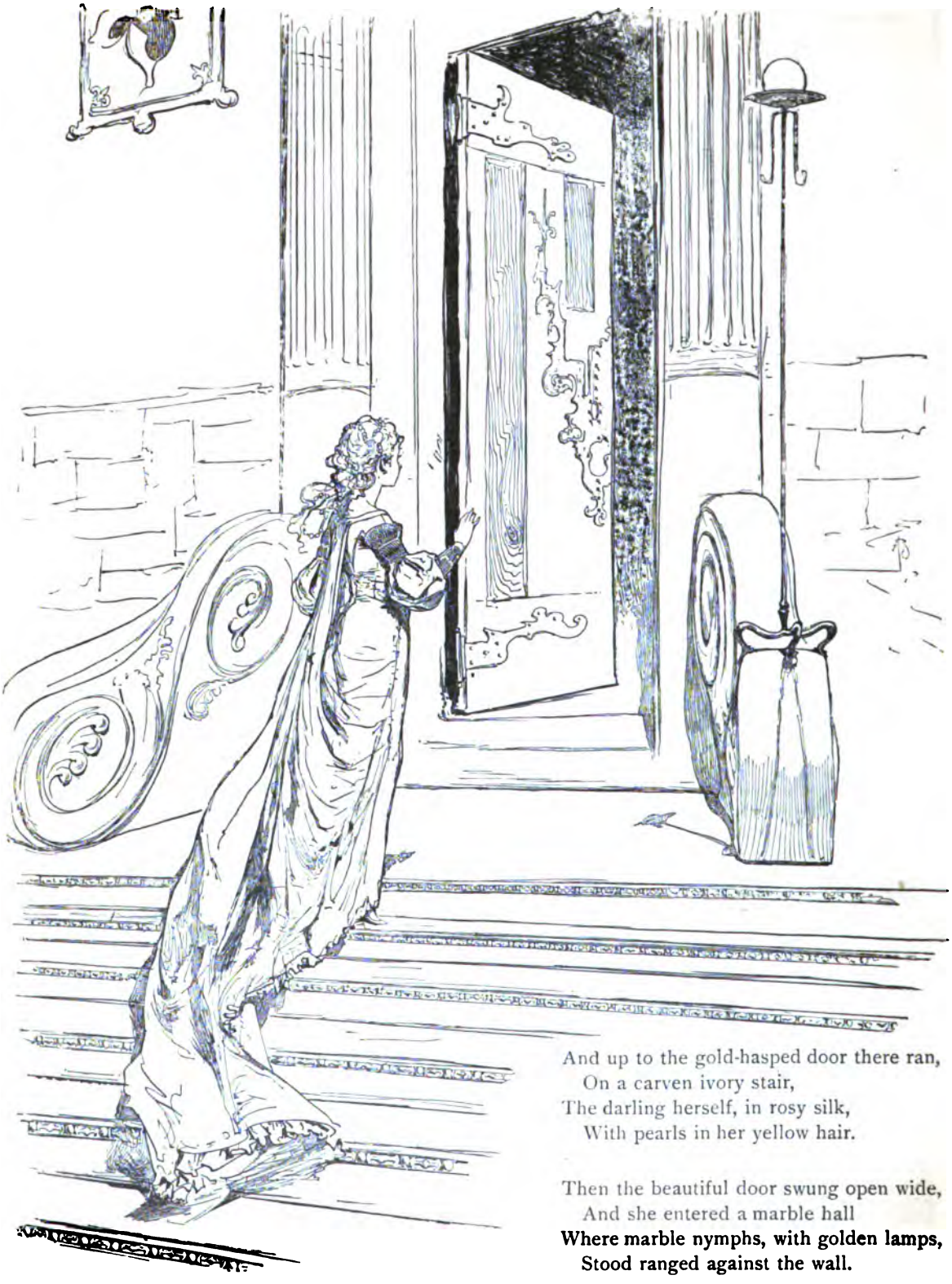
Bundles of herbs from the rafters hung;
There was many a quaint old chest,
A cradle of oak and a spinning-wheel;
In the chimney a swallow's nest.

The darling, she sat in a straight-backed chair,
With her face 'gainst the window pane,
Her little hands folded across her lap;
And she builded her Castle in Spain.



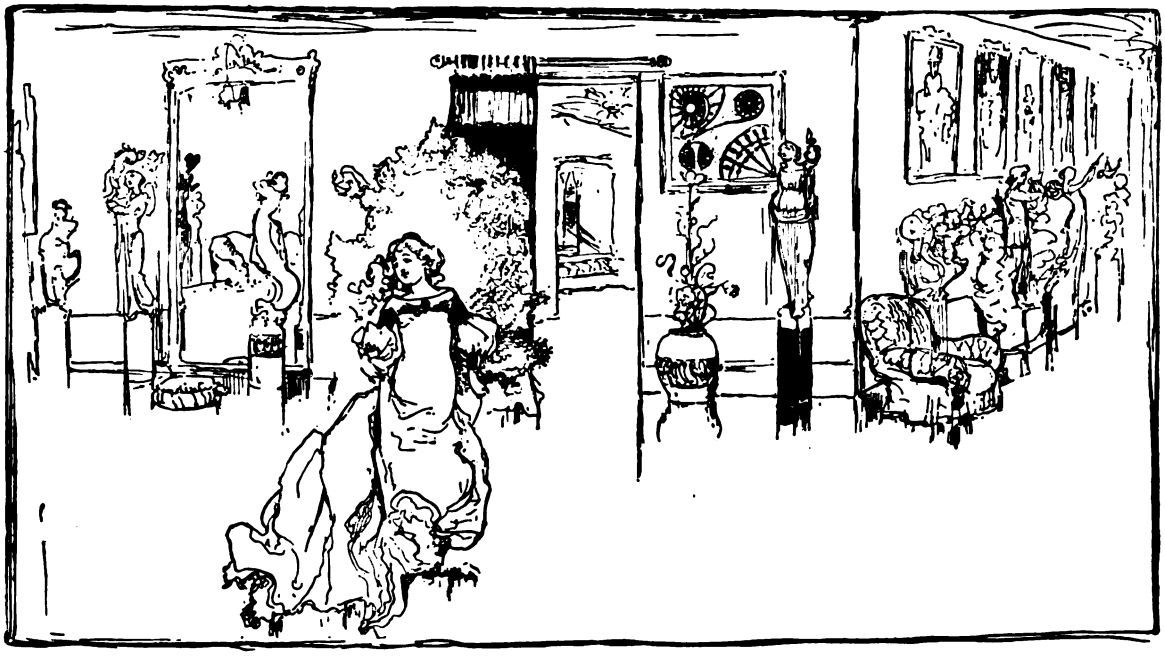
And never a magic palace rose,
In the days of the Moorish Kings,
As fair as the Castle the darling built
From her sweet imaginings.

Rosy and green were the walls, like the heart
Of a murmuring ocean-shell;
There were jewelled spires, and a slender tower
With a swinging silver bell.



And up to the gold-hasped door there ran,
On a carven ivory stair,
The darling herself, in rosy silk,
With pearls in her yellow hair.

Then the beautiful door swung open wide,
And she entered a marble hall
Where marble nymphs, with golden lamps,
Stood ranged against the wall.



The darling danced like a puff o' down
Over the marble floor,
And she gleefully sped from hall to hall,
And opened each golden door;

And chambers she found whose lofty walls
With jewels were all acrust,
With windows of pearl, and ivory floors,
Scattered over with diamond-dust.

And oft up a staircase rail she saw
A flowering garland twist,
With ruby lilies, and roses of gold,
And myrtle of amethyst.

(The south wind blew, on the garret-roof
Fell faster the Summer rain.)
A wonderful garden the darling found
Around the Castle in Spain:

Apple-branches all white with flowers,
A hive of stingless bees,
Robins, with nests of woven gold,
On the boughs of the cherry-trees;

Lilies as tall as the darling's self,
Of silver and gold and blue,
Banks of primrose and mignonette,
And violets wet with dew;

Poppies, with bees asleep in their cups,
Tulips of purple and red,
Honeysuckles and humming-birds,
Rose-branches over her head;

A velvet sward in an open space,
A fountain of tinkling pearls;
And the darling herself in a violet gown,
With hyacinths in her curls,

With her apron full of roses and pearls,
Singing a song so clear
That the bees and the yellow butterflies
Came flying round to hear.

Then the darling danced down a flowery path,
Still singing her song so sweet,
With hawthorne branches on either hand
And crocuses under feet.

And she found a beautiful blue-eyed prince,
Asleep in a thicket dim,
Caught in a bramble-rose which grew
By magic over him.

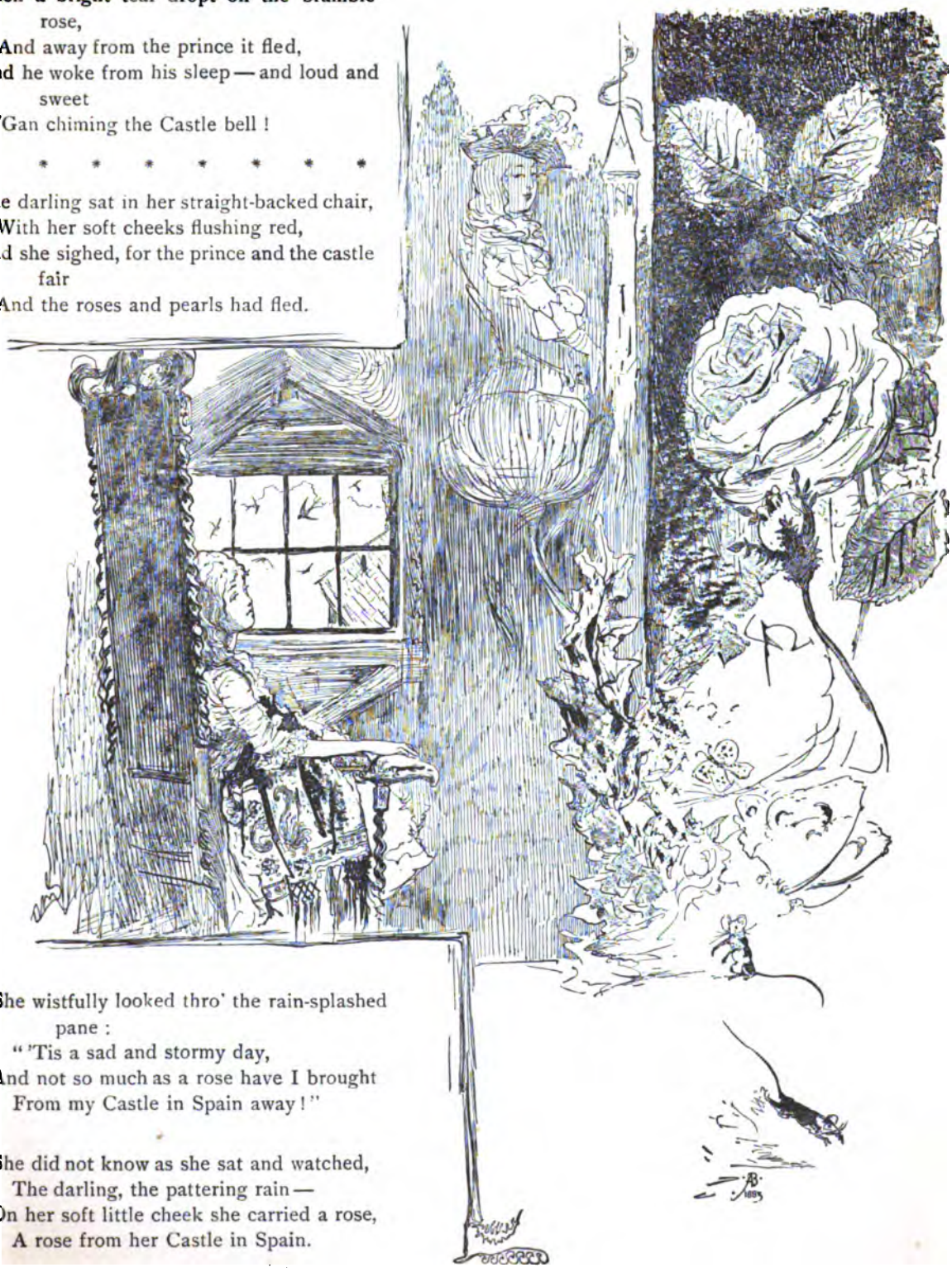
Thro' the leaves and the roses she scarce could see
His head with its flaxen curls,
His rosy cheeks and his velvet coat,
With its buttons of milky pearl.

And the poor little prince, if he chanced to stir
As he dreamed in his magic sleep,
Was pierced by a thorn of the bramble-rose —
The darling began to weep.

Then a bright tear dropt on the bramble-
rose,
And away from the prince it fled,
And he woke from his sleep — and loud and
sweet
'Gan chiming the Castle bell !

* * * * * * * *

The darling sat in her straight-backed chair,
With her soft cheeks flushing red,
And she sighed, for the prince and the castle
fair
And the roses and pearls had fled.

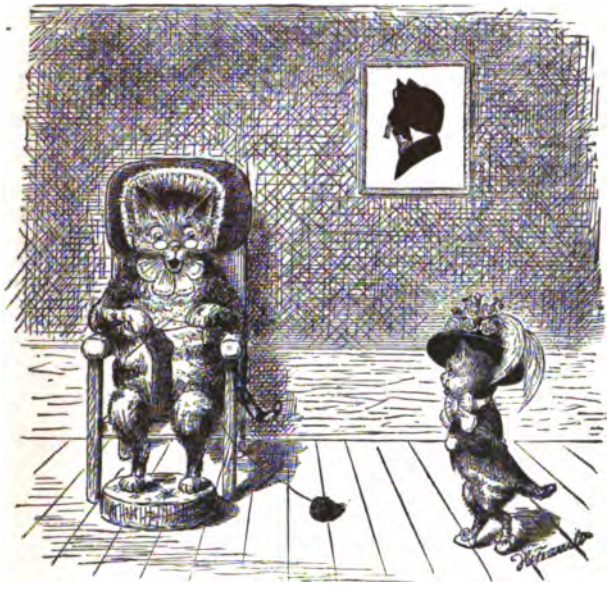


She wistfully looked thro' the rain-splashed
pane :
" 'Tis a sad and stormy day,
And not so much as a rose have I brought
From my Castle in Spain away ! "

She did not know as she sat and watched,
The darling, the pattering rain —
On her soft little cheek she carried a rose,
A rose from her Castle in Spain.

THE KITTY KEEPING HOUSE.

BY AMY E. DUNN.



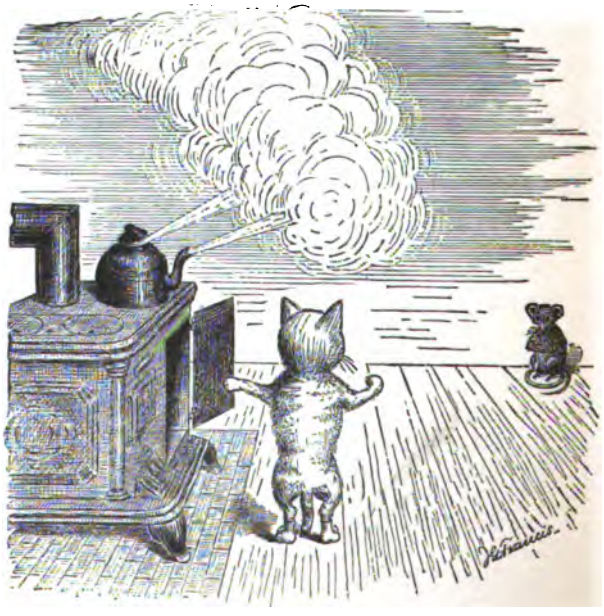
TABBY CAT HAS A VISITOR.

KITTY-PUSS, oh, Kitty-puss,
Don't you want some shoes
To keep the little footies warm
And drive away the blues?
You could have some little mittens,
And we'd walk out on the street,
And every body'd whisper
"Look at Kitty's hands and feet!"

Kitty-puss, oh, Kitty-puss,
Don't you want a hat
And have it trimmed in feathers
And visit Tabby-cat?
She would look and see us coming,
But she wouldn't know at all
The Kitty with the mittens
And the hat and shoes and shawl.

Kitty-puss, oh, Kitty-puss,
Don't you want a mouse
And have it for a baby,
And keep a little house?
I'd rock it in the cradle,
And I'd bump its little nose,
And I'd put it in the oven
Just to warm its little toes.

Then we'd climb up in the stable,
And as soon as we were able
We would set a little table
With the dishes in a row.
Then I would pour the coffee;
And Kitty'd carve the meat;
With mousie in the high chair—
Oh, wouldn't that be sweet?

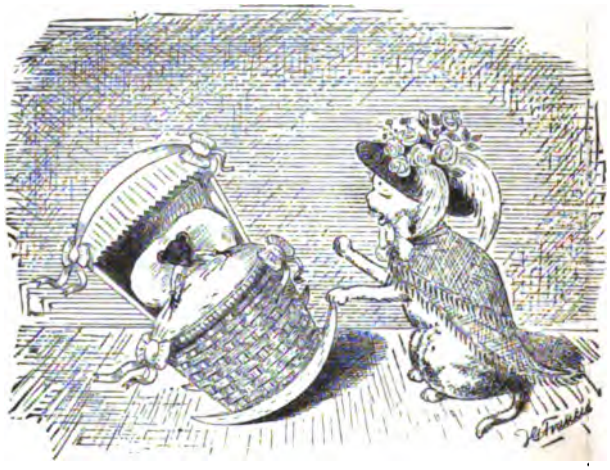


HOW TO WARM THE BABY'S TOES.

ISN'T IT SWEET?

Then we'd get the buggy, Kitty,
And we'd ride into the city —
But oh, 'twould be a pity
If the mousie couldn't go.
I'll tell you what we could do —
Just put the mouse in bed
And fix the little pillows
And cover up its head.

Then we'd sing "Bye baby bye,
You must shut your little eye,
And you musn't, musn't cry,
While your mamma's gone to town;
For if we took you, mousie,
Why you might get away,
And we want to keep our baby
To play another day."

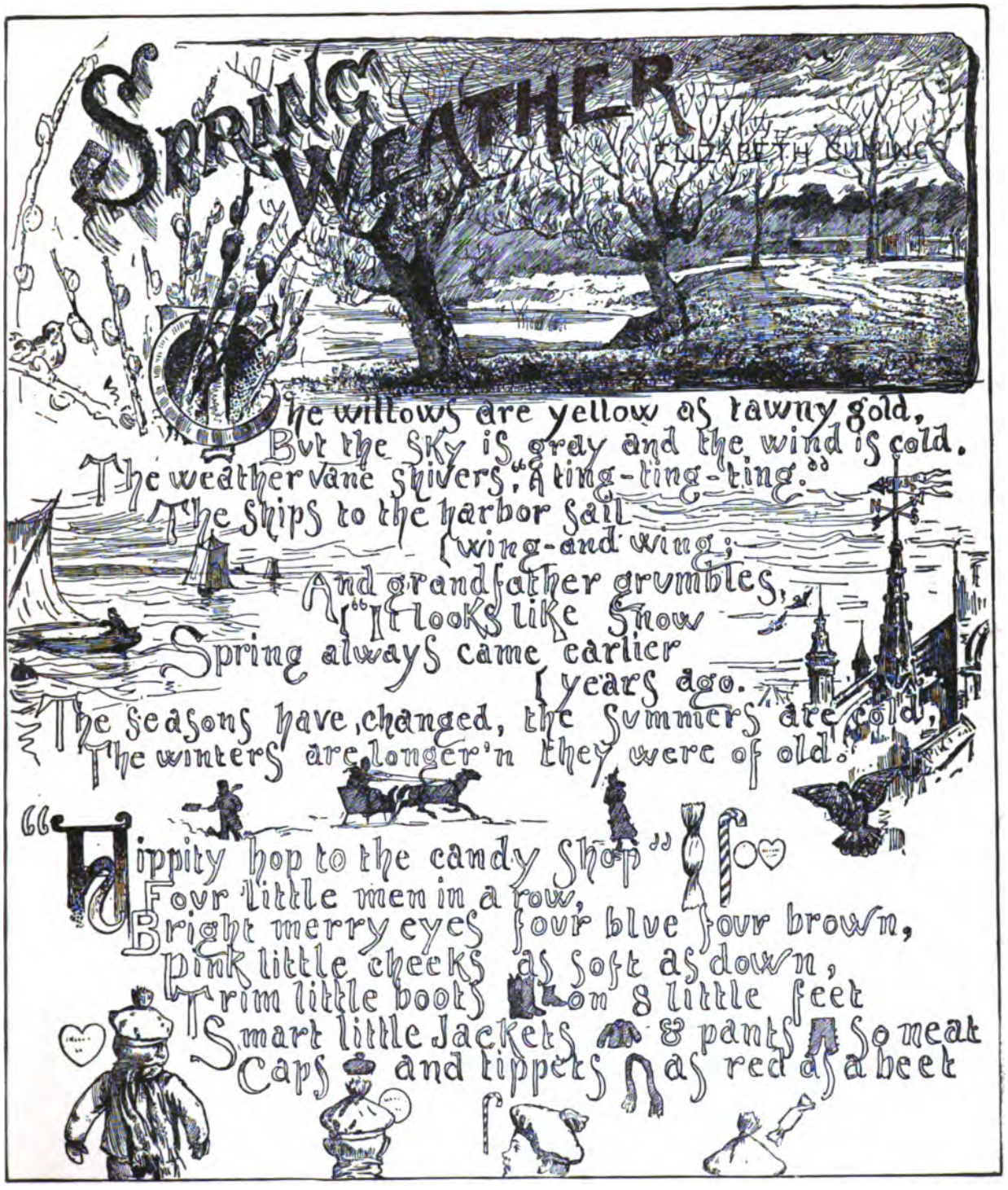


DON'T WAKE WHILE MAMMA'S GONE!

Four little men in a row,
Come hippity hop straight down the street,
Holding hands, while "Hippity hop!
Oh hippity hop to the candy shop!"
They sing with reedy sweetness. "Oh
Now hippity hop!
And hippity hop!
Oh hippity hop to the candy shop!"
And out of sight they go.
Four little men in a row.

Dear grandfather whistles and wipes his eyes.
A blue bird over the house top flies.
"It's not going to snow, it may rain instead."
Says grandfather nodding his wise old head.
The wind is changing. It's not so cold
And look in the west it is red and gold.
This morning I heard a ground sparrow sing
I guess this will be an old-fashioned spring."

R.L.


SPRING WEATHER
ELIZABETH GUNING
The willows are yellow as tawny gold,
But the sky is gray and the wind is cold.
The weathervane shivers, "A ting-ting-ting."
The ships to the harbor sail wing-and-wing;
And grandfather grumbles, "It looks like snow
Spring always came earlier years ago.
The seasons have changed, the summers are cold,
The winters are longer 'n they were of old."
"Hippity hop to the candy shop"
Four little men in a row,
Bright merry eyes four blue four brown,
Pink little cheeks as soft as down,
Trim little boots on 3 little feet
Smart little jackets & pants so neat
Caps and tippets as red as a beet

WHERE THE FIGURES CAME FROM.

By Wallace E. Mather.

PEOPLE must have known something about numbers and counting ever since the world began. But the signs or figures that have been used to represent numbers have been of different sorts; and the ones that we use now were not developed till a good while after Adam's time.

Doubtless, if Adam "did sums" in Arithmetic, he had a way of his own for writing them down. Probably he had a different figure for each number, just as in that very ancient language, the Chinese, they have a different device for each word, and so save themselves the trouble of learning the alphabet.

The idea of having a few letters to make all words, and fewer figures still to make all possible numbers, is a more modern invention.

Why the particular letters in the Roman method were used, and how the shapes of the Arabic figures came to be devised, are questions about which there is some guess-work in the answering.

The Roman letters which stand for numbers were no doubt, in part, initial letters of the names of the numbers, as C of *Centum*, One Hundred.

But the Arabic figures had nothing to do with letters or words.

That a short, straight mark should have been taken to mean one, seems natural enough. It is just about the simplest and easiest sign that can be made; nothing could be more so, except a mere dot, and that would not, on the whole, be so convenient.

Starting then with we should expect that if one mark meant one, two marks would have been used for two. If the figures are really an Arabian invention, the first Arab who made a straight mark in the sand to stand for one camel, would be very apt to add another mark for another camel. And so he did; only instead of putting them side by side like this, as the Romans did, he put them like this: And after a while somebody who wanted to make his figures look ornamental, or somebody who was in a hurry and thought it was easier to make a curved line than a straight one, made it this way, with a curve at the top:

If two marks meant two, then, by another easy step, three marks would be used for three. The first two would be made as before: the third mark would be added thus: which, with the curve, became Then four is made by a mark added to the three above the second mark: and somehow the curve never got on to the four, — or very likely it got on and was after a while dropped off again.

In the making of five the order is changed a little; the first three marks are the same; then one mark at the bottom and one at the top complete the count, and the figure becomes ; and after a while some of the corners got rounded and it became .

As five and one are six, so five marks and one mark make the figure six:

For seven, one line was added to the six at the top: That does not look much like a figure seven; but looks more like it; and a little more still.

The eight takes a new pattern composed of eight "ones" to start with, like this:

Now I have suggested the prob able origin of all the Arabic numerals but one, and I will put them down all together, and see how they look:

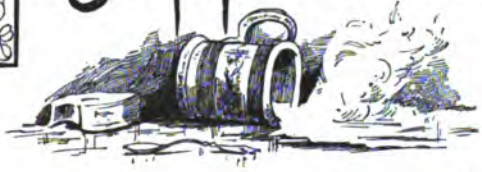
Well, I think they look better nowadays than they used to.

But about the nine?

I am not going to tell you anything about that, but leave it for Wide Awake boys and girls to guess at for themselves.

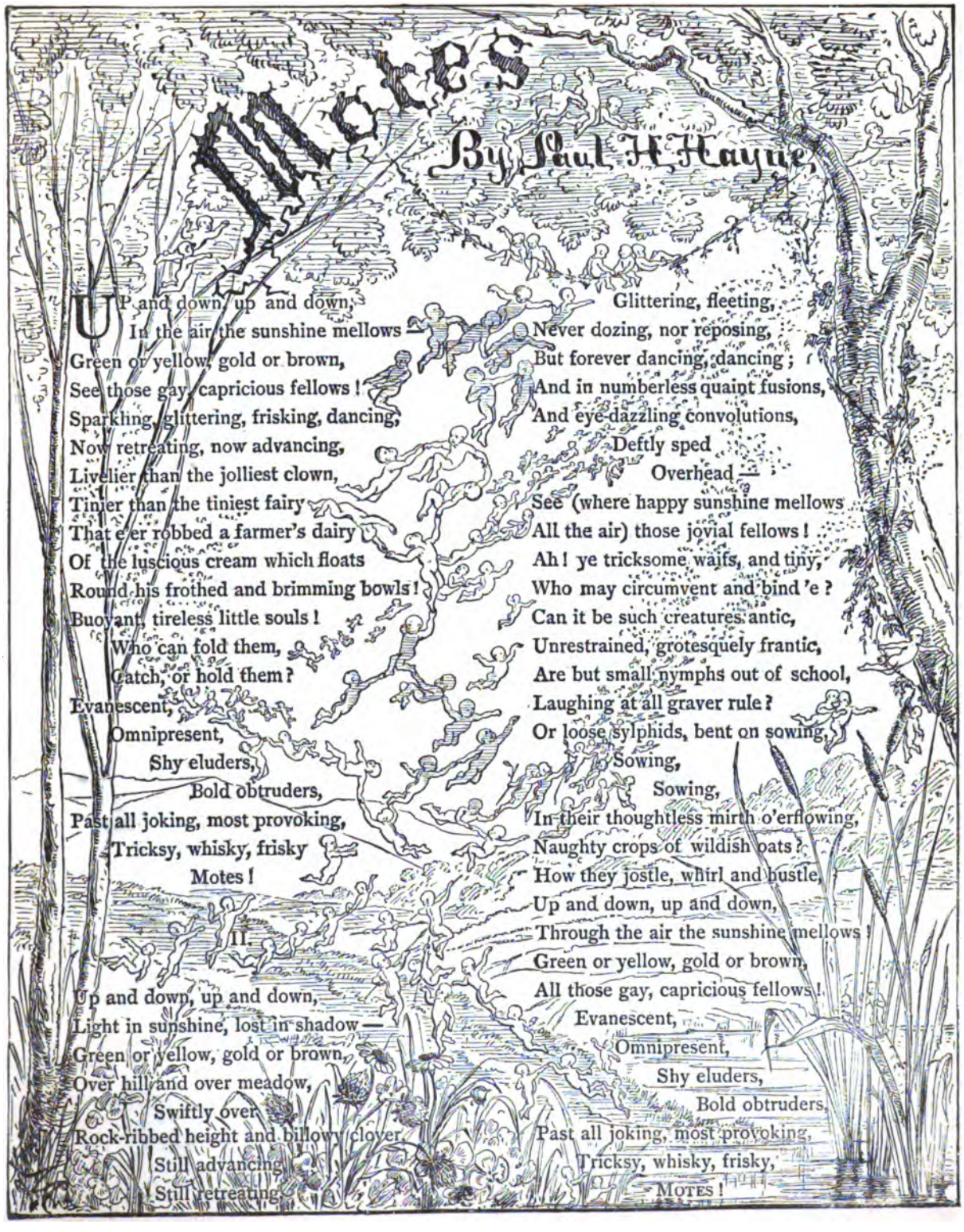
"DING, DONG, BELL!
THE CAT'S IN THE WELL!"

Disappointment:



If you were as hungry
as you could be.
And knew it was time
to have your tea.
And then set you down
on the nursery floor.
And made you wait
for an hour or more.
And then brought your mug,
full of milk to the top.
So hot that you couldn't
drink one drop.
I'd like to know
what you would do
But cry like me
Now.
Would'nt
you?

UP · IN · THE · GARRET · WE · DRESS · TO · GO · OUT ·
WHERE · GRANDMAMMA'S · THINGS · ARE · ALL · LYING · ABOUT ·
LOOK · AT · MY · BONNET · HOW · NICELY · IT · FITS ·
EFFIE · IS · TRYING · THOSE · FUNNY · OLD · MITTS ·
NELL · HAS · A · SKIRT AND · A · PARASOL ·
AND · TEDDY · IS · EAGER · TO · HELP · US · ALL ·
WILL · YOU · GO · WITH · US ! IT'S · NOT · VERY · FAR ·
WE · ARE · GOING · DOWN-STAIRS · TO · CALL · ON · MAMMA ·



MOTES

By Paul H. Hayne

UP and down, up and down,
In the air the sunshine mellows
Green or yellow, gold or brown,
See those gay, capricious fellows!
Sparkling, glittering, frisking, dancing,
Now retreating, now advancing,
Livelier than the jolliest clown,
Tinier than the tiniest fairy
That e'er robbed a farmer's dairy
Of the luscious cream which floats
Round his frothed and brimming bowls!
Buoyant, tireless little souls!
Who can fold them,
Catch, or hold them?
Evanescent,
Omnipresent,
Shy eluders,
Bold obtruders,
Past all joking, most provoking,
Tricksy, whisky, frisky
Motes!

II.

Up and down, up and down,
Light in sunshine, lost in shadow—
Green or yellow, gold or brown,
Over hill and over meadow,
Swiftly over
Rock-ribbed height and billowy clover,
Still advancing,
Still retreating,
Glittering, fleeting,
Never dozing, nor reposing,
But forever dancing, dancing;
And in numberless quaint fusions,
And eye-dazzling convolutions,
Deftly sped
Overhead—
See (where happy sunshine mellows
All the air) those jovial fellows!
Ah! ye tricksome, waifs, and tiny,
Who may circumvent and bind 'e?
Can it be such creatures antic,
Unrestrained, grotesquely frantic,
Are but small nymphs out of school,
Laughing at all graver rule?
Or loose sylphids, bent on sowing,
Sowing,
Sowing,
In their thoughtless mirth o'erflowing,
Naughty crops of wildish oats?
How they jostle, whirl and bustle,
Up and down, up and down,
Through the air the sunshine mellows!
Green or yellow, gold or brown,
All those gay, capricious fellows!
Evanescent,
Omnipresent,
Shy eluders,
Bold obtruders,
Past all joking, most provoking,
Tricksy, whisky, frisky,
MOTES!

SIX LITTLE KITTY-CATS.

BY M. E. B.

SIX little kitty-cats scampered forth in glee;
Three were black as any ink you ever chanced to see,
Three were white as snow, or starch, or cotton-cloth would be;
And all these little kitty-cats went climbing up a tree.

Six little kitty-cats never had such fun;
Treading on each other's tails, and blinking in the sun,
Sharpening up their little claws, and going on a run —
Up they sprang into the air like shots from out a gun.

Six little kitty-cats, without stay or stop,
Tumbling, fumbling, mumbling, grumbling, with a skip and hop,
Scratching, sliding, jumping, gliding, scrambled to the top,
— Only one sat down to rest, tired enough to drop.

Ah, little kitty-cats! Tell me, don't you know
You are foolish little things to fret and worry so?
For whether you are very quick, or very, very slow,
Once you reach the topmost point, over you must go.

Foolish little kitty-cats! wouldn't mind at all!
Clinging to the rotten bark with many a meeaow and squall,
Every one went panting up with shriek and catterwaul,
Then tumbled over on the ground — a very horrid fall!

Six little kitty-cats with a troubled air,
Landed on their little feet and got a precious scare!
Felt their heads, and tails, and claws, to know if they were there —
If they ever go again, you may have their hair!

Dear little kitty-cats — other ones than you
Sometimes try to do the thing that you have tried to do —
Toil and moil to reach the end they chance to have in view,
And come to sudden grief at last, as sure as two are two!

"WHICH, RIGHT OR LEFT?"

INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS.

By J. S. Carey.

MANY people suppose that the Indian children have no dolls or pets.

This is a mistake. The Indian baby, or pappoose, is provided by its squaw-mother with a sort of doll from its earliest infancy.

The baby itself is tied to a board which is covered with buckskins and fanciful bindings, or with bright-colored cloth ornamented with bead-work and tinsel. This baby-board, which is carriage and cradle in one, looks like the toe of a large slipper, and has a piece of wood bent across the head to protect its little copper-colored occupant from being struck by anything. Just as her convenience may prompt, the squaw hangs her pappoose, thus cradled, on her back while walking, or in a tree when working about the tent, or on the saddle pommel as represented in the picture. From the protecting headboard hangs suspended the doll composed of feathers, beads and red cloth, perhaps representing an Indian warrior. The little pappoose looks at this dangling image all day long, and this monotonous endeavor often causes a horrible squint from which the little Indian never recovers.

The squaw-mothers sometimes make miniature pappooses, bound to cradle-boards in fancy covering, like their own, for the older children to play with; but it is a still commoner sight to see the girls carrying a puppy in a little blanket over their shoulders.

It seems strange that they should make their pets of what is considered the greatest delicacy — puppy-stew being the chief dish of a feast given in commemoration of a child having reached a certain age.

The little Indians also make pets of crows. A little girl will often daily carry about with her a wicker basket filled with baby crows just as they are taken from the nest by her brother. Beside her an old dog will often be wiled along, dragging her puppies in a similar net or basket stretched across parallel poles.

The Indian boys have pet colts to ride; and they make pets of young eagles, which they put on a sort

LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS AND THEIR "PAPPOOSES."

of stand with a string attached to one leg to prevent the birds from flying away.

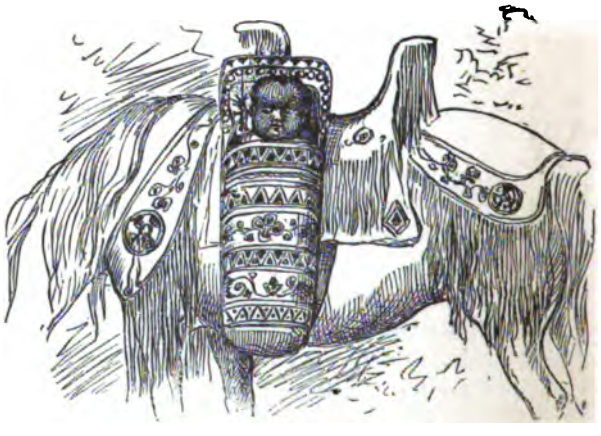
The boys also early learn to use the bow and arrows, and are often occupied in driving blackbirds and cowbirds from the growing maize.

Corn is the only vegetable cultivated by the Indian, and the Chippewas, who are semi-civilized, grind this grain into a sort of coarse samp by pounding it in a mortar with a wooden pestle. They also roast the ears, and dry it for winter use. Great groups of children will sit, with a squaw (perhaps mending moccasins) to help them at their work and preserve order, on high platforms the whole day, overlooking the corn-fields, so as to drive away the birds as they alight in flocks. The last picture shows a group

A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL AND HER PETS.

at a little "Indian meal," which plays both ways — as it is Indian meal they are feasting on. The lodges, or tepees, in the background are peculiar to the Chippewa tribe, being made of birch bark wrapped around poles.

The older boys amuse themselves by different games while tending the horses, one of which is represented. First they spread upon the ground a buffalo hide on which they kneel facing each other. Then one takes a little stick and passes it from one



INDIAN BABY AND DOLL.

hand to the other, first behind and then before, while the other boy guesses which hand it is in. He is en-

titled to three guesses. The first, if right, counts him three; the second, two; and the third, one. If he misses altogether, he loses according to the number put up for stake. The one guessing designates his guess by hitting his right or left shoulder, according to the hand he thinks his opponent holds it in.

This, like all other Indian games, is made interesting by the stakes, which generally consist of some ornament, or some service to be rendered.

AN "INDIAN MEAL."

SNOW STORIES.

By Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.

WHEN over the earth, all shivering, bare,
The sky drops down a thick white fleece,
We say that up in the clouds somewhere
A little old woman picks her geese —
A feather here and a feather there,
Handfuls downy and soft and fair,
Gray while falling, but white below.
She flings to all the winds that blow.

But there are children over the sea,
Mid Scotland's rugged mountains bred,
Who, fond of a fairy tale as we,
Call it the fairies making bread —
Bread for their breakfast or their tea,
And say that they work so carelessly,
And scatter the wheaten flour so,
It powders all the winds that blow.

Which is the prettier legend, Ted?
The little old woman picking geese,
Or the heedless fairies making bread?
Choose of the two which one you please,
And with tippet and overcoat and sled
Go out till your cheeks are rosy red,
And your whole little body all aglow! —
Feathers or flour, you like the snow.

GRANDMA, do you know where Cynthia is? We want to show her the baby's picture."

"I think she is in the garret, quilting," answered grandma.

So we all started for the garret chamber.

"There, Cynthia," said I, showing her the picture, "that's the baby. Ain't she cunning?"

Cynthia took the picture. "Is that the baby?" said she. "Isn't she a beauty? an' don't she set straight? But I can see yer ma's hand a-holdin' her. If it don't make me think for all the world, of the time when mother had Mr. Kit's picture took; she held 'im jes' so."

"Was Kit your little brother, Cynthia?"

"Lor, no, child," answered Cynthia with a queer smile, laying down the case and beginning to quilt another diamond, "he wer'n't nothin' but a cat, but he was a dreffle smart cat, an' the way he managed everybody was wonderful. When he was a kitten father said he was the head of the house, an' he allus called him Mr. Kit. The way we come to get 'im was this. One day mother an' me was drivin' into town with old Dub. He was a gentle old horse, but dreffle afraid of puddles. Horses think they're goin' into sart'in trouble when they step in a little water, an' as I was drivin' I was pretty busy keepin' old Dub from shyin' in every ditch we come to, an' I didn't notice much what was goin' on 'long side o' the road. All of a sudden mother screamed out, 'Stop that! stop that!' an' 'fore I knew what had happened, she was out 'er the waggin an' climbin' a fence. Old Dub shied way 'cross the road an' threw me out, an' when I picked myself up there was mother scatterin' a lot o' boys who was a-settin' a dog on a little kitten.

"My, how she did talk to them! Mother was pretty powerful when she got waked up on cruelty to dumb critters. The boys, nigh about scared to death, made for the bushes, an' mother came back to the waggin holdin' the kitten an' speakin' her mind pretty plain.

"'Orter hev a lot o' dogs set on 'em; would jest serve those boys right!' ses she. 'Look at this poor tormented thing!' an' she held out the prettiest little Maltese kitten you ever see; all gray 'ceptin' white paws. Mother was allus rescuin' cats an' dogs an' all kinds o' dumb things, an' the house was like a hospital.

"When we got home father met us at the door. 'Great Land!' ses he. 'Another one!'

'Can't help it,' ses mother. 'I couldn't stand it.'

"Wal, from that time Mr. Kit ruled everybody. We took him in the house, an' he jes sat down an' cleaned all the dirt off his fur as if he'd known us allus.

"'What shall we call him?' ses mother. 'The one I picked up last week I named Juno. I guess I'll call this one Uno.'

"'That ain't no name,' ses father.

"'Yes, it is,' ses mother, 'an' it's real pretty.' So she named him Uno. Wal, he was dreffle fond of mother right off. She had to carry him aroun' all day, or he'd holler arter her like a baby. When night come he wouldn't sleep nowhere but right cluss up in her neck, an' if she didn't keep pattin' 'im he'd holler. Father was consid'able riled at this; my room was next to theirs, an' I heard him talkin' to mother about it. 'Ef this don't beat all,' ses he. 'I don't make no objection to yer hevin' a hospital in the house, but I object to sleeping with the patients.'

"'O, he'll drop off pretty soon,' ses mother, an' she kep a-pattin' an' hushin' 'im all night. When he got ter be a big cat he was es handsome es a picter, an' he knowed mother's step soon es he heard it; he'd watch fer her, an' when she'd come in he'd jump on her shoulder an' go all aroun' with her. Mother set sich a store by him she was determined ter hev his picter took.

"'I'm goin' ter try it,' says she, 'next summer, when ther man comes aroun' ag'in.'

"'Better hev him stuffed an' put under a glass case,' says father; ''t won't be half so much trouble.'

"'I'm goin' ter try, enyways,' says mother. 'He'd

make a lovely picter.' An' next summer when the picter-man came in town, mother said she was goin' ter take Mr. Kit down.

"So we started fer town one morning, mother on the back seat of the carryall, with Mr. Kit in a basket, an' father an' I in front.

"Wall, Mr. Kit didn't like bein' cooped up in a basket a bit, an' he hollered steady all the way. Nearly every house we passed a dog came out ter see what was ter pay, an' some, findin' a cat in the wagon, gin chase. 'Might think we was a butcher's cart,' says father, slashin' at the dogs with the whip. 'I knowed we'd hev trouble.'

"We did make consid'able stir goin' through the village; people stopped an' looked, an' a lot o' boys tore arter us. By ther time we got ter the picter-shop Mr. Kit was frantic. Mother, she tried ter keep him quiet, but 't warn't no use. 'Don't mind 'em, Uno,' says she, peepin' in the basket. 'I won't let 'em hurt you; there, there! don't yer know me, Uno?'

"'He'll cut yer acquaintance soon as ye let 'im out; better hev him took in the basket; the basket 'll take splendid,' says father.

"But mother didn't pay no 'tention to father, an' climbed out of the wagon, takin' Mr. Kit with her, an' I jumped out too.

"'Good-by,' says father, takin' up the reins. 'I'll be back in time ter help yer ketch the critter; yer goin' ter hev a lively job.'

"Then we went up-stairs ter the gallery; it was a dreffle shacklin' old place, full of cracks and crannies, an' fit ter tumble down inny minnit. After we got up-stairs, we took Mr. Kit out, an' he was nigh about scared inter fits; he kep' a-clawin' mother, tryin' ter git away, an' hollerin' all ther time.

"The picter-man sed he'd make a splendid picter if we could keep 'im still, but it wuzn't an easy job. The man sed he'd look good settin' on a pillar, so mother crooked his legs an' set him on the pillar an' held on ter 'im.

"'You won't take good with him,' ses the man.

"'Never mind me,' ses mother. 'All I want is the cat's picter.'

"Wal, the man fixed the machine, an' the boy brought in the thing ter take the picter, but Mr. Kit seein' strange folks was most frantic; jes' es the man wuz puttin' the cloth over his head, Mr. Kit give a tremendous jump. Mother grabbed him, but he slipped through her hands an' tore inter the next room, we arter him. When we got there, no cat was to be seen.

"'O Cynthy!' says mother, 'he's gone! he's gone!'

"Wal, we searched everywheres. The doors an' windows was all shut, an' where on airth he was nobody could make out.

"'Guess he's been took up in a chariot like Lijah,' ses the boy.

"Jes' then we heard a meow kinder muffled, es if he was under somethin'.

"'There he is! There he is!' ses mother. But where he was nobody could seem ter tell.

"Then we heard him again, an' the picter-man ran ter the corner of the room an' pulled away the carpet.

"'He's down that hole,' ses he, 'es sure es you live. I orter hed it stopped up.'

"We all ran ter the hole, an' there, sure enough, was Mr. Kit. We could see his eyes shinin' in the dark, an' he was a-meowin' so pityful it would break yer heart to hear him. 'I'll git 'im out,' ses the man; an' he began ter call 'Kitty! kitty!' but Mr. Kit wouldn't stir a step fer him.

"'Has he got any name?' ses he. 'Mebbe he'll come if I call him by it.'

"'Yes,' says mother, 'Uno'—

"'I don't know,' says the man. 'Wouldn't hev asked ye if I had. What's his name?'

"'Uno,' says mother again.

"But I don't know. What *is* his name?' says he, turnin' to me.

"'Uno,' says I.

"'I don't know,' says he, speakin' real savage. 'I never seed the critter afore. Can't yer tell me?'

"'Uno,' says I again, kinder sharp, cause I didn't like the way he acted.

"'What makes yer keep sayin', 'I know, I know,' all the time fer, when I don't know,' says he.

"'I didn't say Ino, I said 'Uno,' says I, beginning to feel real mad at him. Then mother she kinder saw through the mistake, an' she begun to laugh.

"'Lor suz, child,' ses she, 'he don't understand. The cat's name is Uno — U-n-o — U-no. Don't yer see?'

"Then the man burst right out laughin', an' I laughed too when I found he didn't mean ter be sassy.

"'Wal,' ses he, 'it's the queerest name I ever heard on, but mebbe I kin git 'im out now;' an' he put his head in the hole an' called 'Uno! Uno!' but Mr. Kit only backed further away. Then mother got

down an' called an' coaxed him. He'd come a little ways fer her, but jes' as she put her hand out, back he'd step out'er reach, same pesky way cats allus has when they don't want ter be caught. Mother was mos' wild, fearin' he'd fall down in the buildin' an' we couldn't git him out.

"'O Cynthy,' ses she, 'what shall we do? I wish I hedn't thought to hev his picter took.'

"'Better a-hed him stuffed,' ses a voice behind us, an' there was father; he'd come in so quiet we hadn't heard him.

"'O Hiram, what shall I do to git him out? he won't let me ketch 'im,' ses mother, an' she began to cry; 'I'm afeared we'll hev ter take down the buildin', or he'll jes' stay there till he dies.'

"'Mebbe I kin coax 'im,' ses father, gittin' down by the hole. 'Come, Mr. Kit,' ses he, 'yer'd better come out; we wants to make a picter of yer; come right along now.'

"Wal, father's kinder quiet way o' talkin' did make Mr. Kit feel better, an' he got cluss up ter the hole, but jes' es father put his hand out, back he went like a shot.

"'Tain't no use,' ses father; 'pretty talkin' ain't goin' ter fetch him; nothin' but a mouse will do it.'

"'Jes' the thing,' ses mother. 'Cynthy, go right aroun' to Aunt Polly Bascom's, her house is full 'er mice, an' bring one aroun' with yer. Run quick es ye kin, child.'

"I started fer aunt Polly's, an' my feelin's got kinder worked up es I went along, an' by ther time I got to the house I had Mr. Kit fallin' down the buildin' an' dyin' by inches, an' I rushed in the kitchen door without thinkin' of anything else.

"'Aunt Polly! aunt Polly!' ses I, 'hev yer got a mouse?'

"Aunt Polly was makin' pies, an' jes es I opened the door she was holdin' a pie up an' cuttin' the crust off roun' the edge, but when she saw me comin' in kinder wild, with my bunnit hangin', she jes' staggered back an' sot right down, the pie with her.

"'My land! Cynthy,' ses she, 'hes ennything happened?'

"'O aunt Polly, I didn't mean ter scare yer so,' ses I. 'There ain't much ther matter, only Mr. Kit's down a hole an' we want a mouse ter git 'im out.'

"'Mr. — Kit — down — a — hole,' ses she, kinder slow. 'What do yer mean, child?'

"So I told her what a fix we was in, and picked up the pie an' scraped up ther apple-sass fer her.

"'Why,' ses she, kinder wakin' up, 'ef it's a mouse ye wants, go right up garret, an' I'll look in ther pantry too.'

"There was plenty 'er traps settin' aroun', but there wuzn't a mouse among 'em. 'O, what shall I do?' ses I, 'we'll never git 'im out.'

"'I tell ye what,' ses aunt Polly, 'there's the velvet mouse in the settin'-room; it's jes es natural es life; he won't know ther difference.'

"So I got the velvet mouse, an' ran back with it, tho' I was afeared Mr. Kit would know ther difference, an' he did, too. Mother held it by ther tail an' jumped it aroun', but Mr. Kit only giv one smell at it, an' went further back 'en ever.

"'Yer ain't goin' to ketch thet old bird with chaff,' ses father; 'run back, Cynthy, an' bring some fresh meat — that'll fetch 'im.'

"So I went back ter aunt Polly's agin, an' asked fer some meat. She got some out o' the b'ilin' dinner pot, an' back we both went ter the gallery.

"By this time the whole neighborhood was out askin' what wuz the matter, an' a lot o' folks got aroun' ther door. Mother, she took the meat an' held it down the hole, so Mr. Kit could smell it. He came nearer an' nearer, an' mother kep' sof'ly drawin' the meat further away from him, an' at last he got his head way out 'er ther hole, an' then mother grabbed 'im. My! wuzn't we glad!

"Then ther man got ready ter take ther picter again, an' mother, holdin' to Mr. Kit like a good one, sot 'im on ther pillar; he was a good deal quieted down arter bein' in the hole, an' kep' pretty still 'ceptin' his tail kep a-lashin' all ther time. 'Guess I'll hang up ther mouse fer him to look at,' ses father. 'It 'ill give him a pleasant expression.' But I pulled father in 'tother room, an' we kep' quiet till Mr. Kit's picter was took, an' it wuz a splendid picter arter all ther fuss — he took beautiful. Only he hadn't enny tail, an' mother looked like an' Injun, but she said she didn't mind long as the cat took so handsome. But it got noised aroun' the neighborhood what a time we hed, an' how people did laugh! Mother wuz kinder provoked. 'They wouldn't ev laughed ef they'd been in my place,' ses she.

"'Nor in Mr. Kit's place neither,' ses father."

"And what became of the picture," asked Madge. "Where is it now?"

"I'd' no," said Cynthia. "I s'pose it got lost a-movin' round. It a orter bin perserved es a kind o' family portrait, by good rights," added she grimly.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

Dame Fidget And Her Silver Penny.

Versified By Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.

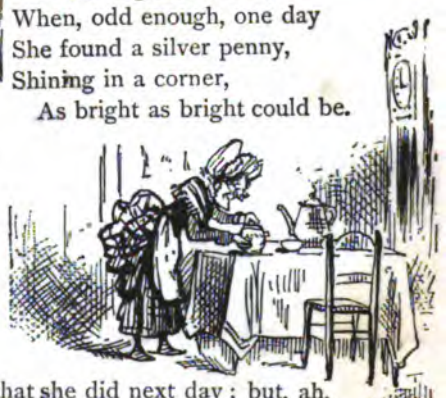
A WEE, wee woman
Was little old Dame Fidget,
And she lived by herself
In a wee, wee room,
And early every morning,
So tidy was her habit,
She began to sweep it out
With a wee, wee broom.

She eyed it, she took it
Between her thumb and finger;
She put it in the sugar bowl
And quickly shut the lid;
And after planning over carefully
The way to spend it,
She resolved to go to market
And to buy herself a kid.

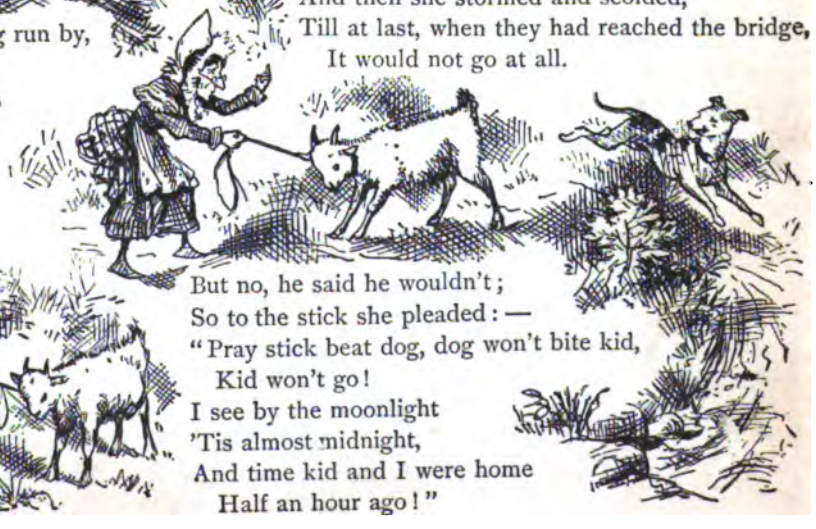
Just then Dame Fidget saw a dog run by,
And whistled to him,
And cried:—"Pray dog bite kid,
Kid won't go!
I see by the moonlight
'Tis almost midnight,
And time kid and I were home
Half an hour ago!"

But no, he said he wouldn't;
So to the stick she pleaded:—
"Pray stick beat dog, dog won't bite kid,
Kid won't go!
I see by the moonlight
'Tis almost midnight,
And time kid and I were home
Half an hour ago!"

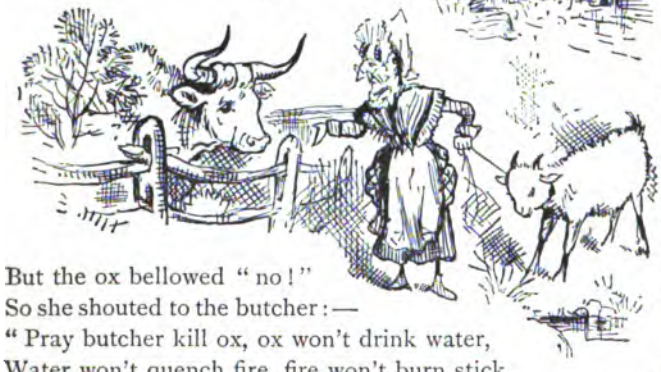
To sweep for the cinders,
Though never were there any,
She whisked about, and brushed about,
Humming like a bee;
When, odd enough, one day
She found a silver penny,
Shining in a corner,
As bright as bright could be.



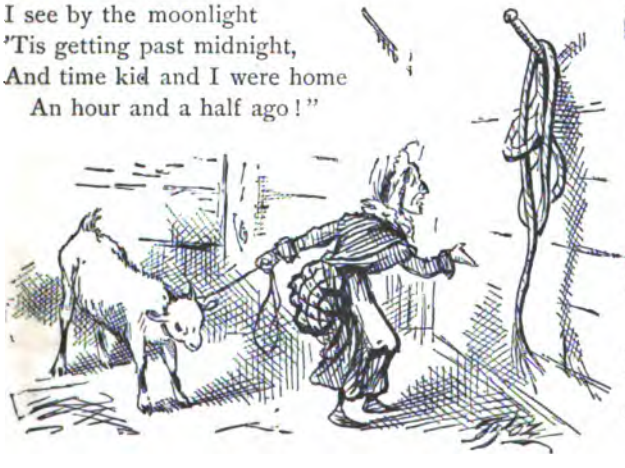
And that she did next day; but, ah,
The kid proved very lazy!
And it moved toward home so slowly
She could scarcely see it crawl;
At first she coaxed and petted it,
And then she stormed and scolded,
Till at last, when they had reached the bridge,
It would not go at all.



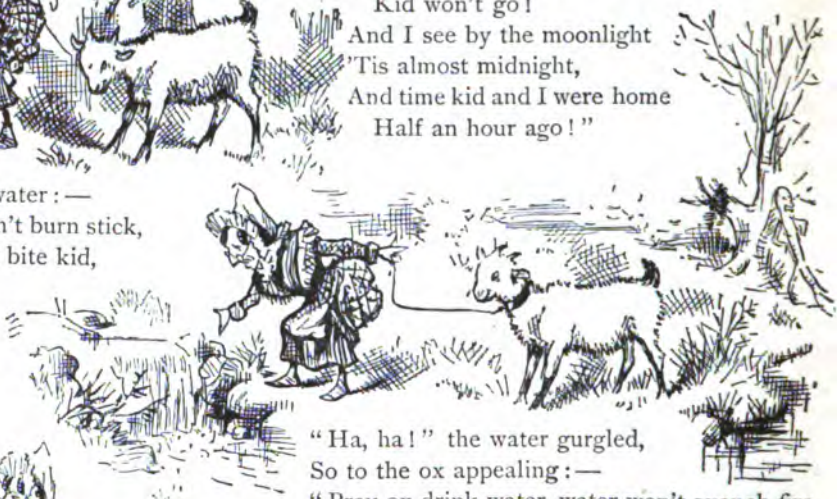
But the fire only smoked,
So she turned and begged the water: —
"Pray water quench fire, fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid,
Kid won't go!
I see by the moonlight
'Tis already midnight,
And time kid and I were home
An hour and a half ago!"



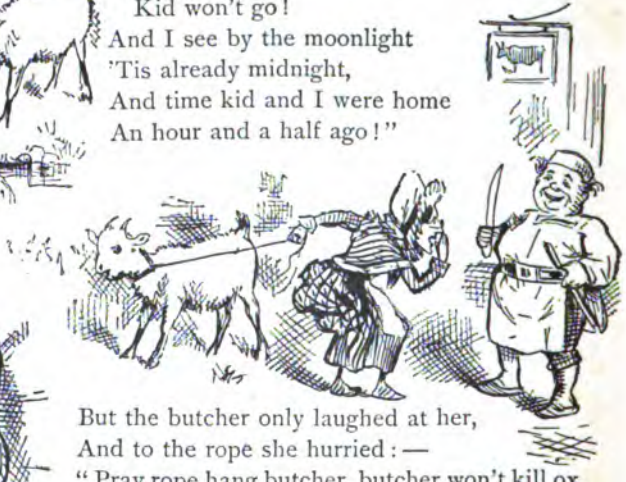
But the ox bellowed "no!"
So she shouted to the butcher: —
"Pray butcher kill ox, ox won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid,
Kid won't go!
I see by the moonlight
'Tis getting past midnight,
And time kid and I were home
An hour and a half ago!"



But the stick didn't stir,
So she called upon the fire: —
"Pray fire burn stick, stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite kid,
Kid won't go!
And I see by the moonlight
'Tis almost midnight,
And time kid and I were home
Half an hour ago!"



"Ha, ha!" the water gurgled,
So to the ox appealing: —
"Pray ox drink water, water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite kid,
Kid won't go!
And I see by the moonlight
'Tis already midnight,
And time kid and I were home
An hour and a half ago!"

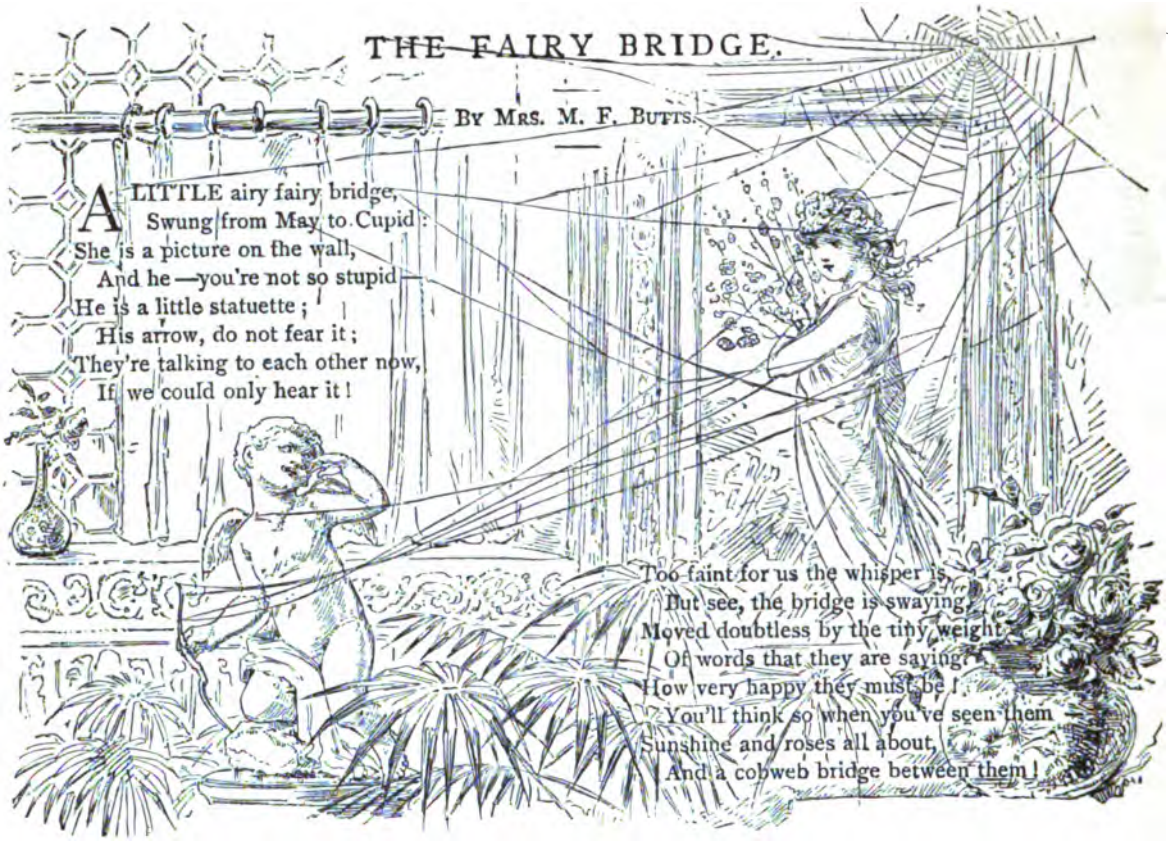


But the butcher only laughed at her,
And to the rope she hurried: —
"Pray rope hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite kid,
Kid won't go!
And I see by the moonlight
'Tis getting past midnight,
And time kid and I were home
An hour and a half ago."

The rope swayed round for "nay!"
So to the rat she beckoned: —
"Pray rat gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher,
Butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid,
Kid won't go!
And I see by the moonlight
'Tis long past midnight,
And time kid and I were home
A couple of hours ago!"

A scornful squeak was all he deigned,
And so she called the kitten: —
"Pray cat eat rat, rat won't gnaw rope,
Rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite kid,
Kid won't go!
And I see by the moonlight
'Tis long past midnight,
And time kid and I were home
Hours and hours ago!"

Now pussy loved a rat,
So she seized him in a minute:
And the cat began to eat the rat,
The rat began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the kid,
And the kid began to go!
And home through the moonlight,
Long after midnight,
The little dame and little kid
Went trudging — oh, *so* slow!


THE FAIRY BRIDGE.
By Mrs. M. F. Butts.
A LITTLE airy fairy bridge,
Swung from May to Cupid:
She is a picture on the wall,
And he — you're not so stupid —
He is a little statuette;
His arrow, do not fear it;
They're talking to each other now,
If we could only hear it!
Too faint for us the whisper is,
But see, the bridge is swaying,
Moved doubtless by the tiny weight
Of words that they are saying!
How very happy they must be!
You'll think so when you've seen them —
Sunshine and roses all about,
And a cobweb bridge between them!

THERE'S AN OWL IN THAT PEANUT!

BY HARRY S. BARNES.

Fig. 1. — The Peanut.

PROBABLY most of you have heard of Mr. Darwin's theory of evolution, but as some may not have a distinct idea of what it is, I think I will try to explain it a little before I go any farther. He says that once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a monkey which didn't happen to be born with a tail, — some monkeys don't, you know. This monkey are wiser than monkeys usually are, and by some means learned to talk. He also had a thumb, which is curious, as most monkeys have five fingers on one hand, but no thumb. His children, naturally, could talk too, and their children; and so they went on from generation to generation, becoming wiser all the time, until finally they woke up one fine morning to find themselves men! A ridiculous idea, isn't it? which we won't believe yet awhile.

This is called Evolution, which simply means a rolling out of one state into another, a changing of

form. But he also says that this monkey of which I have told you had been gradually evolved, — changed from some lower animal, and this from a lower, — or, to speak plainly, that all animals, from man down, have come by gradual changes, through long ages, from the lowest form of all, the Protozöon ("Protozöon" is formed from two Greek words, and means the "first life").

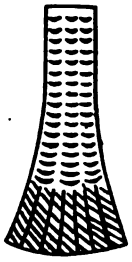


Fig. 2. — The Tail.

But he hasn't proved it yet. You see what troubles him is, that he never has found any animal which is half way between any two separate kinds of animals, as between fishes and birds, which he ought to do, if his idea is the right one.

He speaks of this as the "missing link," and it bothers him immensely.

Now while I cannot quite agree with Mr. Darwin, I am going to tell you how *you* can do even more than change a fish into a bird, and that is, how you may make an owl out of nothing but a peanut.

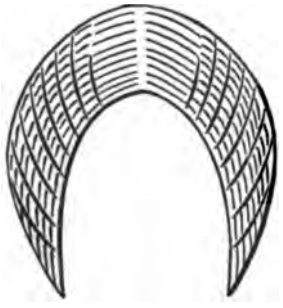


Fig. 3. — The wings.

It's very simple when you know how, and I think Mr. Darwin would open his eyes for joy if he could only see you do it.

Get a few peanuts, and pick out one which has only one kernel, and which has a prominent ridge at one end.

Figure 1 will show you the kind I mean.

This is to become an owl, and you may eat the rest, and thus have a case of the "survival of the fittest."

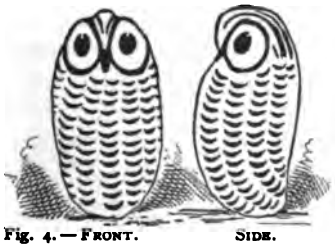


Fig. 4. — Front. Side.
The Missing Link.

Draw with black ink upon brown tissue paper these figures (2 and 3). As part of each side will show on the finished owl, it is well to trace the marks also upon the reverse of the paper.

Next take the peanut and mark it as shown in Fig. 4, taking care that the little curved marks are upon the little ridges of the nut, and not in the hollow.

Fig 5. — The Claws.

The back is not to be marked.

The tail (Fig. 2) is then to be pasted upon the back.

Allow it to dry a few minutes, and then put on the wings (Fig. 3).

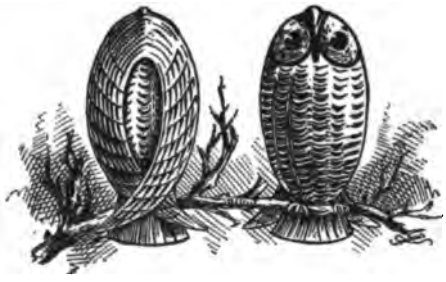
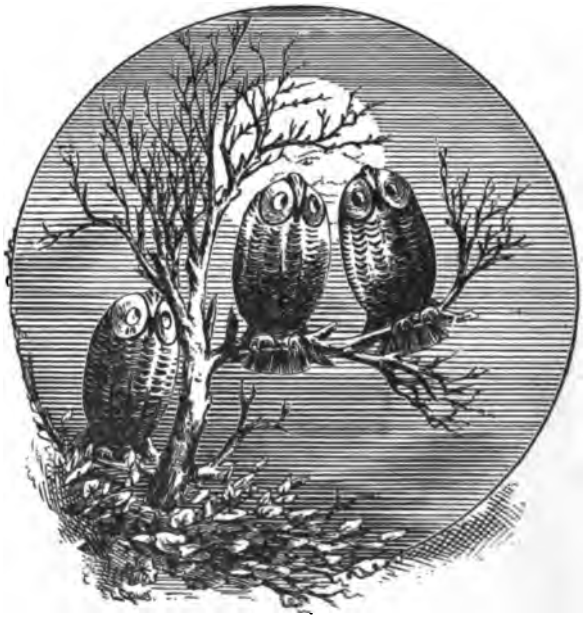


Fig. 6. — Owls Mounted.

The middle of the outer curve of the wings is to be placed at about the middle of the top of the nut, just over the large ridge, and the wings are to



"'Twas ever thus."

be pasted down at the sides and back as shown in the sketch of the result (Fig. 6).

We have now a pretty fair owl, but the poor fellow cannot stand up, so must cut the claws (Fig. 5) out of stiffer brown paper, and help him to do so.

When these are ready paste them close together about a little twig, or stick, and push two pins through the stick from the opposite side, so that they run through the claws at the places marked with black dots.

These pins are to be run into the bottom of the bottom of the nut, and our owl is done. You will have to be careful about putting in the pins, else you may split both stick and nut.

If you find a nut exactly the size of the one I have drawn, you may trace the wings and tail from the figures, otherwise you must make them a little larger or smaller as the case may be.

A little practice will enable you to make splendid owls with hardly any trouble, and I think you will find them quite amusing, especially if you arrange them in groups.

I give you one group as a sample. You see that by not making the eye all black, but by drawing little circles with the black part in various positions, you can give almost any expression you please to your owls. A little touch of white paint in the eye helps.

Now you can each have an owl of your own, and one that won't steal chickens, as, I am sorry to say, owls are in the habit of doing.

THE PLAY-HOUSE

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL

UNDER a fir in the garden ground,
A strange habitation to-day I found,
Built of bushes, and bark, and boards,
And holding hidden the queerest hoards.

There were bits of crockery sticks and stones,
Shreds of pink calico, strings of cones,
Crumbs of candy, a picture book,
And, strangest of all, in a cosy nook
Was an idol made in the image of man,
With charcoal eyes, and stuffed with bran.

"Were they heathens who dwelt there?" O, no, indeed.
"Were they animals?" Yes, of the kind that can read,
And laugh and cry, and be wicked or pray,
And when they are old their hair grows gray.

Their names are Margery, Ned, and Sue;
Their curls are brown, and their eyes are blue;
And they builded there in the summer heat,
As glad as the birds, and sang as sweet.

The birds that built in the tree-tops high
Are singing under a summer sky;
But the dear little builders who toiled below
Are singing here in the fire-light glow.

DAISY'S LETTER.

Christmas Day, just after dinner, eighteen hundred seventy-nine.
Dear old Santa: Papa says that maybe if I drop a line
To you down in Santa Claus Land you will get it safe and sound,
And perhaps you'd bring an answer when you fetch the [illegible] round.

—II—

We are perfectly discouraged—little Paul and Prink and me.
We're just as poor! what we shall do for New Years I don't see.
Where we used to have whole dollars we have hard work coaxing dimes.
It's Hard Times, Papa tells us. Now, Santa, what's Hard Times?

—O—

One day when we were asking what he hoped old Santa'd bring,
He kissed us three times round and then he sighed like anything;
(Little Prink was on his shoulder where she always climbs.)
"Christmas won't bring much to Papa, I'm afraid, except Hard Times."

Now we want a lot of money, because—why, just because!
The shops are beautiful—you've no idea, Santa Claus!
We've speaked and speaked about it, just as sweet as peppermint
But it ain't a bit of use; they don't know how to take a hint.

× × × ×

So, Santa, when we're sleeping, and you're creeping all about,
Remember! put Pa's presents in, but leave the Hard Times out.
Please to excuse this letter (our first) with pen and ink,
And keep a lot and lots of love from me and Paul and Prink.

From Daisy.

THE THREE GIRLS.

(A Sure Enough Story in a Make-Believe Dress.)

By Lizzie E. Howes.

LITTLE GIRL.

ONCE upon a time there were three girls who had a play-room of their own in a big farmhouse. One of them was a very little girl, one was a middle-sized girl, and the other was a great girl.

Each of these three girls had a doll to play with. There was a very little wax doll for the very little girl, a middle-sized rubber doll for the middle-sized girl, and a great china doll for the great girl. Each of them had a set of dishes to keep house with too. There were some very little china dishes for the very little girl, some middle-sized tin dishes for the middle-sized girl, and some great wooden dishes for the great girl. And each had a bed for her doll to sleep on. There was a very little bed for the very little doll, a middle-sized bed for the middle sized doll, and a great bed for the great doll.

MIDDLE-SIZED GIRL.

GREAT GIRL.

WAX DOLL.

One day when these three girls were keeping house in their play-room, they heard their brother Bob cracking butternuts in the back yard, and they went down to ask him for some.

While they were gone Bonny-Baby-Boy crept to the door.

RUBBER DOLL.

First he peeped through the crack; then he put his curly head inside, and seeing no one there, he pushed the door open and crept in.

When he saw the playthings, he crept over to them as fast as he could, for he had never in his life been allowed to take them, and he wanted to see what they were like.

CHINA DOLL.

Now Bonny-Baby-Boy could not tell what a thing was like without putting it in his mouth. So first he tasted the china doll of the great girl, but that was too hard for him.

LITTLE CHINA DISHES.

Then he tasted the rubber doll of the middle-sized girl, and that was too soft for him. Then he tasted the wax doll of the very little girl, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just as he liked it. So he bit it and sucked it until there was no paint left on the cheeks or lips, and the face was all marked with the prints of Bonny-Baby-Boy's teeth.

MIDDLE-SIZED TIN DISHES.

Next he spied the dishes. Now Bonny-Baby-Boy could not tell what a thing was like until he had pounded it to see what kind of noise it made. So, seizing the china doll, first he whacked

GREAT WOODEN DISHES.

the wooden dishes of the great girl, but the sound was too dull for him. Then he whacked the tin dishes of the middle-sized girl, and the sound was too sharp for him.

Then he whacked the china dishes of the very little girl, and the sound was neither too dull nor too sharp, but suited him exactly. So he pounded and pounded as fast as he could, until there was not a whole dish left.

LITTLE BED.

Now Bonny-Baby-Boy began to feel sleepy. So

first he laid his curly head on the great doll's bed, and that was too high for him. Then he tried the middle-sized doll's bed, and that was too low for him. Then he laid his head on the very little doll's bed, and to his joy he found that this bed was neither too high nor too low, but just right. So Bonny-Baby-Boy lay there, and in just a moment he had fallen fast asleep.

MIDDLE-SIZED BED.

THE GREAT BED.

By this time the three girls had eaten all the nuts they wanted, and they came back to the room to finish their play.

Now Bonny-Baby-Boy had broken both the arms and legs of the poor china doll.

"Bonny-Baby-Boy has been at my doll," said the great girl in a great gruff, grumbling voice as soon as she saw it. And he had bitten off the nose of the rubber doll. "Bonny-Baby-Boy has been at my doll," said the middle-sized girl in a middling gruff, grumbling voice.

BONNY-BABY-BOY.

BONNY-BABY-BOY WHACKS THE DISHES.

"Bonny-Baby-Boy has been at my doll, and she will never be pretty any more," said the very little girl in a little whining, whimpering voice, rubbing one eye with her chubby fist. Then the three girls began to look about to see what further mischief had been done.

The naughty baby had broken the great girl's great wooden tea-pot with the doll's hard head.

BONNY-BABY-BOY IS SLEEPY.

"Bonny-Baby-Boy has been meddling with my dishes," said the great girl in her great gruff, grumbling voice as soon as she saw it.

BITTEN.

And he had pounded in one side of the middle-sized girl's tin sugar bowl. "Bonny-Baby-Boy has been meddling with my dishes," said the middle-sized girl in her middling gruff, grumbling voice.

And you know how the little mischief-maker had served the very little girl's dishes. "Bonny-Baby-Boy has been meddling with my dishes and they'll never be good to play with any more," said the very little girl in her little whining, whimpering voice, rubbing her eyes with her fists.

BROKEN.

BEGINNING TO CRY.

Then they looked over in the corner and saw the naughty baby lying with his curly head on the very little doll's bed, his rosy cheek resting on his little fat hand, sound asleep.

"Oh, dear! I'd like to shake him, but I mustn't," said the great girl, beginning to cry.

"Oh, dear, dear! I want to shake him, but I won't," said the middle-sized girl, crying too.

CRYING TOO.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I mustn't shake him, but I want mamma to do it," said the very little girl, setting up a roar; and they made so much noise that Bonny-Baby-Boy woke and began to cry too, and their mother, and May, and Bob, and Nelly came running up-stairs to see what was

A ROAR.

BONNY-BABY-BOY'S CHICKS.

GREAT DOLL.

the matter. Mamma made them stop the noise at once. Sister May washed the tears off their faces and wiped them dry with a soft towel; Nelly took Bonny-Baby-Boy out to see the chickens, and brother Bob harnessed Flit and Flash, and the three girls went to ride with their mamma.

MIDDLE-SIZED.

When Christmas morning came, there was a great wax doll in the great girl's great red stocking, and some great china dishes standing just beneath.

LITTLE DOLL.

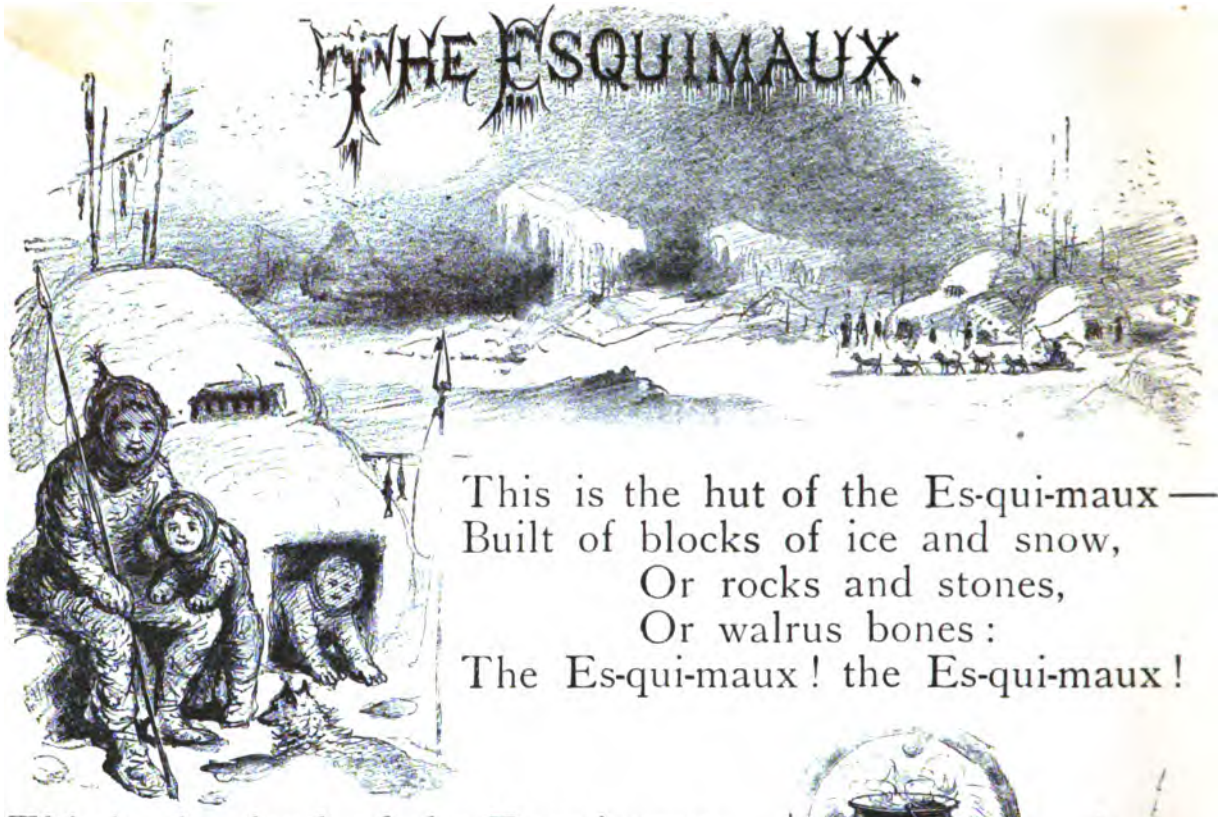
And there was a middle-sized china doll in the middle-sized red stocking of the middle-sized girl, and some pretty wooden dishes on the floor beneath.

And in the very little girl's little red stocking there were some little tin dishes and a little rubber doll. There was much shouting and laughing early in the morning at the big farmhouse; the three girls were all very happy, and Bonny-Baby-Boy was very happy too, and he said he would never, never get at their things again.

HAPPY TOO.

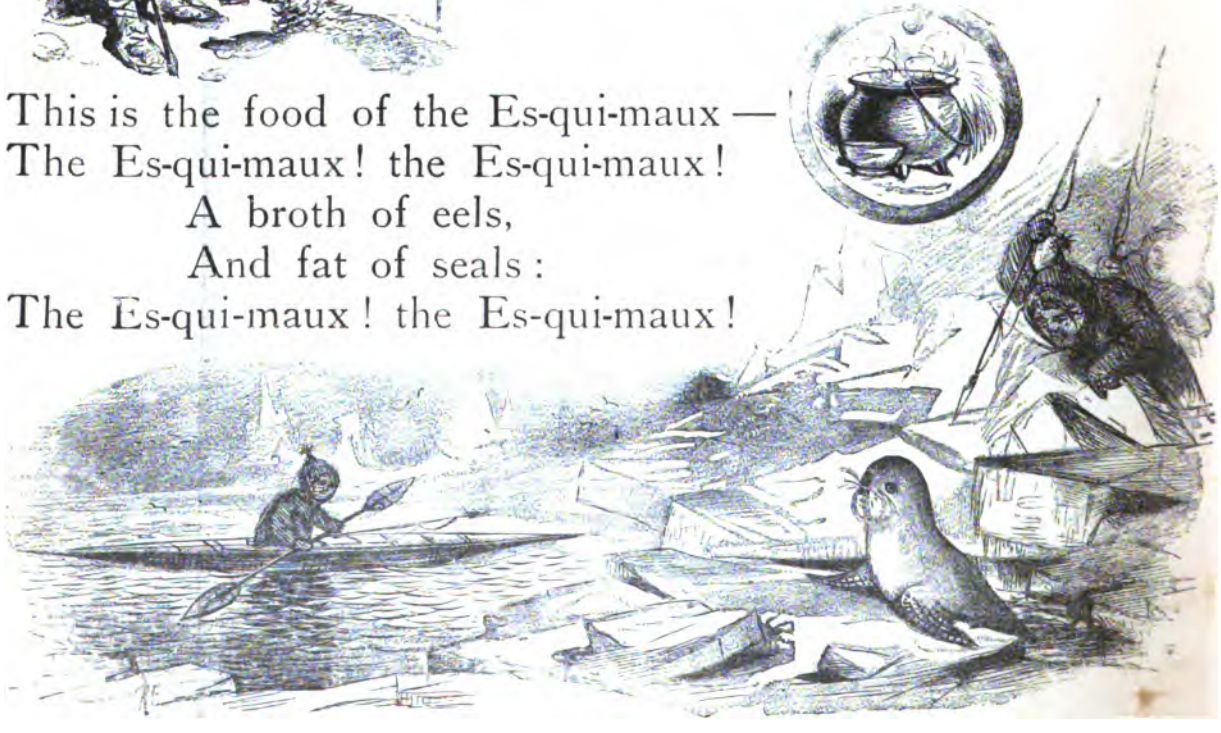
THE FIRST CATCH OF THE SEASON.

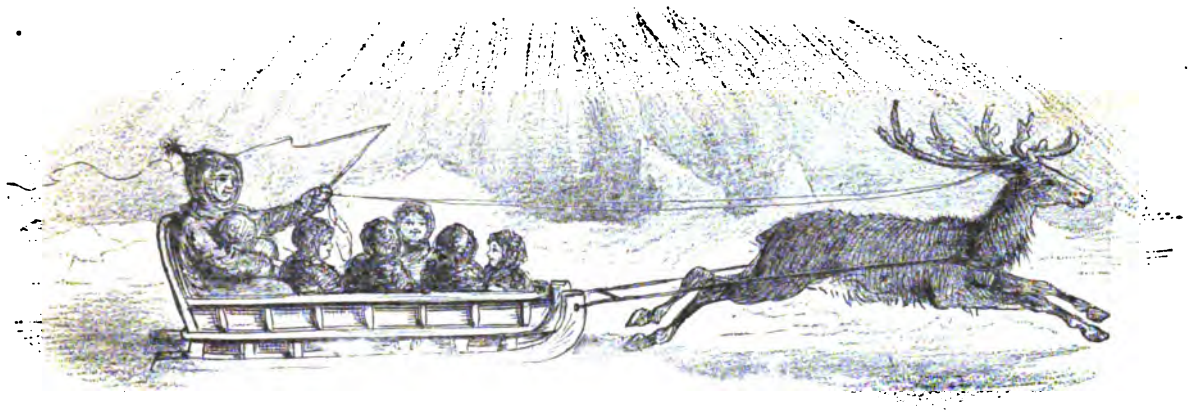
THE ESQUIMAUX.



This is the hut of the Es-qui-maux —
Built of blocks of ice and snow,
Or rocks and stones,
Or walrus bones:
The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!

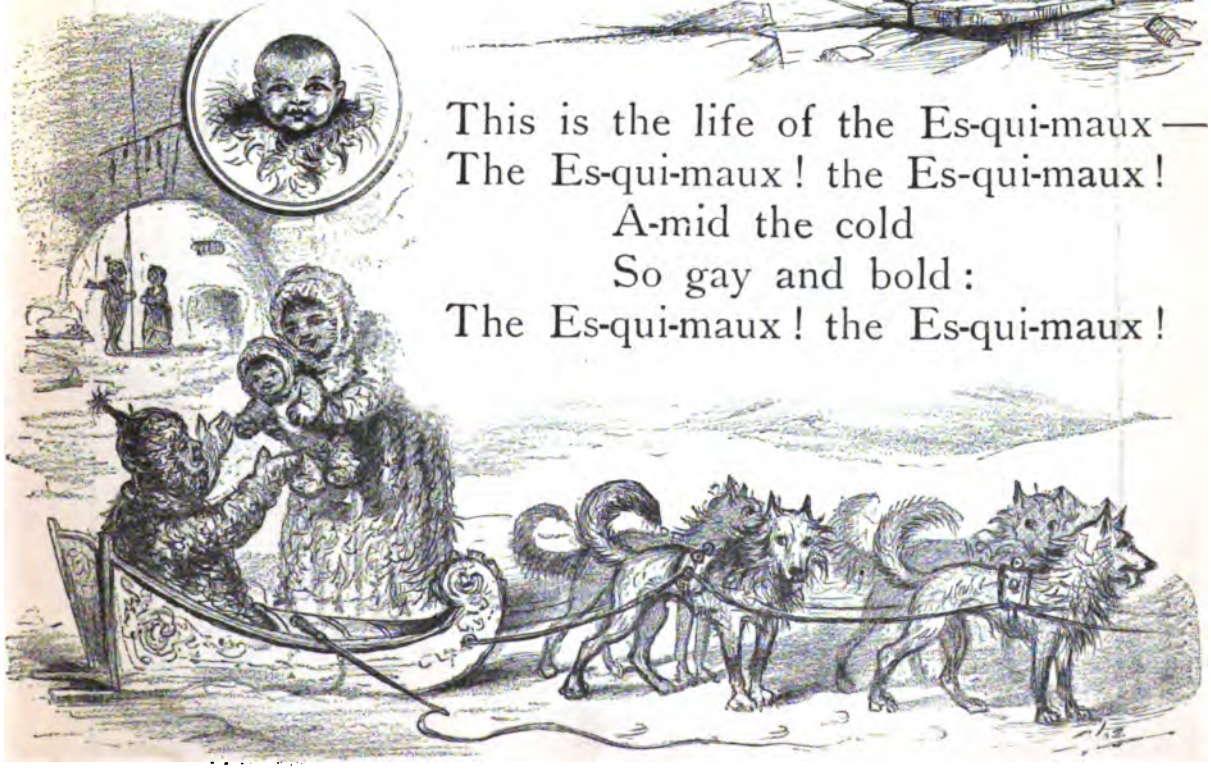
This is the food of the Es-qui-maux —
The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!
A broth of eels,
And fat of seals:
The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!





This is the sledge of the Es-qui-maux —
Drawn by a rein-deer steed, you know;
'Neath win-try skies,
Like steam he flies:
The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!

This is the life of the Es-qui-maux —
The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!
A-mid the cold
So gay and bold:
The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!



Dorothy's Walk

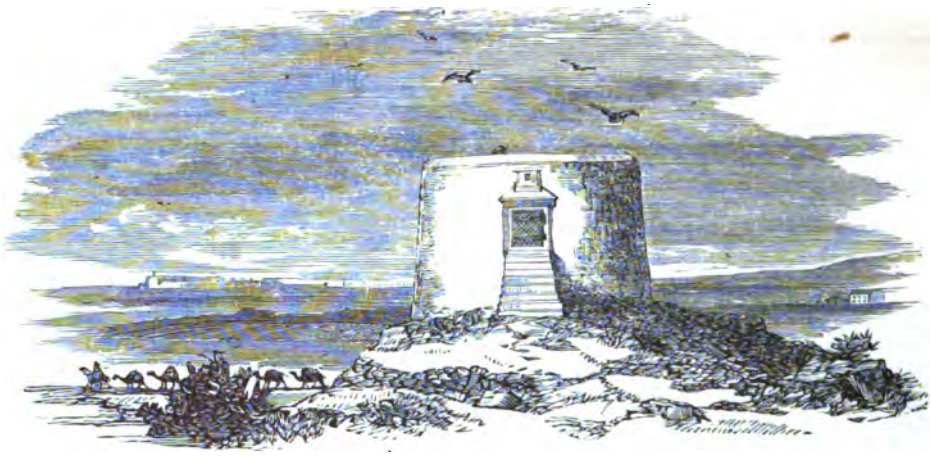
Now where is our Dorothy going to-day?
To call on her neigbour just over the Way.
She holds up her dress from the dew on the grass.
And the hollyhocks nod to see Dorothy pass.

"I'm going out calling.
Good-morning," says she.
"And if they should ask me I may stay to tea."

TORN FROM A SKETCH-BOOK.

A PAGE OF PICT-URES.

One day I peeped in an art-ist's book where he makes pict-ures, and I saw a leaf so fun-ny that I tore it out to put in BABYLAND. When the art-ist had seen any fun-ny or pret-ty things he had made a lit-tle shape of it on this page. There was a shape of a lit-tle rag-ged shoe, and a roost-er's head, and a ba-by's fat arm, and a rogue with a bot-tle of jam, and a big dog's head with a lit-tle pup-py's head a-top of it, and a ba-by sop-ping him-self in a wash-bowl, and ev-er so man-y cats, and a pair of chub-by feet, and a lit-tle black girl in a hood, and a horse eat-ing out of a bag.



A TOWER OF SILENCE.

BY K. O.

THE Five Towers of Silence, one of which is pictured here, are cemeteries in Hindoostan. They are far more noted in India than the beautiful "Greenwood" of New York, or the lovely "Mount Auburn" of Boston, are in this country. These Five Towers are the burial places of a very peculiar people, the Parsees, or Fire Worshippers, a sect founded by a prophet who lived before the Moses of our Bible. They are of Persian descent, and are a rich and prosperous class of people, even though they do worship the sun, and believe that the earth represents God, and is too sacred to be their last resting-place.

There are five of these strange, black granite burial places just outside of Bombay. They are tall columns, twelve or fifteen feet high and forty feet wide, of solid stone, enclosing a deep well. Of course this leaves a large stone platform all around the mouth of the well. But I will let a traveler describe it for you.

"Compartments, radiating like the spokes of a wheel from the well in the middle, are arranged on this platform in three rings or circles of open stone coffins. In the outermost circle are placed the bodies of men, in the middle those of women, and in the inner and smallest circle, nearest the well, those of children.

"The parapet of each tower has an extraordinary coping, formed, not of dead stone, but of living vultures! These birds, on the occasion of my visit, had settled themselves side by side in perfect order, and in a complete circle around the parapets of the towers, with their heads pointed inwards; and so lazily did they sit there, and so motionless were they, that, except for their color, they might have been carved out of the stonework. Presently a sudden stir among the vultures made us raise our heads. At least a hundred birds collected round one of the towers began to show symptoms of excitement, while others swooped down from neighboring trees. The cause of this soon revealed itself. A funeral was seen to be approaching.

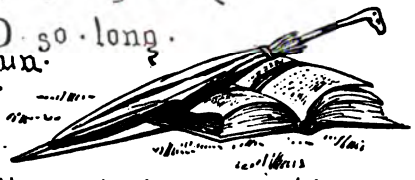
You know that vultures live on the flesh of the dead, and the wonderful instinct which God has given them made them aware of the near approach of that on which they love to feed. These terrible birds had watched many a funeral come to that lonely spot.

All Parsees, as I have told you, are buried in the Towers of Silence. When a Parsee dies the body is wrapped in a white sheet, and carried by bearers, dressed in pure white garments, to the garden, the friends following at some distance. The bearers then unlock the door of one of the towers and lay the body, uncovered, in one of the open stone coffins, and then the vultures swoop down. In about three weeks the bearers return and remove the skeleton to the well, where the bones find their last resting-place."

LITTLE MER-FOLKS.

Nannie and the Big Book

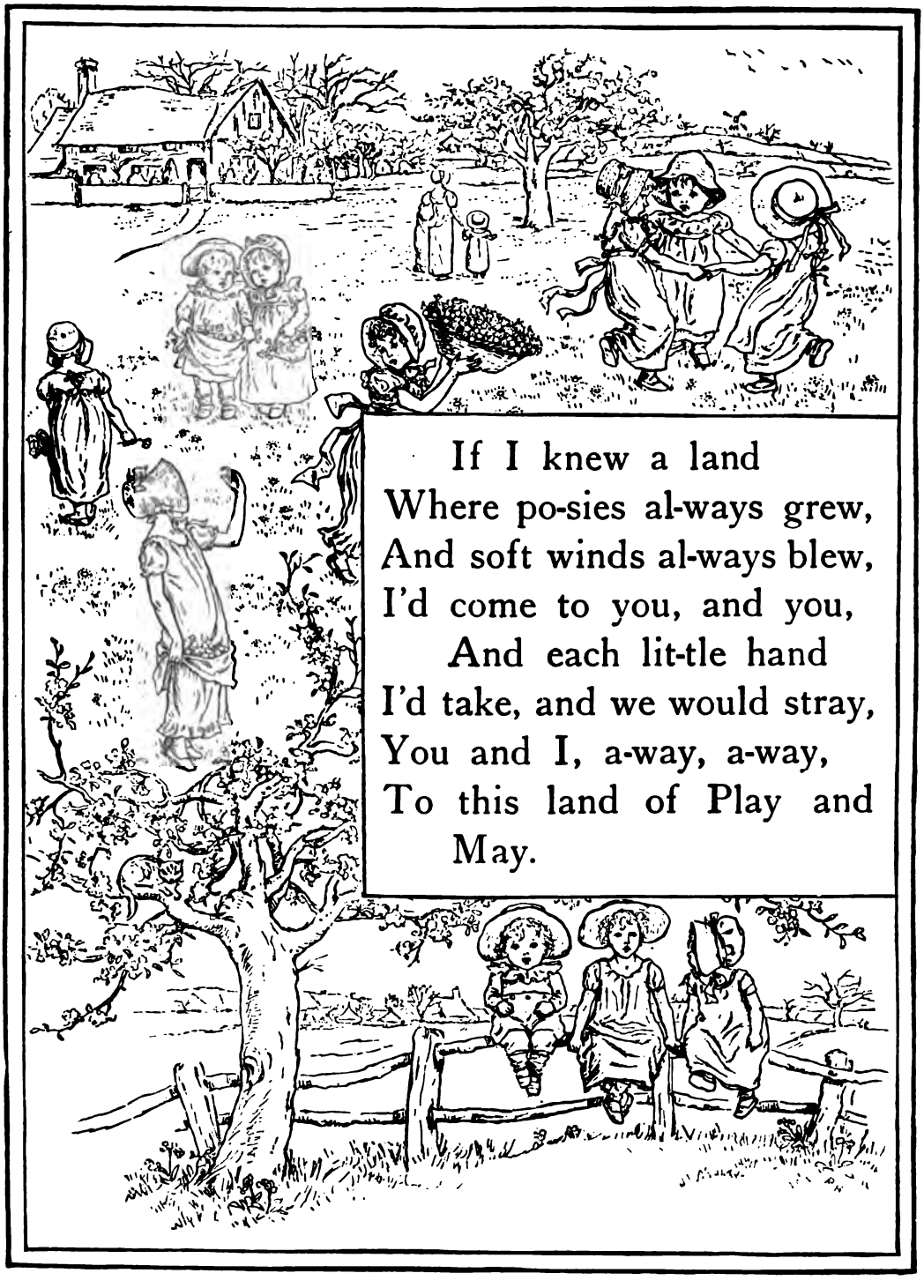
Guess I can read Papa's big book
Much as any one
He's been a-reading O so long
Out here in the sun
Left his book and 'brella too
When he went away
Rosabel don't look at me
Can't stop now to play



All the letters don't go right
Almost makes me frown
Wonder if it's 'cause the book
P'raps is upside-down

Wish it wasn't quite so big
Won't stay on my knee
Wonder where Papa is gone
Wish he'd come to me

Rosabel I'm 'fraid you're tired
Guess it would be best
Just to wait a little while
Fore — I — read — the — rest



If I knew a land
Where po-sies al-ways grew,
And soft winds al-ways blew,
I'd come to you, and you,
And each lit-tle hand
I'd take, and we would stray,
You and I, a-way, a-way,
To this land of Play and
May.

FOUR BA-BIES.

THE BABY OF THE WEST.

The Ba-by of the West — how sweet she is, bless her heart! Pink-and-white, with red lips and great shin-ing eyes — eyes some-times blue, some-times brown, some-times black, but al-ways bright. We robe her in white, and we keep her clean, and she laughs and sings and plays and grows up to be a nice lit-tle school-girl.

The Ba-by of the North — oh, see the lit-tle fat brown thing in her furs! She lives in a house built of cakes of ice, all dark and smok-y in-side. But she has a good time. She rides on her mam-ma's back, tied up in her shawl, and she has a lit-tle cra-dle stuffed with moss, and in sum-mer time she takes her nap hung up in a tree, cradle and all.

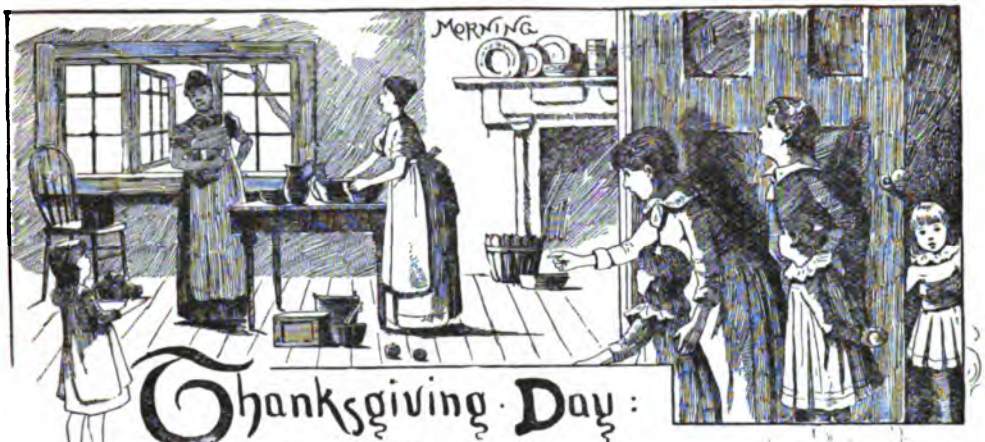
THE BABY OF THE NORTH.

THE BABY OF THE EAST.

The Ba-by of the East — the yel-low Chi-nese boy — see him smile! He's glad he is not a girl-ba-by. Then his feet would have to be ban-daged tight to make them small. When he grows up he will eat rice with chop-sticks, and wear his hair in a great long pig-tail braid down his back; and at school he will have to learn sev-er-al thou-sand letters, in-stead of twen-ty-six like the Ba-by of the West.

The Ba-by of the South — oh, he's a lit-tle wild Af-ri-can! His moth-er sticks feath-ers in his tan-gly hair, and he wears a red blank-et. He likes to chew su-gar-cane, and he plays with big tusks of i-vo-ry. Per-haps white men will come some day and teach him to read; but I think he will be a great fight-ing chief when he grows up, and carry a sharp spear, and go to the wars.

THE BABY OF THE SOUTH.



Thanksgiving Day:

A bustle in the kitchen,
A smell of cake and pies,
Children running everywhere,
With bright and wondering eyes.
Rows and rows of good things,

On the closet shelves,
A running little table,
All to themselves,
Such a splendid dinner,
Coming on at last.

Knives and forks a-clattering,
Tongues that go as fast.

Apples in the evening,
Lots of merry play,
All this fun at Grandma's
On Thanksgiving Day.

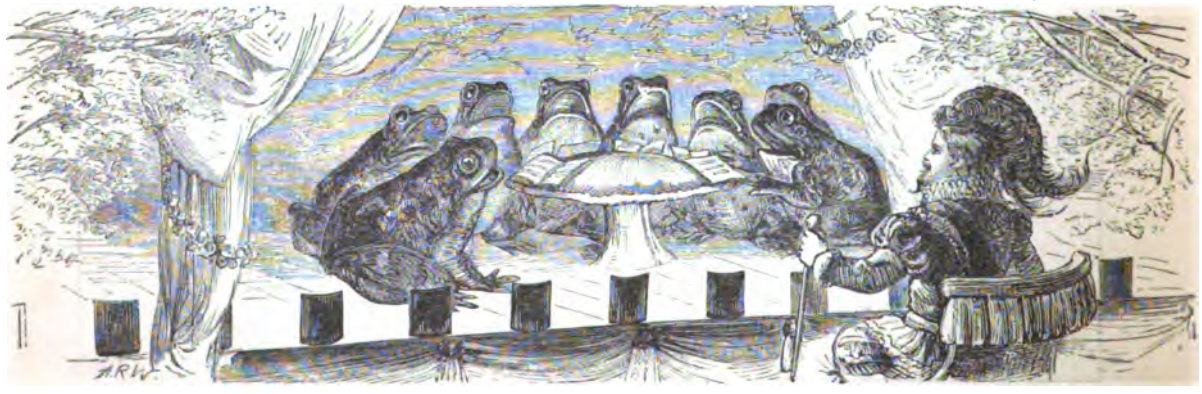
THE CRICKET'S STORY.

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

THE high and the mighty lord of Glendare,
The owner of acres both broad and fair,
Searched, once on a time, his vast domains,
His deep, green forest and yellow plains,
For some rare singer, to make complete
The studied charms of his country-seat;
But found, for all his pains and labors,
No sweeter songster than had his neighbors.

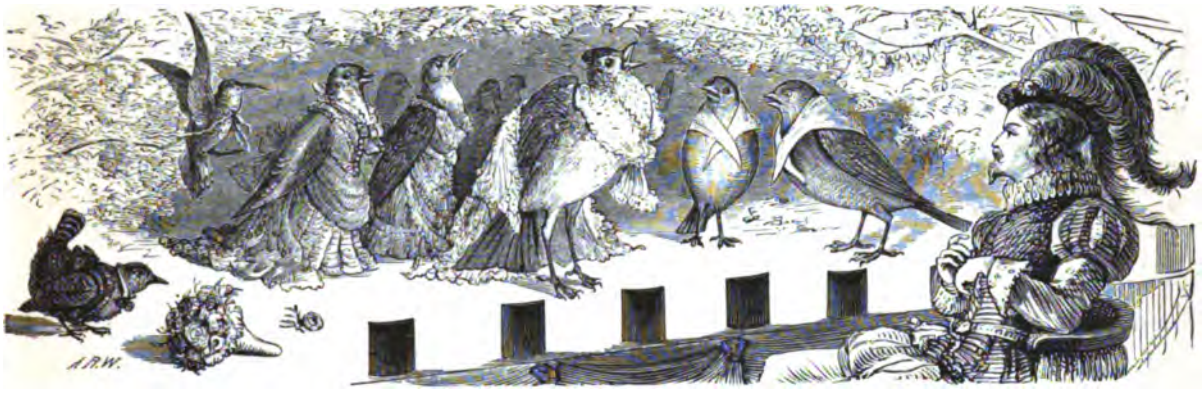
Ah, what shall my lord of the manor do?
He pondered the day and the whole night through.
He called on the gentry of hill-top and dale;
And at last on Madame the Nightingale, —
Inviting, in his majestical way,
Her pupils to sing at his grand soirée,
That perchance among them my lord might find
Some singer to whom his heart inclined.
What wonder, then, when the evening came,
And the castle gardens were all aflame
With the many curious lights that hung
O'er the ivied porches, and flared among
The grand old trees and the banners proud,
That many a heart beat high and loud,
While the famous choir of Glendare Bog,
Established and led by the Brothers Frog,
Sat thrumming as hoarsely as they were able,
In front of the manager's mushroom table!

The overture closed with a crash — then, hark!
Across the stage comes the sweet-voiced Lark.
She daintily sways, with an airy grace,
And flutters a bit of gossamer lace,
While the leafy alcove echoes and thrills
With her liquid runs and lingering trills.
Miss Goldfinch came next, in her satin gown,
And shaking her feathery flounces down,
With much expression and feeling sung
Some "Oh's" and "Ah's" in a foreign tongue;
While to give the affair a classic tone,
Miss Katydid rendered a song of her own,
In which each line closed, as it had begun,



With some wonderful deed which she had done.
Then the Misses Sparrow, so prim and set,
Twittered and chirped through a long duet;
And poor little Wren, who tried with a will,
But who couldn't tell "Heber" from "Ortonville,"
Unconcious of sarcasm piped away,

Quite worthy, of course, but we couldn't bring"—
Thundered His Mightiness, "Let her sing!"
The Nightingale opened her little eyes
Extremely wide in her blank surprise;
But catching a glimpse of his lordship's rage,
Led little Miss Cricket upon the stage,



And courtesied low o'er a huge bouquet
Of crimson clover-heads, culled by the dozen,
By some brown-coated, plebeian cousin.

But you should have heard the red Robin sing
His English ballad, "Come, beautiful Spring!"
And Master Owlet's melodious tune,
"O, meet me under the silvery moon!"
Then, as flighty Miss Humming-bird didn't care
To sing for the high and mighty Glendare,
The close of the evening's performance fell
To the fair young Nightingale, Mademoiselle.
Ah! the wealth of each wonderful note
That came from the depths of her tiny throat!
She carolled, she trilled, and she held her breath,
Till she seemed to hang at the point of death;
She ran the chromatics through every key,
And ended triumphant on upper C;
Airing the graces her mother had taught her
In a manner quite worthy of Madame's daughter.

But his lordship glared down the leafy aisle
With never so much as a nod or smile,
Till, out in the shade of a blackberry thicket,
He all of a sudden spied little Miss Cricket;
And, roused from his gloom, like an angry bat,
He sternly demanded, "Who is that?"
"Miss Cricket, my lord, may it please you so,
A charity scholar — ahem! — you know —

Where she modestly sang, in her simple measures,
Of "Home, sweet Home," and its humble pleasures.
And the lord of Glendare cried out in his glee,
"This little Miss Cricket shall sing for me!"

Of course, of comment there was no need;
But the world said, "Really!" and, "Ah, indeed!"
Yet, notwithstanding, we find it true,
As his lordship does will the neighbors do;
So this is the way, as the legends tell,
In the very beginning it befell
That the Crickets came, in the evening's gloam,
To sing at our hearths of "Home, sweet Home."

A SCHOOL FOR FLEAS.

By Penn Shirley.

WE were in a horse-car returning from Central Park, when our eyes rested upon this placard suspended above the head of the gentleman opposite:

"Go to see the Educated Fleas at No. — Broadway."

Go to see them? Certainly we would! Fleas that would stay quietly at home to receive callers deserved to be treated with attention. We would visit them immediately.

We left the car at the next crossing, mounted a flight of stairs, and found ourselves at the door of the Fleas' reception-room. A young lady in waiting took our cards — twenty-five cent pieces — and conducted us to the further end of the long chamber, where stood a high baize-covered table. This, she said, was the stage upon which the learned insects were exhibited. Behind it, bowing adieu to a departing visitor, appeared their exhibitor, a tired-looking foreigner.

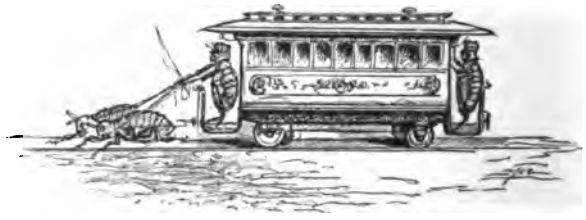
He turned to welcome us with great politeness:

"You wish to see to perform my *Edicated* Fleas, ladies. Ah, so! they will with pleasure you amuse. First I make you to observe 'Rebecca at the Well.'"

This well was no bigger than a thimble, but it boasted a roof, and two miniature buckets suspended by a chain from a pulley above. The professor set it in the middle of the table, and then looked around for Rebecca, who lay flat on her back upon a wafer, dressed in all the magnificence of scarlet and gilt paper. Picking her up with a pair of tweezers, he placed her on the well-curb, telling her to draw some water. Immediately two brown, thread-like arms thrust themselves out of what had seemed to be all paper robe, seized the chain beside her, and drew down one bucket while up went the other. The little Jewess had performed very creditably. Putting her back upon her wafer, the professor let us examine her through his microscope while he prepared for the next scene.

REBECCA AT THE WELL.

This was to be a duel between two officers in tissue-paper uniforms, with swords tied to their small persons by the finest of hairs. Mounted upon their diminutive battle-field, one brandished his weapon savagely, but his antagonist moved never a muscle.



A TINY PAPER HORSE-CAR.

"He sulky; he give me much of trouble," remarked the professor gravely. "I chastise him many times."

Thereupon he caught up the offending atom between his thumb and forefinger, gave him an admonitory squeeze, and set him down again, saying quietly:

"Now he fight all right, you will see, ladies." And the little rebel did fight valiantly, till the professor separated the combatants.

Next he produced a tiny paper horse-car having delicate wheels of brass.

"You shall observe it to have a hundred times the weight of one flea, ladies, but two fleas shall make it to run very fast, so!"

In a twinkling off walked the flea horses, the flea-driver holding the gossamer reins, and the flea-conductor standing on the rear platform in the approved way. At the end of the route, the professor lifted car, horses and all, and faced them in

the opposite direction, after which the novel span jogged back to the place of starting.

Another span trotted along presently, harnessed to an open barouche in which were a lady and gentleman attended by servants in livery. The gentleman was holding the lady's parasol over her head in most lover-like fashion.

But the prettiest thing of all was the ball-room, whose floor was the top of a small music-box. Upon a raised platform at one side were ranged the flea-orchestra, numbering some thirty performers, with flutes, and violins, and cymbals, and the-dear-knows-what, and in the centre stood two couples ready for a dance. The professor touched a spring, the box began to play, the Liliputian band flourished its instruments with animation, and away whirled the little waltzers with such apparent zest that it was quite disenchanting to be told that each pair was tied together, and that it was simply their struggles to free themselves which caused their dizzy gyrations. We knew each instrument was fastened to its performer and must move as he moved; but why all the musicians should bestir themselves in concert at the precise moment that the tune began was a mystery to us. The professor thought they were excited by the proximity of his hand as it touched the box, and they were eager for their dinner. He always fed them upon the back of his wrist, he said, showing us the red blotches they had made that morning in taking their breakfast.

Observing that we glanced curiously at a lonesome flea exercising under a tiny bell-glass, he explained that that was a new-comer, caught only yesterday, and imprisoned there to cure him of hopping. After jumping from one side of the glass to the other for a day or two he would probably become discouraged, and walk humbly henceforth for the rest of his life. If not, he must be fettered in this way; and the professor pointed to a poor little fellow dragging a chain and ball like a galley slave.

UNDERGOING DISCIPLINE.

Afterwards he showed us the flea dormitory — a round pasteboard collar-box divided into about fifty compartments, each one numbered. We saw at once the necessity of this sleeping arrangement. Without its clothes, of course one flea looked just like another; and had all been put to bed in the same room, how was the professor next morning to distinguish the waltzers from the horses, or the conductor from Rebecca at the Well?

"It is one long hour each morning that I dress them, and it is one hour each night that I make them to sleep," said the professor, complainingly. "Yes, ladies, they do me much of care, and they die in four, five months of time. My *Edi*cated Fleas die much more soon than the fleas savage."

"Ah! then that is reason enough for educating the race!" thought we, moving away to make room for visitors just entering.

Before we reached the door the professor had turned back to the starting-point, and we heard him beginning anew: "First I make you to observe Rebecca at the Well."

SHADOW AND ECHO.

By Mrs. M. F. Butts.

THE girl that lives in the looking-glass,
Oho! oho! what a mystery!
She belongs to a very ancient race,
With many, many miles of history.

Oh, the girl that lives in the looking-glass,
Wouldn't you like to know her name?
She nods and she smiles, she stamps and scolds,
And then goes back to her home in the frame.

The boy that lives in the lonely hills—
Oho! oho! oho! oho!
Who will catch him? Here's a reward
Of five or six thousand dollars or so.

The girl that lives in the looking-glass
Is tired and lone—oh, poor Shadow!
And where could we find a mate for her
Like that dear little musical boy, Echo?

MARCH, AND THE BOYS.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

MARCH, you're a jolly old fellow, I know;
They may call you a *blustering* old chap —
but you blow
For *us boys and our kites*, and *we* don't care a fig
For the hats and the dust that go dancing a jig.

Puff out, you old fellow, blow hard or blow high,
At our *kites* you may bluster, and "*blow them sky-high!*"
Nobody will find any fault but the *girls* —
And *they* make a fuss 'cause you "*blow out their curls!*"

You're just *our own* season — we've waited for you;
And our kites are all ready, so strong and so new!
You jolly old fellow, if *you* were a boy,
You'd know why the March-month gives us such joy.

It is fun to stand high on the top of a hill,
And pay out your string — let it run with a will;
It is fun to "hold hard" while your kite pulls away,
And the wind blows a gale! ah, kite-flying is gay.

The ladies complain that you "*blow off their veils;*"
But never you mind, give no heed to their tales,
Devote yourself wholly to boys and their kites,
And trust to the *boys* to fight hard for your rights:

For, March, you're the jolliest old fellow we know,
And we like you the better the harder you blow!
When you marched in upon us we gave you a shout,
And we'll miss you at last when 'tis time to *march out!*

Four lit-tle chil-dren climb-ing
af-ter cher-ries.

Four lit-tle ba-by-ducks jump-ing
af-ter ber-ries.

A wild re-treat.

"Hip-pi-ty hop
To the bar-ber's shop
To buy a stick of can-dy!"

Mam-ma she hipped,
And ba-by she hopped,
And Frisk-y he skipped,
And the lambs nev-er stopped,
But hop-ping so high,
'Way up to the sky,
They all skimmed a-long
To the mer-ry old song:

"Hip-pi-ty hop
To the bar-ber's shop
To buy a stick of can-dy!"

THE MISFORTUNE OF YANKEE ROBINSON'S FAMILY.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

MARY JANE HERSELF.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S family lived in Maria Jane's Reader, third desk from the door as you went into school; and a very interesting and happy family it was.

Yankee Robinson himself had a keen, smiling expression, lank hair, a high shirt-collar and tall hat. One hand was in his pocket. Maria Jane had cut him out of a show-bill, where he had no legs, and pasted a strong white paper pair of these necessary appendages to him.

His wife was rather insipid. Maria Jane made her out of whole cloth — though in her case it happened to be drawing-paper — and pencilled her face, defined her shoes, and covered the flat of her head behind with lines of grace which conveyed the impression that they were curls.

But you should have seen Miss Robinson! She was a pouting-lipped, blooming fashion-plate girl; her yellow hair was done in a blue net; she wore immense hoops to distend her blue dress and show its flounces; and point-lace collar and cuffs.

Her brother Billy was a poorish young man, cut out of an old magazine; he was a wood-cut, but had that dejected air that boys frequently assume when they are told to cut wood. However, nobody would notice him when the baby was by; and it usually was by, in a paper cradle, which naturally folded flat to fit into the Reader house. Before Yankee Robinsons moved into that house, the baby had lived in a steel engraving. Sometimes one felt doubtful about its being Mrs. Robinson's own baby, for in the ragged old steel engraving it belonged to a pretty mother in a wrapper. Its little face was all over fine dots; and it was a sleeping baby, never in its life having waked and cried, which was a fine thing in a school ruled by such a strict master as Mr. Whistle.

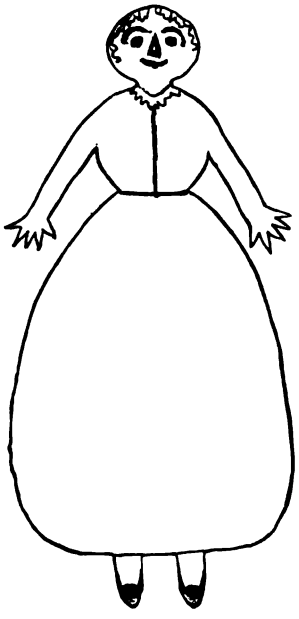
YANKEE ROBINSON.

But aunt Jemima looked Robinson all over. She always wore an immense poke bonnet, as if she knew that bonnet was coming into style again in eighteen hundred and eighty-one, and her heart was set on being seen with the first one out. And she carried a reticule. I think aunt Jemima was a twin sister of the Yankee, born in the same show-bill.

The family had a great deal of furniture. Tables, chairs, sofas, mirrors, and whole separate rooms were always shut between the leaves where they happened to be stopping when Maria

Jane was reading in class, or glancing over her lessons. Between-whiles, Mr. Whistle being very busy with the big pupils who ciphered or parsed grammar, Maria Jane spread the Yankee's family all over the inside of her desk. They held long conversations, and enjoyed themselves very much. Miss Robinson gave parties, to which slate-pencils, ink-bottles, spellers, and even quill pens, went in full feather. Then what could be more cunning than the baby? It had the measles and mumps and never so much as opened its eyes. Maria Jane sometimes wished it to wake, and even made a couple of pin-holes through its lids, but she was sorry for it afterwards.

The girls at all the neighboring desks, as well as Maria Jane's seatmate, were well acquainted with Yankee Robinson's family, and esteemed it highly. They thought of having families of their own, and might have done so if misfortune had not struck like lightning through that happy Reader home.



MRS. YANKEE ROBINSON.

The Yankee himself did not part in the middle — far from it; he stuck together, and was the last to fall. If Mrs. Robinson had lost her head, which, from frequent folding together to get her dresses over it, had weakened considerably, Maria Jane knew of a beautiful creature in an illustrated paper who would have just suited the Yankee for a second wife; but Mrs. Robinson's head stuck to her even on an occasion when she must have wished to perish.

There was a wooden soldier, whose one military feat was shouldering arms, that often came to school in Maria Jane's pocket to see Miss Robinson. Still, this dear family was not desolated by its daughter marrying and leaving it; though as to leaving it, the soldier professed himself ready to leave war and fighting and settle permanently with the Robinsons in Maria Jane's desk. Into the Reader he could not follow them; for to flatten himself was impossible, and his tall plumed hat or sharp toes always threatened to run through some of them or damage

MISS ROBINSON.

the furniture. But Miss Robinson would have nothing to do with this soldier. She told him to his face that the eagle picture in Maria Jane's Reader was more to her taste than he was.

Billy was frequently in trouble; he dropped on the floor once, and Marion Campbell, a boy with pinkish hair and face, made fun of him when Maria Jane hastened to pick him up; at another time he got ink spilled all over him, and was a sight to behold, his pensive expression being ruined. Yet *he* was not the cause of the Robinson family's final overthrow.

HER BROTHER BILLY.

Nor did the baby cause this great distress, though it was in the habit of dying and being buried in a deep groove in Maria Jane's desk under a sod of paper wads and many floral offerings of cherry blossoms or wood violets. The baby's grave had to be kept

green to evade Mr. Whistle's eye. Once it yielded to scarlatina, which Maria Jane thought just a pretty-enough name for any baby to die of; another day it had vermifuge, a mystic disease she did not quite understand. In fact, the baby required so many funerals that Maria Jane felt the urgent need of a doctor in the neighborhood, and urged Lottie Davis to set up a doctor's family next desk. I think the doctor's family was about to move in — though Lottie Davis disclaimed the bare thought afterward — when that blow fell, for which aunt Jemima was not responsible either. There was no harm in aunt Jemima. She was a little poky; but many a night she sat up straight and sleepless with the baby in its sick spells, while the rest of the family were reposing in the arms of McGuffey's Reader.

THE BABY.

Maria Jane always blamed herself a little, though the impulse on which she acted was a right and handsome one. She had been much interested in a lesson, and forgot about her family; so when Mr. Whistle asked some one in her class to loan him a Reader for a moment, she jumped up with her book — and the misfortune she had warded off for weeks, studying diligently when Mr. Whistle walked around her desk, and hiding the Robinsons in her pocket when he sat down beside her to guide her hand at her copy — that great misfortune, I say, fell on Yankee Robinson's family.

AUNT JEMIMA.

Mr. Whistle noticed the bunch in the book, and opened it where that devoted group sat with their furniture sandwiched among themselves, poured them out publicly on the floor, and inquired with an ironical smile, "Why, what's this? A rat's nest?"

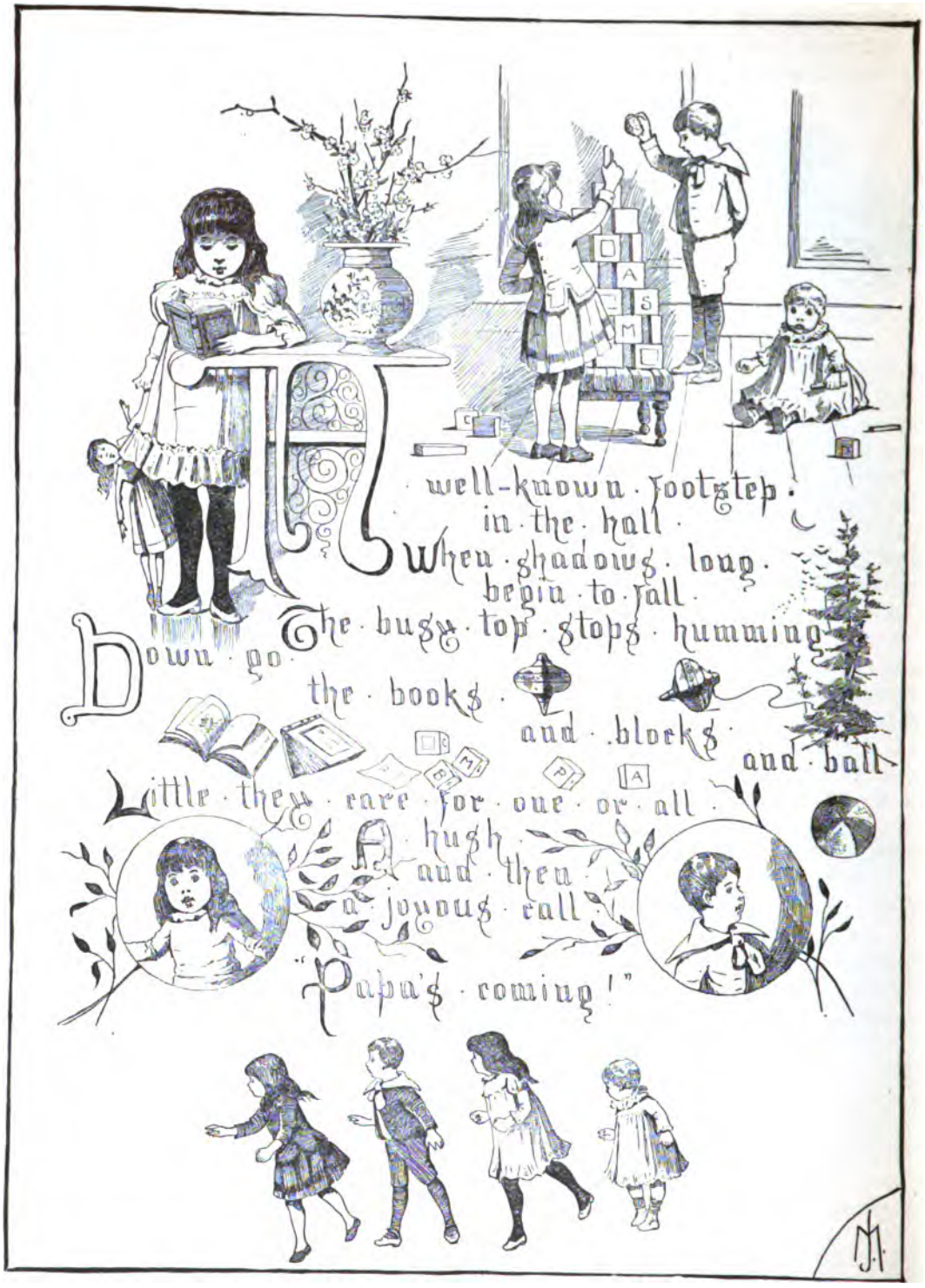
The Yankee sprawled on his back and lay looking up reproachfully at the school-master. Maria Jane could not see through her burning tears what attitudes the rest assumed. For a moment she hated them and wished herself at home very sick with the ague at that point where the fever is just coming on. For after the fever she could be hungry and her mother would fix something nice for her. But, after the downfall of Yankee Robinson's family, there could be nothing but shame and disgrace, and boys and girls making fun of her as long as she lived.

How they all laughed! Even the girls who had been intending to give the Robinsons some neighbors. Maria Jane tried to laugh, too, with an effort which pained her more than much weeping. She ached as if there was a brier in her heart when Mr. Whistle picked up that family — she dared not touch one of the dear companions of so many hours which she ought to have spent studying — and put the whole bunch with their goods and chattels into the stove. There was no fire in the stove. Still, it was the Robinsons' tomb. Sweepings would be poured upon them that very evening. Nor did she care to have them back. Never again could she take pleasure in burying the baby or courting Miss Robinson with the wooden soldier. She was herself buried in shame, and no hard study would efface from Mr. Whistle's memory her present attitude before him.

THE WOODEN SOLDIER.

She hid her face on her desk while he said a few things about idling in school. He was a very good master, and the Robinson family did not occupy his thoughts long.

But the boys kept its memory green under the disgusting name of "rat's nest," until Maria Jane many a time wished the Yankee had never even come out of the show-bill, to be furnished by her with legs to run her into disgrace, and to rear a family in her desk and Reader, only for the purpose of plunging it into misfortune and the stove at last.


well-known footstep
in the hall
When shadows long
begin to fall
Down go the busy top stops humming
the books
and blocks
and ball
Little they care for one or all
A hush
and then
a joyous call
"Papa's coming!"

HO! LITTLE GIRL YOU MU ST 'MA RRY A RICH MAN + POOR MAN + BEGGAR MAN + THIEF + DOCTOR + LAWYER + INDIAN CHIEF + TINKER + TAILOR + SOLDIER + SAILOR + BAGMAN + RAGMAN + YES YOU MUST MARRY A RAGMAN
NOT AT ALL!
PASSION ATE LY!!!
WELL!!
HE LOVES!
Shepherd

THE BUTTON CHARM. — A SAD FATE.

A CHILD'S CALENDAR.

BY CAROLINE METCALF.

I.

APRIL! summer's coming! *Now* begins the year,
For the snow has melted, and the blue-bird's here!
Woolly catkins swinging on the alder-bush
Whisper, "Leaves are starting! we can feel them push!"

II.

May! the leaves are dancing in the sunny air!
Ferns uncurl, and blossoms spring up everywhere.
Sweet the breezes blowing where pink may-flowers hide
Under last year's leaf-fall on the warm hillside.

III.

June! why, every June-day is a happy dream!
Buttercups and daisies, strawberries and cream!
Hush! hid in the clover, would you ever think
All that glee could come from just one bobolink?

IV.

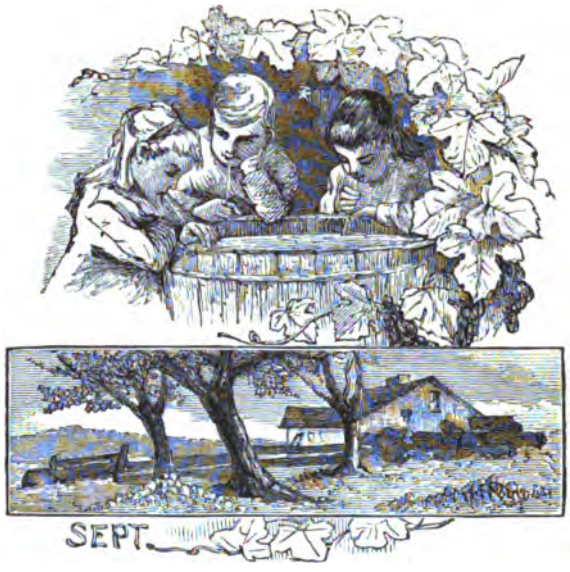
July! off at sunrise picking blackberries!
Climbing after birds'-nests up the tallest trees!
"Helping" in the haying! On the pond afloat,
Hunting water-lilies in a leaky boat.

V.

August! fire-flies brighten when the daylight fails;
In the swampy meadows grow the tall "cats'-tails;"
By the shady brookside who can feel the heat,
While the water ripples over naked feet?

VI.

Wild grapes in September tempt to climbs and leaps;
In the fragrant orchard apples lie in heaps.
'Round the cider-presses, thronging with the bees,—
"Don't it taste like honey, sucked through straws like these?"



VII.

Jolly, crisp October! Then the chestnut-burrs
Rattle down like hail-stones if the least wind stirs!
Gold and crimson leaf-showers from the tree-tops fall,
Squirrels scamper gaily o'er the old stone wall!

VIII.

Gray skies in November bring the first light snow;
Whirling softly downward see the white flakes go!
In dear grandma's kitchen peering, eager eyes
Spy out "*Such* a turkey! *such* Thanksgiving pies!"

IX.

"Christmas!" cries December. "How the stockings look
Loaded down with bundles in the chimney-nook!"
Tumbling up at day-break out of downy beds —
"Santa knew we wanted just these skates and sleds!"

X.

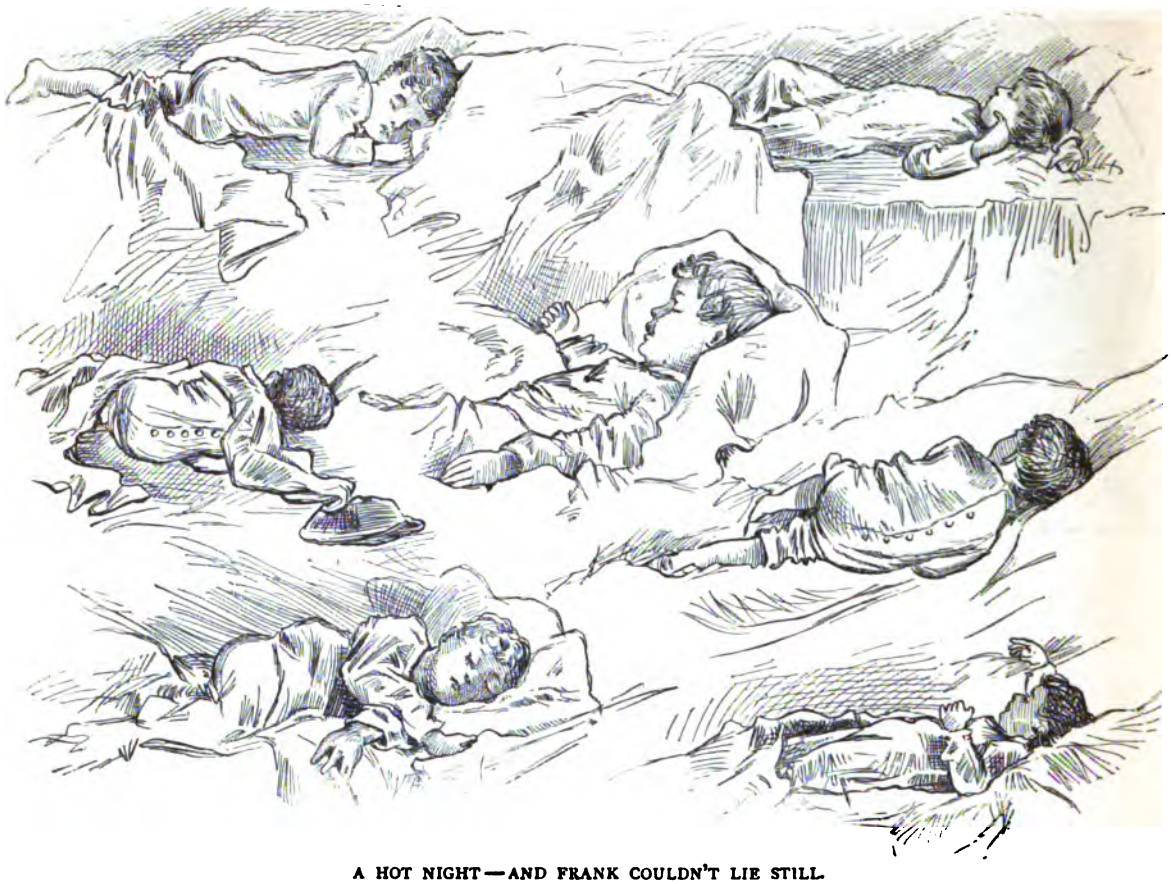
January's buried in a great snow-fall;
On with coat and mittens! out to slide and ball!
Merry sleigh-bells jingle in the frosty air,
And the grand ice-palace rises white and fair.

XI.

February hurries. Only twenty-eight
Days of wintry weather! 'Tisn't long to wait.
Icicles, a-dropping, shattered lie in rows;
Poor old Winter's white coat many a brown patch shows.

XII.

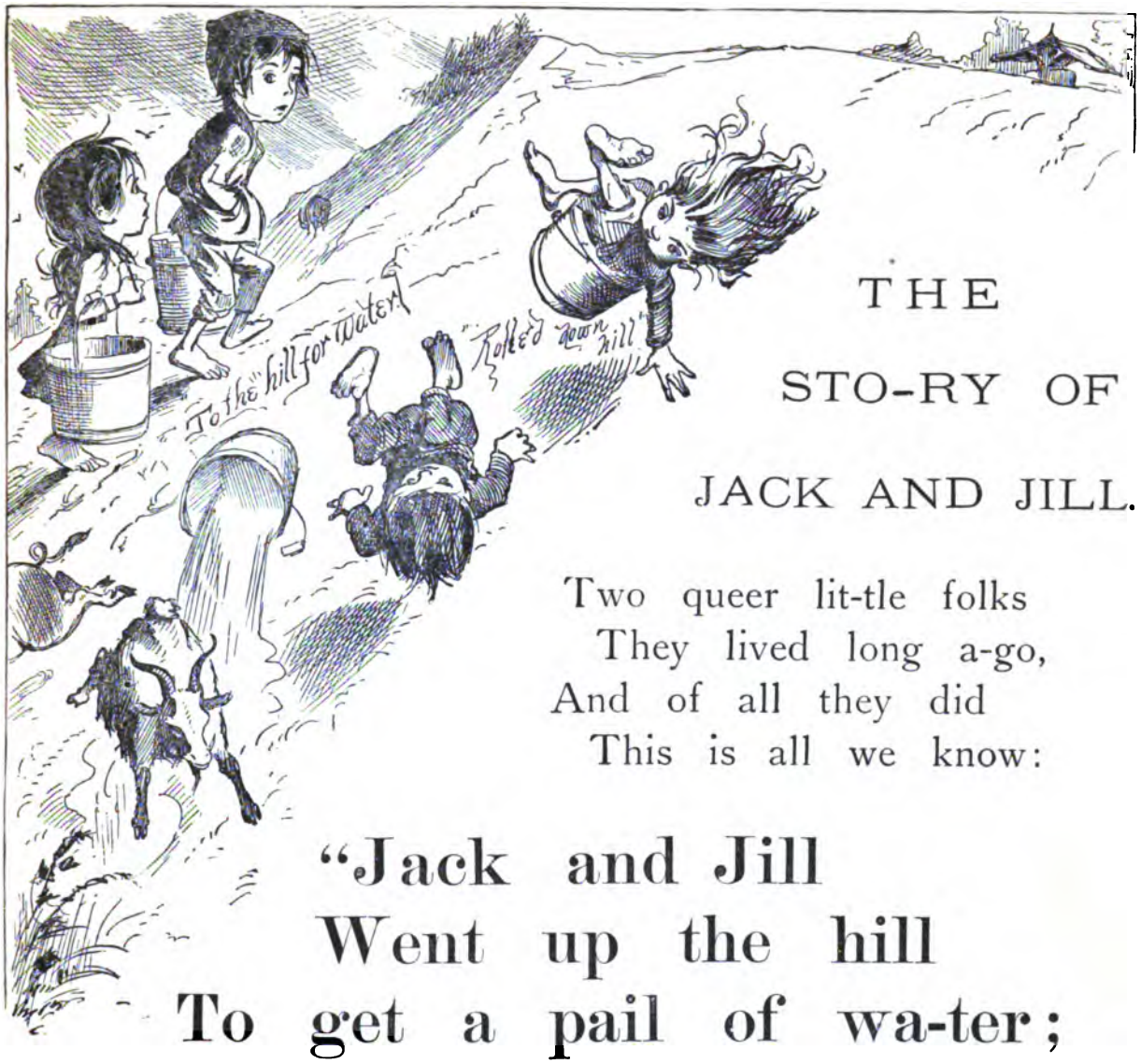
March! has Winter vanished? Hear the river's rush!
Brooklets run and ripple! Snow is turned to slush!
Wading through the door-yards, in big rubber boots,
You may catch Spring peeping out—in crocus-shoots!



A HOT NIGHT—AND FRANK COULDN'T LIE STILL.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

IT might have been that the sky was green, and the grass serenely blue ;
It might have been that grapes on thorns, and figs on thistles grew ;
It might have been that rainbows before the showers came ;
It might have been that lambs were fierce, and bears and tigers tame ;
It might have been that cold would melt, and summer heat would freeze ;
It might have been that ships at sea would sail against the breeze —
And there may be worlds unknown, dear, where we would find the change
From all that we have seen or heard, to others just as strange —
But it never could be wise, dear, in haste to act or speak ;
It never could be noble to harm the poor and weak ;
It never could be kind, dear, to give a needless pain ;
It never could be honest, dear, to sin for greed of gain ;
And there could not be a world, dear, while God is true above,
Where right and wrong were governed by any law but love.



THE STO-RY OF JACK AND JILL.

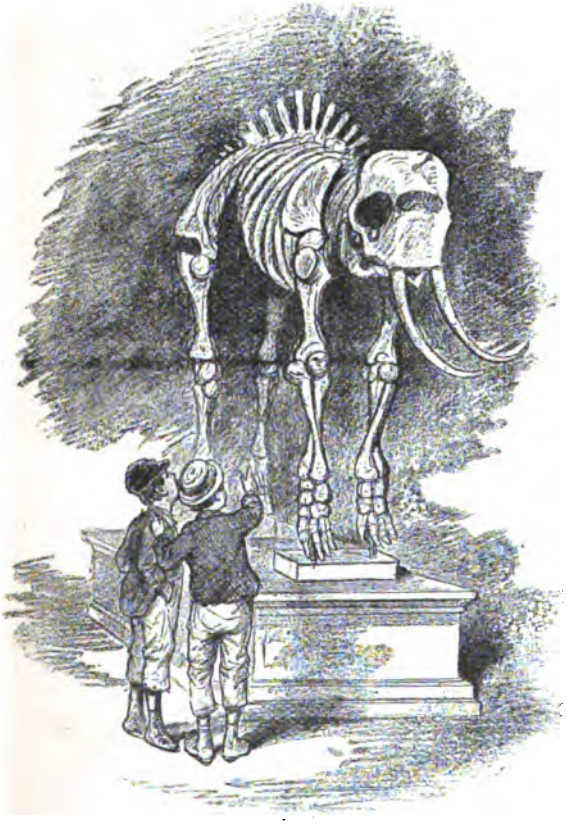
Two queer lit-tle folks
They lived long a-go,
And of all they did
This is all we know:

"Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of wa-ter;
Jack fell down,
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tum-bling af-ter!"

JAMES HENRY ON THE MASTODON.

AS the teacher wanted us all to write an exercise about the Mastodon that was dug up in our county last week, I guess I will. The county is Iroquois County, Illinois. I never saw a Mastodon before. Rob Clark, and I, and a lot more boys, when we heard there was one dug up, we took my father's horse and buggy and rode out to where it was.

The men had put the bones in a corn-crib, and when I stepped in, I had to pay ten cents for the show, and I jumped right straight up, for there were his jaws that looked like they could eat a whale.



LOOKING PRETTY HUNGRY.

The men measured the jaws. They were three feet long and two and a half feet wide. The Mastodon was dead. He had been dead a good many thousand years. If he had been alive, I wouldn't gone into that corn-crib. I guess they never hurt folks, though. There were no folks when they were alive. The Mastodon's teeth were as big as our baby's head, and one of them weighed six pounds. They were very white, only the old fellow had got a chunk of mud in one ridge. He had two little tusks sticking out of his chin. His big tusks had scaled off. If I saw a Texas steer coming at me with horns as big as his tusks, I would get on top of the house. They were nine feet long, and curved like the new moon. He wore them when he was alive like elephants always wear their tusks. But they were not fast to his jaws.

The Mastodon was a great big elephant. I found a picture of one in the Cyclopædia. The man said this Mastodon must have been thirteen or fourteen feet high. It must have looked like a house takjng a walk. I never saw but one house take a walk, and that was McCracken's. They put it on rollers, and when they went to cross the railroad track, it stuck, and the cars came along. The cars had to stop.

There were bushels and bushels of the Mastodon's bones, some of them so big I could hardly lift them. The vertebræ of the spinal column were about as large as my head. There were two doctors in the corn-crib, writing down the size of everything, and I had a pencil and a piece of paper, so I wrote them down too. More folks kept coming all the time. Some of the bones were dark like soaked wood, but when you scratched them with your knife you would find how hard they were. Rob Clark and me got out of the corn-crib when it was crowded so we got pushed against the sides, and we went down in the field to see the hole, for they had not taken out all his bones yet. The men who found the Mastodon, did not know there was any there. They were going to put in drain tiles to drain a slew, and they dug up most of him about three feet from the top of the ground. I got a piece of bone to show. And my cousin when he came to visit us said, "Behold, when this lump moved about with life, Adam was not yet dreamed of! Races and empires have passed away since this old fellow laid his body in the swamp, and the earth's post-glacial crust formed over him." He said a lot more that I can't remember.

The slew they found the Mastodon in was what you call a *peat* slew, and it keeps things a long time. Some State Society is going to buy it, but they won't get the little chunk of bone I picked up, or the chunks I saw some other men carrying out of the field. I don't care much about it myself, but my cousin he makes a fuss over it. When I go to college, maybe I will think a good deal of bones; but just now I think more of muscle. The muscle on my arm measures half an inch more than Rob Clark's, and I can throw him down three times out of five at a good square rastle. [Yes, I can, too! I'll show you after school.]

Well, I can't think of anything more about the Mastodon. They sent to the State University for a man to lecture about it. They are going to fix it so it will stand up. I went once with my father around the Lakes, and at one place I saw a ship that was not done yet. Its ribs all showed. I thought it looked hungry. And I think that Mastodon will look pretty hungry and hollow when they get its bones set up. So no more.

RECONNOITRE. ATTACK. CONQUEST.

NOBODY.

By Anna F. Burnham.

NOBODY b'oke it! It cracked itself,
It was clear 'way up on the toppest shelf.
I — p'rhaps the kitty-cat knows!"
Says poor little Ned,
With his ears as red
As the heart of a damask rose.

"*Nobody* lost it! I carefully
Put my cap just where it ought to be,
(No, 'tisn't ahind the door,)
And it went and hid,
Why, of course it did,
For I've hunted an hour or more.

"*Nobody* tore it! You know things will
Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone still!
I was just jumping over the fence —
There's some spikes on top,
And you have to drop
Before you can half commence."

Nobody! wicked Sir Nobody!
Playing such tricks on my children three!
If I but set eyes on you,
You should find what you've lost!
But that, to my cost,
I never am like to do!

AN OLD NURS-ER-Y SONG.

When your pa-pas and mam-mas lived in Ba-by-land, and were bits of boys and girls like you, they used to say some pret-ty vers-es a-bout this lit-tle girl and this lit-tle lamb : —

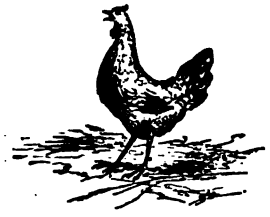
Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And ev'-ry-where that Ma-ry went
The lamb was sure to go.

It fol-lowed her to school one day,
That was a-gainst the rule,
It made the chil-dren laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.
And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lin-gered near,
And in the grass he fed a-bout
Till Ma-ry did ap-pear.
"What makes the lamb love Ma-ry so?"
The ea-ger chil-dren cried;
"Why, Ma-ry loves the lamb, you know,"
The teach-er quick re-plied.

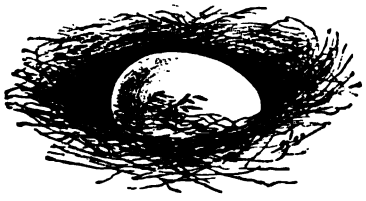
There were no mag-a-zines for ba-bies then; so when a sweet sto-ry was made their mam-mas must have told it to each oth-er all through Ba-by-land, be-cause I nev-er saw a mam-ma yet that did not know these vers-es by heart.

THEY LEANED UPON THEIR LITTLE ANCHORS AND SALUTED ELSIE.

AD-DI-TION TA-BLE FOR LIT-TLE FOLKS.



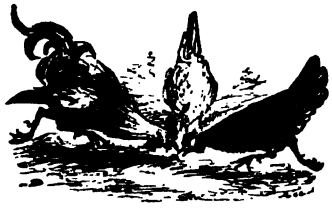
The tale be-gins with one:
My pul-let in the sun
Is brush-ing up her feath-ers, e'er
Her day's work is be-gun.



One and one are two:
She proud-ly turns to view,
Safe hid with-in the co-sey nest,
An egg of snow-y hue.

One and two are three:
Dame Black and she a-gree,
That such an egg by mor-tal hen
Will nev-er e-qualled be.

One and three are four:
The roos-ter in the door
Crows loud, and to the ad-mir-ing crowd
Adds one spec-ta-tor more.



One and four are five:
Squire roos-ter makes a dive,
And o'er a long fat an-gle-worm
The whole as-sem-bly strive.

One and five are six:
Lo! Carlo, full of tricks,
Comes scram-bling o'er the cook's wood-pile,
Up-set-ting all the sticks.

One and six are sev-en:
Brim-full of mis-chief's leav-en,
He wakes old Bose, and soon the flock
To the four winds are driv-en.

One and sev-en are eight:
Hear Tab-by soft-ly purr!
But as the cor-ner Car-lo turns
Her claws are in his fur.

One and eight are nine:
With one most dis-mal whine
He flies with Bose where pi-ty-ing Rose
Her clothes hangs on the line.

One and nine are ten:
Quoth he to old Bose, then,
"I'll nev-er sound, while Tab-by's round,
The call to war a-gain!"

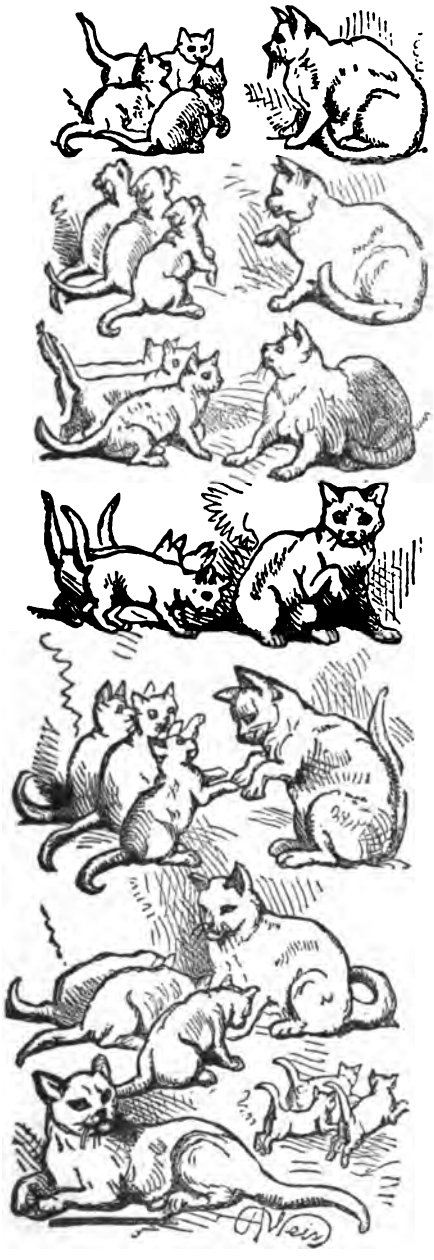
TWO WAYS.

Don-ny Clarke's way was one way. He had a nice don-key — a ver-y nice crea-ture in-deed if on-ly the right sort of boy had been his mas-ter. But when Don-ny rode he thought the prop-er thing was to take a big stick a-long and *make* his don-key go. But the min-ute Don-key saw the stick, both his ears and his tem-per stif-fened up, and not one inch would he budge — no, not e-ven though Don-ny's broth-er, with an-oth-er big stick, stood be-hind and pushed with all his might.

Lit-tle Su-sie Dean's way was an-oth-er way. Her pa-pa had giv-en her a pret-ty lit-tle colt — a grace-ful but most wil-ful lit-tle an-i-mal, whose de-light it was to not go where it ought. But now gen-tle Su-sie can call it an-y-where with a hand-ful of clo-ver.

Will Don-ny ev-er learn that the "come" way is bet-ter than the "go" way?

A LES-SON IN MAN-NERS.



THE moth-er-cat rose up out of her sleep;
She called to her kit-tens, so shrill and deep
That in they pranced, all three in a heap.

"Kit-tens!" said she, in a tone so grave
That each lit-tle tail for-got to wave,
"It's time I taught you how to be-have.

"All el-e-gant cats mind cer-tain laws—
Know va-ri-ous styles of hold-ing paws,
And dain-ty ways to man-age claws.

"Nice well-bred kit-tens walk side by side
Be-hind their moth-er, with gen-tle glide—
Not scam-per and roll and hop and hide.

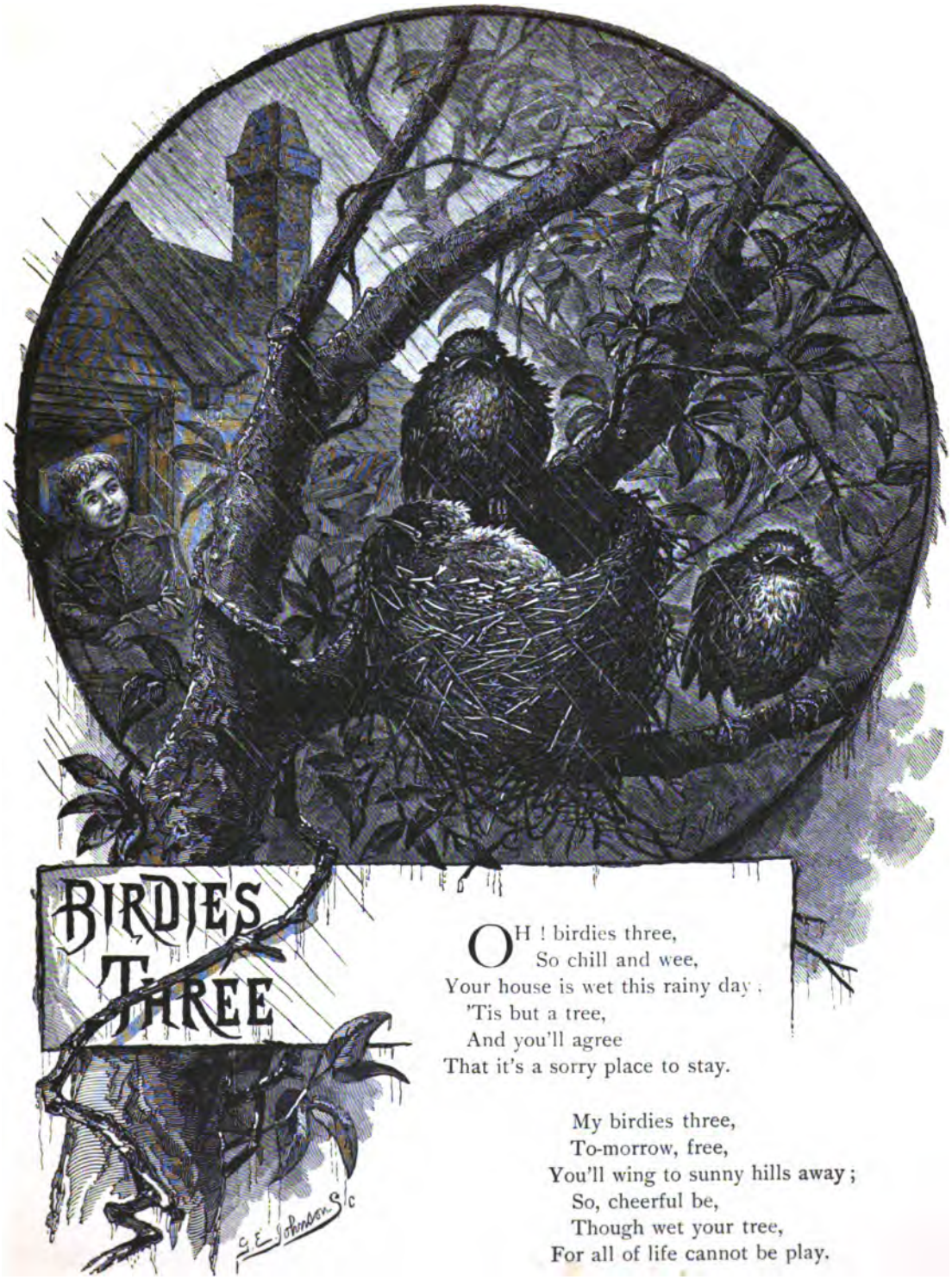
"I wish you to learn to give a paw
With a soft and el-e-gant *me-aw!*
And the sweet-est smile one ev-er saw.

"And a bow—a real-ly grace-ful bow
Is what few cats ev-er learn how
To make—I'll train you my-self. See now—

"Not a nod—but slow and deep—*this* way—
Bra-vo, my beau-ti-ful dears!—Go play!"
Three whisks and a whirl! off and a-way!
No more Be-hav-ing—hur-rah!—to-day!

A Difference

A wild bird singing he
A little peasant she
He gladly greets the morning sun
She longs until the day is done
For him the song all day
For her the toil always



BIRDIES THREE

OH ! birdies three,
So chill and wee,
Your house is wet this rainy day :
'Tis but a tree,
And you'll agree
That it's a sorry place to stay.

My birdies three,
To-morrow, free,
You'll wing to sunny hills away ;
So, cheerful be,
Though wet your tree,
For all of life cannot be play.

THE MICE AND THE EGG.

BY PALMER COX.

AN EMPTY LARDER AT HOME.

THREE hungry mice set out one night
To see what they could find;
Because they didn't have a bite
At home of any kind.

Their whole supply had given out,
Hard times were at their door;
They finished all their bread and cheese
At tea the night before.

So left and right, with sharpened sight,
They rummaged all around;
To their surprise and great delight
At last an egg they found.

Said Number One, "We've found a prize;
But though we stand in need
We cannot eat it where it lies —
Now how shall we proceed?"

"We dare not roll it o'er the floor,"
Said thoughtful Number Two,
"Because the noise would wake the cat,
And that would never do."

"I have a plan," cried Number Three;
"I'll lie with feet in air,
Upon me you can roll the egg
And I will hold it there.

"Then you may take me by the tail
And pull with might and main,
And thus, unless your strength should fail,
The treasure we may gain."

"A happy thought," said Number One;
Cried Number Two, "You're right —
A fast of four and twenty hours
Has made our comrade bright."

BEHOLD THE DILEMMA!

To try the plan they then began;
And o'er a rugged road
Soon One and Two the other drew
To their secure abode.

And when at last, all danger past,
The banquet was begun,
Each shook his head and laughing said,
"That job was nobly done!"

NECESSITY BEING, AS EVER, THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

Then Number One and Two would praise
The wit of Number Three,
And say such fortitude and grit,
They never thought to see.

Then Number Three would praise in turn
The stoutness of the pair;
And thus between the friendly group
The shell was emptied there.

SONG OF SPRING.

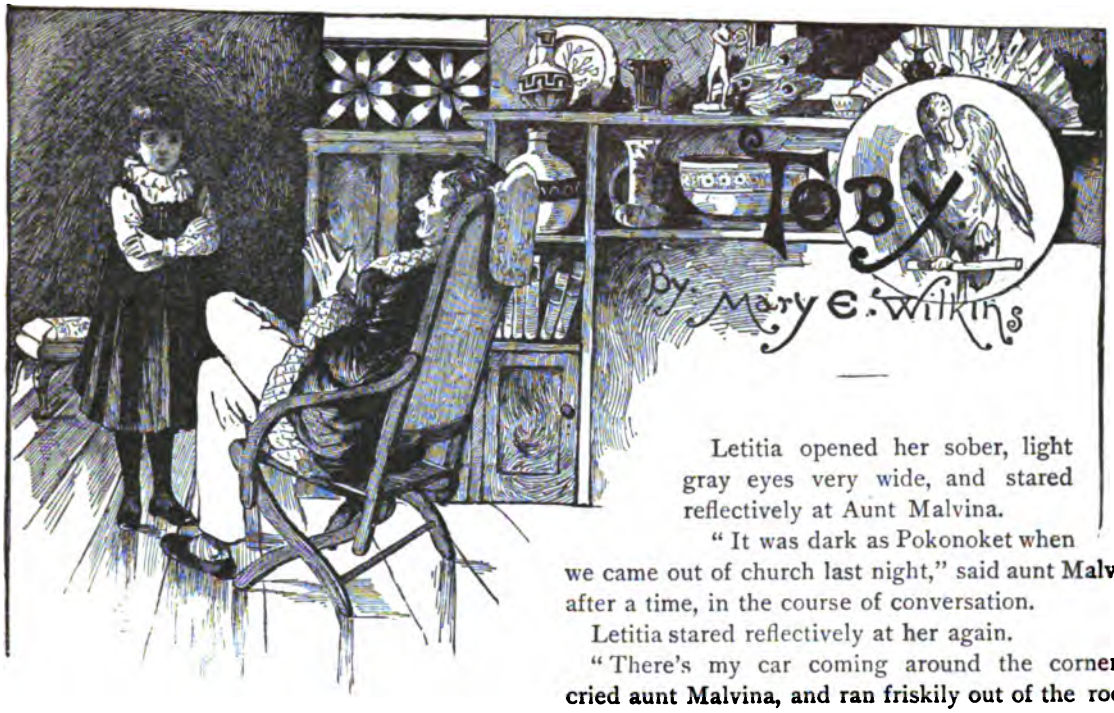
INVISIBLE hands from summer lands
Have plucked the icicles one by one;
And shy little lifters, away from the sun,
Lain hold on the roots of the grass in the sands;
And O, and O,
Where is the snow!
For the crow is calling,
And showers are falling.

Ho, willow and weed! Each secret seed
Is up, and out of its garments gray;
The music of waters is heard in the mead;
And limping old winter is whither away?
And O, and O,
Where is the snow!
For the snake is crawling,
And showers are falling.

Didn't they have a good time.
those boys.
And didn't they make the most.
wonderful noise.
The bells were a-ringing all over.
the town.
And men in gilt buttons they marched up and down.
But Tommy and Johnny and Rob and the rest.
They marched and they shouted as well as the best.
And Rob when the funny.
procession began.
Beat Rub-a-dub-dub on a.

shining tin pan.

Little Tot shouted too as she waved her wee flag.
It was made of a piece out of Grandma's work-bag.
You just should have heard what a racket they made.
With their big fire-crackers. Yes Tot was afraid.
She hid her bright eyes.
at the flash and the noise.
And begged some torpedoes.
instead from the boys.
Bang bang go the crackers.
Hurrah they all cry.
Was there ever a day like the Fourth of July?



Letitia opened her sober, light gray eyes very wide, and stared reflectively at Aunt Malvina.

"It was dark as Pokonoket when we came out of church last night," said aunt Malvina after a time, in the course of conversation.

Letitia stared reflectively at her again.

"There's my car coming around the corner!" cried aunt Malvina, and ran friskily out of the room. Just outside the door, she turned and thrust her face, with the little gray curls dancing around it, in again, for a last word. "O, Jack!" cried she, "I hear that Edward Simonds' eldest son is as crazy as a loon!"

"Is?"

"Yes; isn't it dreadful? Good-by!" Aunt Malvina frisked airily down-stairs, and out on the street, barely in time to secure her car.

When Letitia heard the front door close after her, she quilted her needle carefully into her square, then she folded the patchwork up neatly, rose, and laid it, together with her thimble, scissors, and cotton, in her little rocking-chair. Then she went and stood still before uncle Jack, with her arms folded. It was a way she had when she wanted information. People rather smiled to see her sometimes, but uncle Jack encouraged her in it; he said it was quaint. Letitia's face was very sober, and very innocent, and very round, and her hair was very long and light, and hung in two smooth braids, with a neat blue bow on the end of each, down her back.

Uncle Jack gazed inquiringly at her through his half-closed eyes. "What is it, Letitia?"

"Aunt Malvina said 'as black as Toby,'" said

AUNT MALVINA was sitting at the window watching for a horse-car which she wanted to take. Uncle Jack was near the register in a comfortable easy chair, his feet on an embroidered foot-rest, and Letitia, just as close to him as she could get her little rocking-chair, was sewing her square of patchwork "over and over." Letitia had to sew a square of patchwork "over and over" every day.

Aunt Malvina, who was not uncle Jack's wife, as one might suspect, but his elder sister, was a very small, frisky little lady, with a thin, rosy face, and a little bobbing bunch of gray curls on each side of it. She talked very fast, and she talked all the time, so she accomplished a vast deal of talking in the course of a day, and the people she happened to be with did a vast deal of listening.

She was talking now, and uncle Jack was listening, with his head leaning comfortably against a pretty tidy all over daisies in Kensington work, and so was Letitia, taking cautious little stitches in her patchwork.

"Mrs. Welcome," aunt Malvina had just remarked, "has got a little colored boy as black as Toby to wait on table."

Letitia with a look half of inquiry, half of anxious abstraction. What Letitia *could* find out herself she never asked other people.

"Yes; I know she did," replied uncle Jack.

"Then she said, 'Dark as Pokonoket.'"

"Yes; she said that too."

"And *then* she said, 'Crazy as a loon.'"

"Yes; she did."

"Uncle Jack, what is Toby, and what is Pokonoket, and what is a loon?"

"Toby," said uncle Jack slowly and impressively, "lives in Pokonoket, and keeps a loon."

"Oh!" said Letitia, in a tone which implied that she was both relieved and amazed at her own stupidity.

"Yes; perhaps you would like to hear something more particular about Toby — how he got married, for instance?"

"I should, very much indeed," replied Letitia gravely and promptly.

"Well, you had better sit down; it will take a few minutes to tell it."

Letitia carefully took her patchwork, her thimble, her spool of cotton, and her scissors out of her little rocking chair and laid them on the table; then she sat down, and crossed her hands in her lap.

"Now, if you are ready," said uncle Jack, laughing a little to himself as he looked down at her. Then he related as follows: "Toby is a little black fellow, not much taller than you are, and he lives in Pokonoket, and keeps a loon. Toby's hair is very short and kinky, and his mouth is wide, and always curves up a little at the corners, as if he were laughing; his eyes are astonishingly bright; but all the people's eyes are bright in Pokonoket.

"Pokonoket is a very dark country. It always was dark. The most ancient historians make no mention of its ever being light in Pokonoket.

"The cause of the darkness has never been exactly understood. Philosophers and men of science have worked very hard over it, but all the conclusion they have been able to arrive at is, it must be due to fog, or smoke, or atmospheric phenomena. The most celebrated of them are in favor of atmospheric phenomena, and they are probably correct.

"The houses are always furnished with lamps, of course, and everybody carries a lantern. No one dreams of stirring out in Pokonoket without a lantern. The men go to their work with lanterns, the ladies take theirs when they go out shopping, and all the children have their little lanterns to carry to school.

"On account of the darkness, there are some very curious customs in Pokonoket. One is, all the inhabitants are required by law to wear squeaky shoes. Whenever anybody's shoes don't squeak according to the prescribed standard he is fined, and sometimes even imprisoned, if he persists in his offence. A great many sad accidents are prevented by this custom. People hear each other's shoes squeaking in the darkness at quite a distance, and don't run into each other. Pokonoket shoemakers make a specialty of squeaky shoes, and the squeakier they are, the higher prices they bring; they can even put in new squeaks when the old ones are worn out. It is a very common thing to see a Pokonoket man with his little boy's shoes under his arm, carrying them to a shoemaker to get them re-squeaked.

"Another funny custom is the wearing of phosphorescent buttons. Everybody, men, women, and children, are required to wear phosphorescent buttons on their outside garments. They are quite large — about the size of an old-fashioned cent — and there are, generally, two rows of them down the front of a garment. It is rather a frightful sight to see a person with phosphorescent buttons on his coat advancing toward one in the dark, till you are accustomed to it; he looks as if he had two rows of enormous eyes.

"Then, when the weather is stormy, everybody has to carry an umbrella with his name on it in phosphorescent letters. In this way, nobody's eyes are put out, and no umbrellas are lost. Otherwise, umbrellas would get so hopelessly mixed up in a dark country like Pokonoket that it would require a special sitting of Parliament to sort them out again.

"It may seem rather odd that they should, but the inhabitants of Pokonoket are, as a general thing, very much attached to their country, and could not be hired to leave it for any other. It is a very peaceful place. There are no jails, and no criminals are executed in its bounds. If occasionally a person commits a crime that would merit such extreme punishment, he puts out his lantern, and rips off his phosphorescent buttons, and nobody can find him to punish.

"But commonly, folks in Pokonoket do not commit great crimes, and are a very peaceful, industrious, and happy people.

"They have never had any wars amongst themselves, and their country has never been invaded by a foreign foe; all that they ever have had to seriously threaten their peace and safety was the Ogress.

"A terrible ogress once lived in Pokonoket, and devoured everybody she could catch. Nobody knew when his life was safe, and the worst of it was, they

POKONOKET IN STORMY WEATHER.

did not know where she lived, or they would have gone in a body and disposed of her. She had a habitation somewhere in the darkness, but nobody knew where — it might be right in their midst. There are a great many inconveniences about a dark country.

"Well, Toby who kept the loon, lived in a little hut on one of the principal streets. He was a widower, and lived with his six grandchildren who were all quite small and went to school. They were his daughter's children. She had died a few years before of a disease quite common in Pokonoket, and almost always fatal. It had a long name which the doctors had given it, which really meant, 'wanting light.'

"Toby was rather feeble and rheumatic, and it was about all he could do to knit stockings for his grandchildren, and make soup for their dinner. Almost all day, except when he was stirring the soup, which he made in a great kettle set into a brick oven, he was sitting on a little stool in his doorway, knitting, and the loon sat on a perch at his right hand. The loon who was a very large bird, was crazy, and thought he was a bobolink. *Link, link, bobolink!* he sang all day long, instead of crying in the way a loon usually does. His voice was not anywhere near the right pitch for a bobolink's song, but that made no difference. *Link, link, bobolink!* he kept on singing from morning till night.

"Toby did not mind knitting, but he did not like to make the soup. It had never seemed to him to be a man's work, and besides, it hurt his old, rheumatic back to bend over the soup-kettle. That was what put it into his head to get married again. He thought if he could find a pleasant, tidy woman, who would stir the soup while he sat in the door beside the loon, and knit the stockings, he could live much more comfortably than he did.

"Now Toby thought he knew of just the one he wanted. She was a widow who lived a few squares from him. She was as sweet-tempered as a dove, and nobody could find a speck of dirt in her house if he was to search all day with a lantern.

"Toby thought about it for a long time. He did not wish to take any rash step, but his back got lamer and stiffer, and when one day the soup burned on to the kettle, and he dropped some stitches in his stocking running to lift it off, he made up his mind.

"The very next morning after his six grandchildren had gone to school, he put on his coat with phosphorescent buttons, lit his lantern, and started out. *Link, link, bobolink!* cried the crazy loon as he went out the door.

"'Yes; I am going to bring home a pleasant and neat mistress for you, and maybe you will recover your reason,' said Toby.

"*Link, link, bobolink!* cried the crazy loon.

"Toby limped away through the darkness. The wind was blowing hard that morning, and just as he turned the corner, puff! came a gust and blew out his lantern.

"He felt in every pocket, but he had not a match in

one of them. He hesitated whether to go back for one or not. Finally, he thought he knew the way pretty well and would risk it. His back was worse than ever that morning, and he did not want to take any unnecessary steps. So he fumbled along until he came to the street where the widow's home was; there were five more just like hers, and they stood in a row together.

"Much to Toby's dismay, there was not a light in either.

"'Well,' he reflected, 'she is prudent, and is saving her oil, I dare say, and I can inquire.'

"So he felt his way along to the first house in the row — he could just see them looming up in the darkness. He poked his head inside the door. 'Mrs. Clover-leaf!' cried he, 'are you in there? My lantern has gone out, and I cannot tell which is your house.'

"There came a little grunt in reply.

"'Mrs. Clover-leaf!' cried Toby again.

"'I am here; what do you want?' answered a voice in the darkness.

"It was so sharp that Toby felt for a moment as if his ears were being sawed off, and he clapped his hands on them involuntarily. 'Bless me! I had forgotten that Mrs. Clover-leaf had such a voice,' thought he.

"'What do you want?' said the voice again.

"It did not sound quite so sharp this time. He had become a little used to it, and, after all, a sharp voice would not prevent her being neat and pleasant and stirring the soup carefully.

"So he said, as sweetly and coaxingly as he was able, 'I have come to see if you would like to marry me, Mrs. Clover-leaf.'

"'I don't know,' said the sharp voice, 'I had not thought of changing my condition.'

"'All you would have to do,' said Toby pleadingly, 'would be to stir the soup for my grandchildren's dinner, while I knit the stockings.'

"There came a sound like the smacking of lips out of the darkness within the house. 'Oh! you have grandchildren; I forgot,' said the voice; 'how many?'

"'Six,' replied Toby.

"'I shall be pleased to marry you,' cried the voice; and Toby heard the squeaking of shoes, as if the widow were coming.

"'When shall we be married?' said the sharp voice right in Toby's ear.

"He jumped so that he could not answer for a minute. 'Well,' said he finally — 'I don't want to hurry you, Mrs. Clover-leaf, but the soup is to be made for dinner, and if I don't finish the pair of stockings I am on to-day, my eldest grandchild will have to go barefoot. A pair of stockings only lasts one a week.' And Toby sighed so pitifully that it ought to have touched any widow's heart.

"The widow laughed. Toby felt rather hurt that she should. He did not know of any joke. It was a curious kind of a laugh, too; as bad in its way as her voice. But what she said the next minute set matters right.

"'Let us go and get married, then,' said she, 'and I will go right home and make the soup, and you can finish the stocking.'

"Toby was delighted. 'Thank you, my dear Mrs. Clover-leaf!' he cried, and offered her his arm gallantly, and they set off together to the minister's.

TOBY AND THE CRAZY LOON.

"The widow took such enormous strides that Toby had to run to keep up with her. She was much taller than he, and her bonnet was very large, and almost hid her face. Toby could hardly have seen her, if he had had his lantern; still he could not help wish-

ing that one of them had one, but the widow said her oil was out, so there was no help for it.

"Once or twice when she turned her head toward him, Toby thought her eyes looked about twice as large and bright as phosphorescent buttons, and he felt a little startled, but he told himself that it was only his imagination, of course.

"When they reached the minister's, there was no light in his house, either, and it occurred to Toby that it was Fast Day. Once a week, Pokonoket ministers sit in total darkness all day, and eat nothing.

"When Toby called, the minister poked his head out of the study window, and asked what he wanted. Toby told him, and he and the widow stood in front of the study window, and were married in the dark, and Toby gave a phosphorescent button for the fee.

TOBY RAN TILL HE WAS OUT OF BREATH.

"The widow took longer steps than ever on the way home, and Toby ran till he was all out of breath; she fairly lifted him off his feet sometimes, and carried him along on her arm.

"*Link, link, bobolink!* sang the crazy loon when Toby and his bride entered the house.

"'Now let's have a light,' cried Toby's wife, and her voice was sharper than ever. It frightened the crazy loon so that he left the *link* off the end of his song, and merely said *bobo* —

"'Yes,' answered Toby, bustling about cheerfully after matches, 'and then you will make the soup.'

"'I will make the soup,' laughed his wife.

"Toby felt frightened, he hardly knew why, but he found the matches, and lit the lamp. Then he turned to look at his new wife, and saw — *the Ogress!* He had married the Ogress! Horrors!

"Toby sank down on his knees and shook with fear, his little kinky curls bristling up all over his head.

"'Pshaw!' said the Ogress contemptuously. 'You needn't shake! Do you suppose I would eat such a little tough, bony fellow as you for supper? No! When do your grandchildren come home from school?'

"'Oh,' groaned Toby, 'take me, dear Mrs. Ogress, and spare my grandchildren!'

"'I should smile,' said the Ogress. That was all the reply she made. She talked popular slang along with her other bad habits.

"Toby wept, and groaned, and pleaded, but he could not get another word out of her. She filled the great soup-kettle with water, set it over the fire (Toby shuddered to see her), then she sat down to wait for the grandchildren to come home from school. She was uncommonly homely, even for an ogress, and she wore a brown calico dress that was very unbecoming.

"Poor Toby gazed at her in fear and disgust. He looked out of the door, expecting every moment to see his grandchildren coming, one behind the other, swinging their little lanterns. Schoolchildren always walked one behind the other in Pokonoket. It was against the law to walk two abreast.

"Finally, when the Ogress was leaning over the soup-kettle, putting her fingers in, to see if it was hot enough, Toby slipped out of the door, and ran straight to the minister's.

"He stood outside the study window and groaned.

"'What is the trouble?' asked the minister, poking his head out.

"'Oh,' cried Toby, 'you married me to the — Ogress!'

"'You don't say so!' cried the minister.

"'Yes, I do! What shall I do? She is waiting for my grandchildren, and the soup-kettle is on!'

"'Wait a minute,' said the minister. 'In a matter of life and death, it is permitted to light a lamp on a Fast Day. This is a matter of life and death; so I will light a lamp and look in my Encyclopædia of Useful Knowledge.'

"So the minister lit his lamp, and took his Encyclopædia of Useful Knowledge from the study shelf.

"He turned over the leaves till he came to Ogre; then he found Ogress, and read all there was under that head.

"'H'm!' he said; 'h'm, h'm! An Ogress is an inconceivably hideous creature, yet, like all females, she is inordinately vain, and is extremely susceptible to any insinuations against her personal appearance! H'm!' said the minister; 'I know what I will do.'

"Now it was one of the laws in Pokonoket that nobody should have a looking-glass but the minister. Once a year the ladies of his congregation were allowed to look at themselves in it; that was all. I do not know the reason for this law, but it existed.

"The minister took his looking-glass under his arm, and came out of his house. 'Now, Toby,' said he, 'take me home with you.'

"'But I am afraid she will eat you, sir,' said Toby doubtfully. 'You are not as thin as I am.'

"'I am not in the least afraid,' replied the minister cheerfully.

"So Toby took heart a little, and hastened home with the minister.

"*Link, link, bobolink!* cried the crazy loon as they went in the door.

"The minister walked straight up to the Ogress, who was standing beside the soup-kettle, and held the looking-glass before her.

"When she saw her face in all its hideous ugliness, the shock was so great, for she had always thought herself very handsome, that she gave one shriek and fell down quite dead."

SCHOOL CHILDREN, IN POKONOKET.

Letitia gave a sigh of relief, and uncle Jack yawned. "Well, Letitia, that's all," said he, "only Toby married the real widow, Mrs. Clover-leaf, the next day, and she made the soup to perfection, and he had nothing to do all the rest of his life, but to sit in the doorway beside the crazy loon, and knit stockings for his grandchildren."

"Thank you, uncle Jack," said Letitia gravely. Then she got her square of patchwork off the table and sat down and finished sewing it over and over.

BOY BLUE.

A SONG FOR A BIRTHDAY BOY.

By M. E. B.

ONCE, upon a winter night,
When the snow lay cold and white,
Dropped a baby from the skies
With a pair of big brown eyes;
Without clothes, or food, or name,
Right into our hearts it came,
And we loved it from that minute
As if there were "millions in it."

Soon a happy year had flown:
He could creep, and stand alone,
Know mamma and Rob and Fritz,
Do a hundred pretty tricks;
He was sweet, but still a tartar,
So we called him little Arthur,
"Pet," and "Darling," "Love," and "Pride,"
And a hundred names beside.

When another year went by,
Could I tell if I should try
Half how lovely he had grown? —
Walking, like a man, alone,
Talking with such babbling words
Like the cooing of the birds,
With a tangled crop of curls
Hanging round him — like a girl's.

Three years old: now look for squalls,
Trials, troubles, cries and falls!
Up and down like any rocket!
In his dress a little pocket
Filled with tops and nails and strings
And some fifty other things;
Three feet tall, or taller, maybe —
Can this be my little baby?

Still another birthday: dear,
What a four-year colt is here!
Leaping, running, skipping, prancing,
In and out on swift feet dancing,
Handling marbles, spinning tops,
Spending cents in candy-shops;
In kilted skirt and buttoned jacket,
Always ripe for fun and racket!

Now, as sure as I'm alive,
That outrageous boy is five!
Send him off to school at once—
We don't want to own a dunce!
Full of tricks as any marten —
Get him to a Kindergarten;
There he'll learn to use his wits,
Without any ugly fits.

Six — and what do I behold!
No more waving curls of gold,
But a little wig of brown,
Closely cropped about the crown;
No more skirts, but little breeches
Full of many seams and stitches;
Growing, every single day,
In the most surprising way.

Seven to-day: a Boy at last!
Time and tide have travelled fast;
There he sits so fine and tall,
Jacket, trousers, boots and all;
He can spell, and read, and write,
He is good and gay and bright,
And his life goes bravely on,
— But where is my Baby gone!

So now I hope — what *do* I hope? Oh, scores and scores of things!
I hope he'll learn to comb his hair, and tie his own shoe-strings;
I hope he'll never catch a cold in hail or snow or rain,
And grow to be full six feet high without one growing pain;

"FOURTH OF JULY."

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

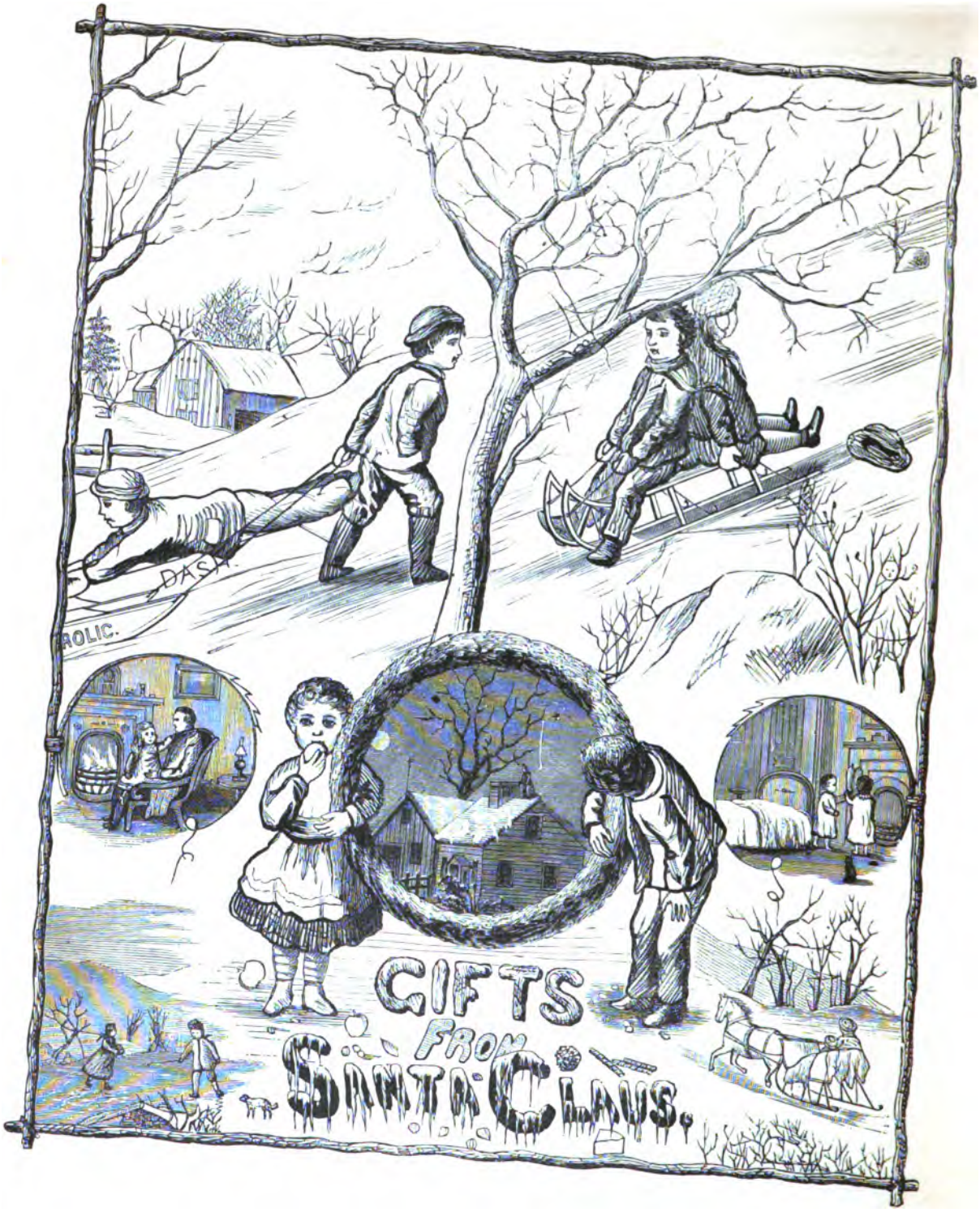
A jolly procession came down the broad street,
Hi! ho! hippety ho!
The marching and tramping of twelve little feet,
Hi! ho! hippety ho!

The flag at the head was the "red white and blue,"
And the soldiers came marching behind, two and two,
Hi! ho! hippetty ho!
The drum and the fife made a terrible noise,
And likewise the six young American boys,
Hi! ho! hippetty ho!

The people they fled in great terror before,
Hi! ho! hippetty ho!
The boys followed after, and shouted hurrah!
Hi! ho! hippetty ho!

Hurrah for the glorious Fourth of July!
Hurrah for the "red, white, and blue," is the cry!
Hi! ho! hippetty ho!
They charged down the street, while of hearing bereft
The people went tumbling around right and left,
Hi! ho! hippetty ho!

They swept all before them, they carried the day,
Hi! ho! hippetty ho!
As they have done — do now — and will do alway,
Hi! ho! hippetty ho!


DASH
ROLIC.
GIFTS
FROM
SANTA CLAUS.

"NOW HOLD FAST — LILY'S LAST!"

SNAP THE WHIP!

BY MRS. EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

I.

OFF we go
In a row,
Gallant Tom's our leader;
Now hold fast;
Lily's last,
Strength and courage speed her!
Lightly skip,
Do not trip;
Snip, snap, goes the whip!

II.

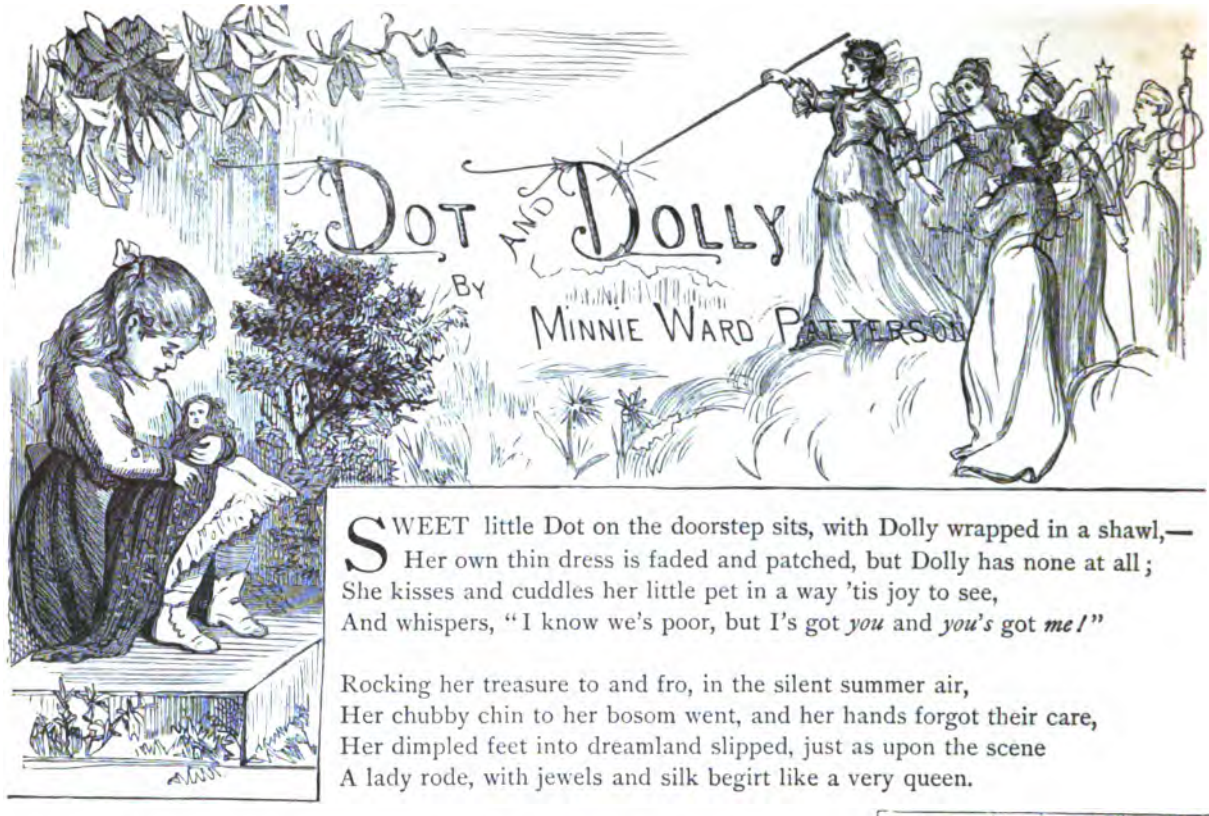
Lily's down!
Do not frown,
Let us all be jolly!
Lend a hand,
She can stand;
Next in turn comes Molly.
Lightly skip,
Do not trip;
Snip, snap, goes the whip!

III.

Jo and Ben,
Little men,
They can foot it faster;
Off they dash,
Like a flash,
Fearing no disaster;
Lightly skip,
Do not trip,
Snip, snap, goes the whip!

IV.

Try again!
Now and then
Some one gets a tumble;
Never mind,
We shall find
It's to make us humble;
Lightly skip,
Do not trip;
Snip, snap, goes the whip!



Dot and Dolly

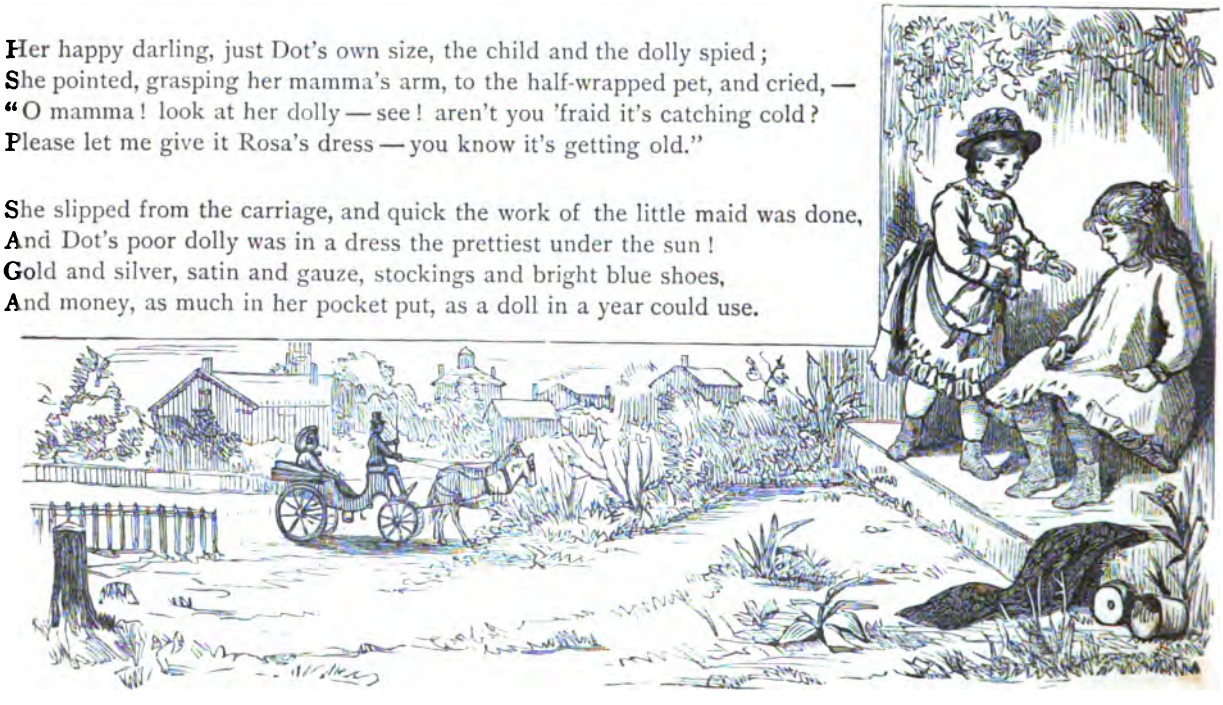
By Minnie Ward Patterson

SWEET little Dot on the doorstep sits, with Dolly wrapped in a shawl,—
Her own thin dress is faded and patched, but Dolly has none at all;
She kisses and cuddles her little pet in a way 'tis joy to see,
And whispers, "I know we's poor, but I's got *you* and *you's* got *me!*"

Rocking her treasure to and fro, in the silent summer air,
Her chubby chin to her bosom went, and her hands forgot their care,
Her dimpled feet into dreamland slipped, just as upon the scene
A lady rode, with jewels and silk begirt like a very queen.

Her happy darling, just Dot's own size, the child and the dolly spied;
She pointed, grasping her mamma's arm, to the half-wrapped pet, and cried,—
"O mamma! look at her dolly—see! aren't you 'fraid it's catching cold?
Please let me give it Rosa's dress—you know it's getting old."

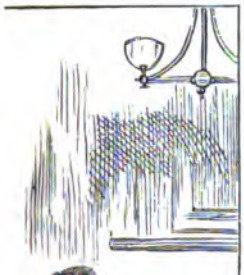
She slipped from the carriage, and quick the work of the little maid was done,
And Dot's poor dolly was in a dress the prettiest under the sun!
Gold and silver, satin and gauze, stockings and bright blue shoes,
And money, as much in her pocket put, as a doll in a year could use.



Then away, with a smile that almost laughed, so great was the giver's glee,
She went, with many a backward look, and said, " I's afraid she'll see!
Hurry up Tom, —mamma!" and quick away to their palace home they flew,
While Dot was dreaming a wonderful dream of fairies and Dolly, too.

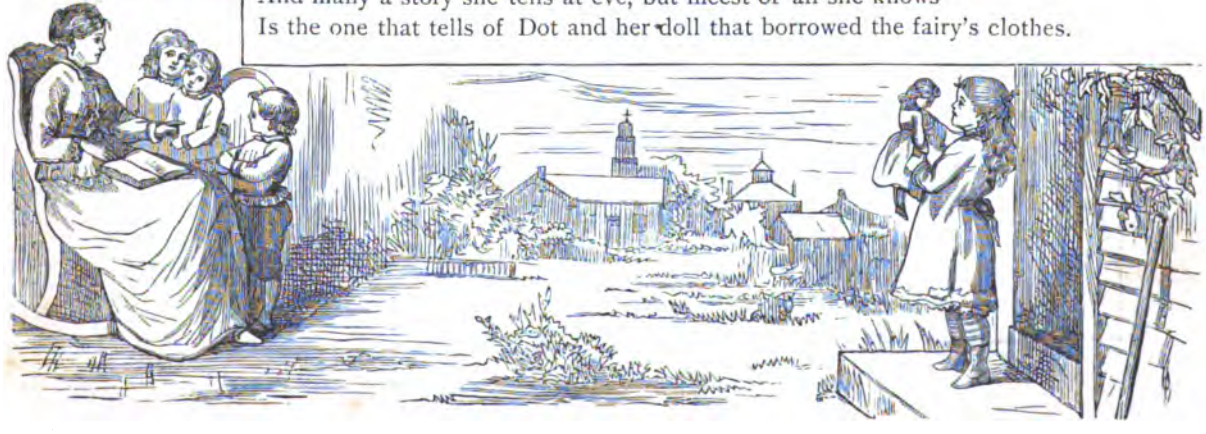
They had satin dresses, and gauzy wings, all speckled with drops of gold;
They danced in troops on the lilac leaves, and a leaf would a dozen held;
And Dolly was dancing with all her might, in the prettiest dress of all,
And spangled wings, when up sprang Dot, afraid lest her pet should fall!

She opened her eyes, and merrily laughed, in happiness and surprise,
As Dolly, dressed in her fairy best, looked into her wondering eyes.
"O mamma! what shall I do?" cried Dot, in a comic tone of dismay,
"My Dolly has borrowed a fairy's clothes, and the fairies have runned away!



"I's afraid she's been naughty and stealed — but then, I don't most think she *would* —
I guess they did it o' purpose, cos my Dolly's so awful good!
You pitty, sweet dirl! I'll let you wear 'em awhile, I guess, and then,
If they wants 'em ever, we'll give 'em back, when the fairies come again!"

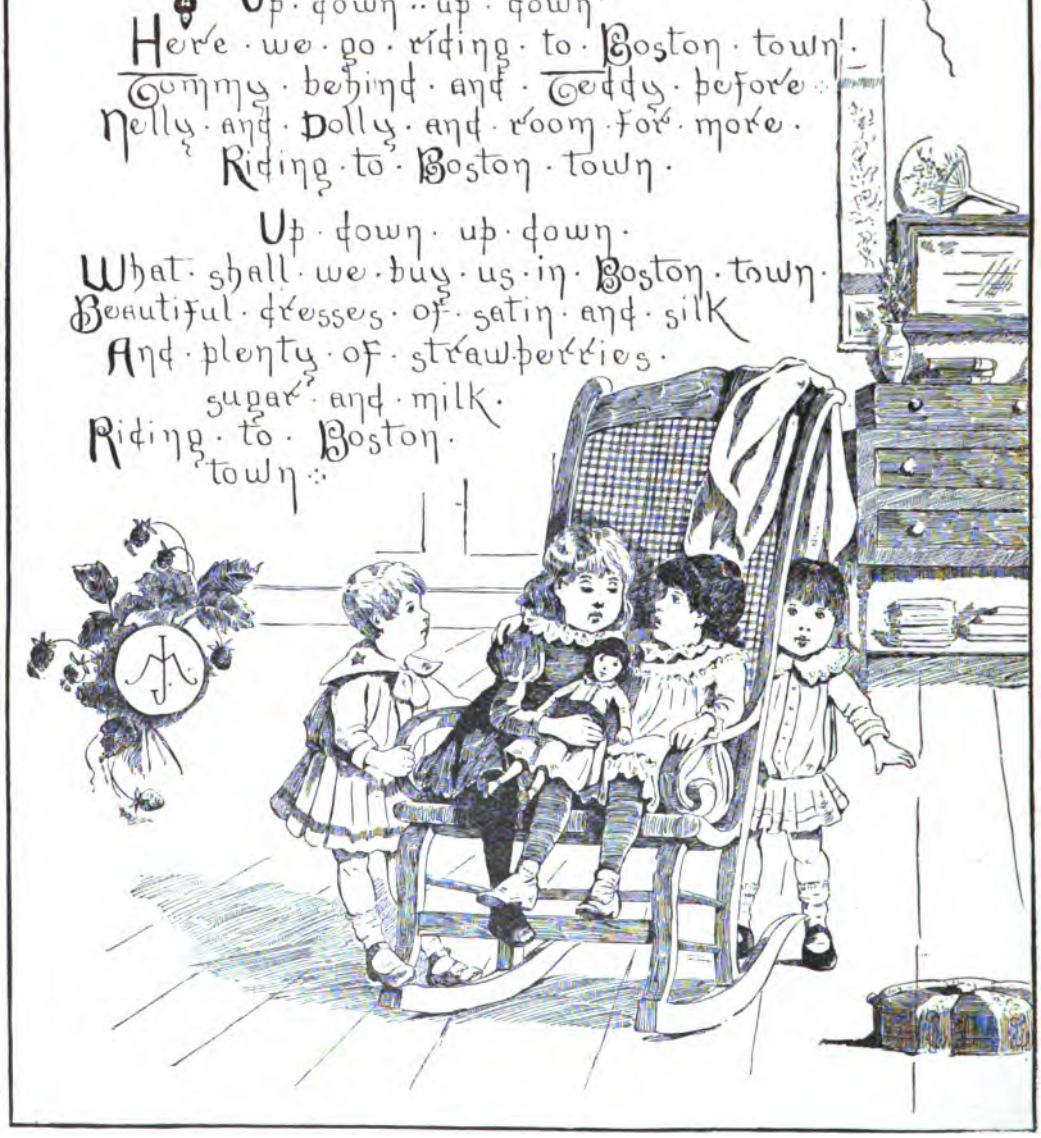
Well, that was a long, long time ago, — sweet Dot is a woman grown,
And little ones gather to hear her tell a tale of her childhood flown;
And many a story she tells at eve, but nicest of all she knows
Is the one that tells of Dot and her doll that borrowed the fairy's clothes.



Riding to Boston

Up · down · up · down
Here · we · go · riding · to · Boston · town ·
Tommy · behind · and · Teddy · before ·
Nelly · and · Dolly · and · room · for · more ·
Riding · to · Boston · town ·

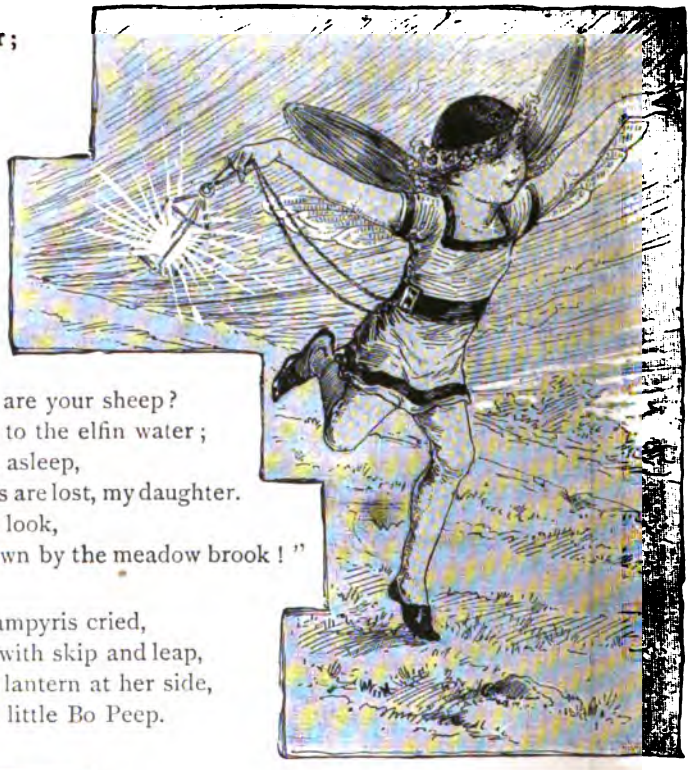
Up · down · up · down ·
What · shall · we · buy · us · in · Boston · town ·
Beautiful · dresses · of · satin · and · silk
And · plenty · of · strawberries ·
sugar · and · milk ·
Riding · to · Boston ·
town ·

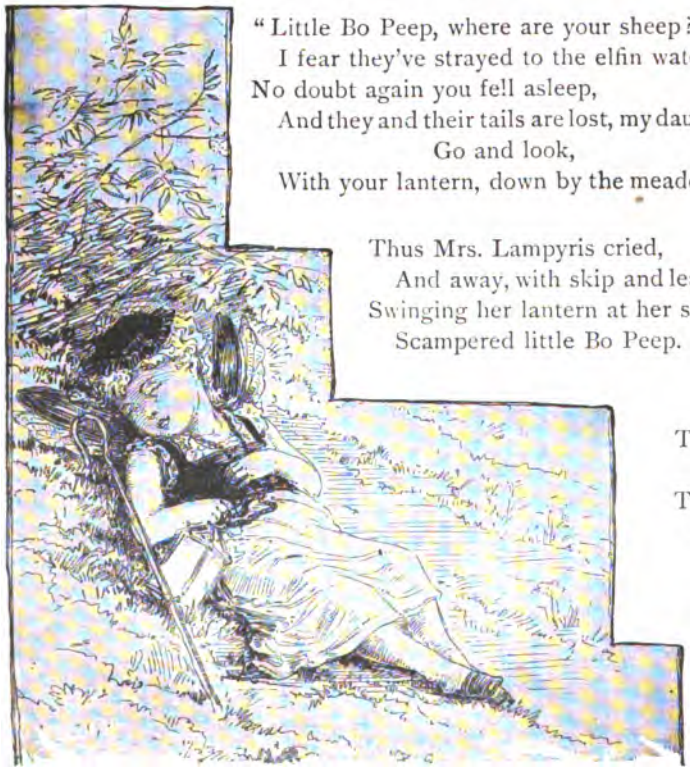


Singing-School.
Order please. Now look at me.
I'm the teacher as you see.
Put your dolls and toys away.
Children no more time for play.
Stand up Molly Poll dear.
Will you bring the music here?
Bess will pass the books around.
Now don't let me hear a sound.
Ready O you naughty Kate.
Eating apples can't you wait.
Till the singing lesson's done!
Read now Together One.
Wait a minute I'll begin.
Then the rest of you strike in.
Two and three Stop whispering.
Four Now all together Sing.

LITTLE Boy Blue, the cows are late,
They've broken into the fairies' clover;
You left the latch of the pasture gate —
I've told you not to, over and over.
Run, now, run,
And carry your lantern, too, my son!"

Thus Mrs. Lampyris said,
And away went little Boy Blue,
Waving his lantern round his head,
Off through the dusk and dew.





"Little Bo Peep, where are your sheep?
I fear they've strayed to the elfin water;
No doubt again you fell asleep,
And they and their tails are lost, my daughter.
Go and look,
With your lantern, down by the meadow brook!"

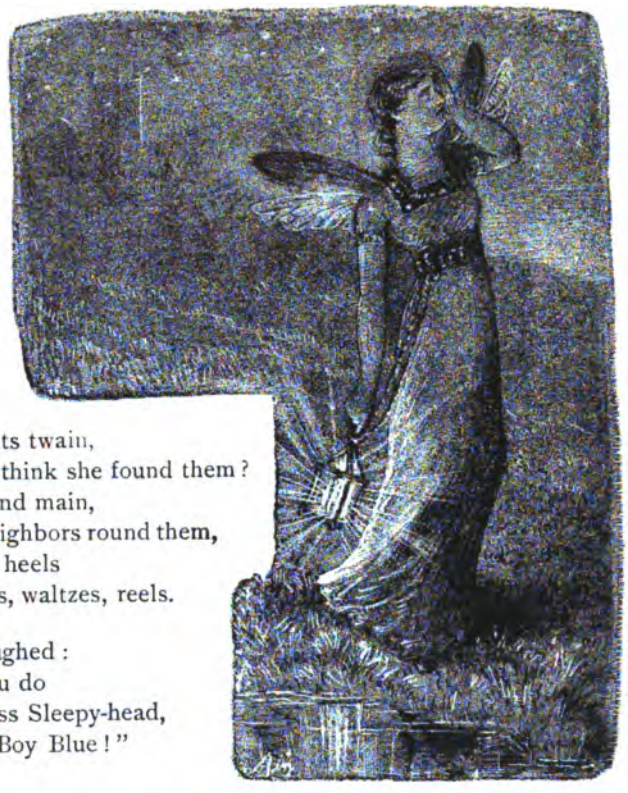
Thus Mrs. Lampyris cried,
And away, with skip and leap,
Swinging her lantern at her side,
Scampered little Bo Peep.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
But came no sound of the cow-bell's tinkle,
Though here and there, in field and lane,
Glimmered the lanterns, twinkle, twinkle;
All through the dark
Flickered and roamed spark after spark.

Then Mrs. Lampyris sighed:
"I must take my lantern too,
And go and search for little Bo Peep,
And hunt up little Boy Blue."

She dragged her tired feet through the grass ;
The village church-tower chimed eleven ;
In a tiny pool, like a looking-glass,
She saw the whole of the starry heaven.
Her step was slow,
For her path was tangled, her wick was low.

And Mrs. Lampyris groaned :
" Alas, my son and daughter!
The fairies will milk my cows to-night,
My sheep drink elfin water."

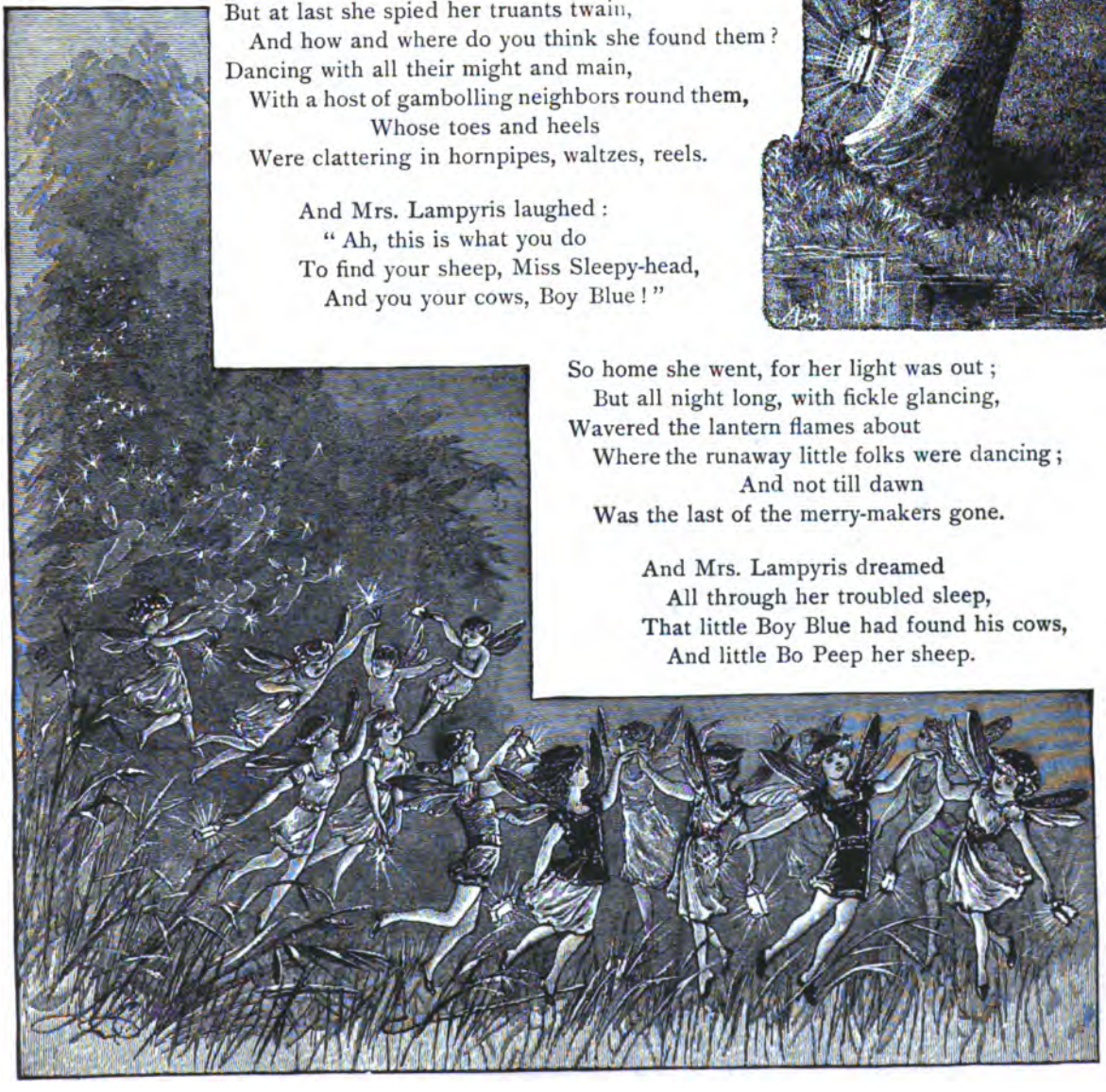


But at last she spied her truants twain,
And how and where do you think she found them ?
Dancing with all their might and main,
With a host of gambolling neighbors round them,
Whose toes and heels
Were clattering in hornpipes, waltzes, reels.

And Mrs. Lampyris laughed :
" Ah, this is what you do
To find your sheep, Miss Sleepy-head,
And you your cows, Boy Blue ! "

So home she went, for her light was out ;
But all night long, with fickle glancing,
Wavered the lantern flames about
Where the runaway little folks were dancing ;
And not till dawn
Was the last of the merry-makers gone.

And Mrs. Lampyris dreamed
All through her troubled sleep,
That little Boy Blue had found his cows,
And little Bo Peep her sheep.



AT BREAKFAST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH OLDENBURG.

BY SARA ELIZABETH FARMAN.

I.

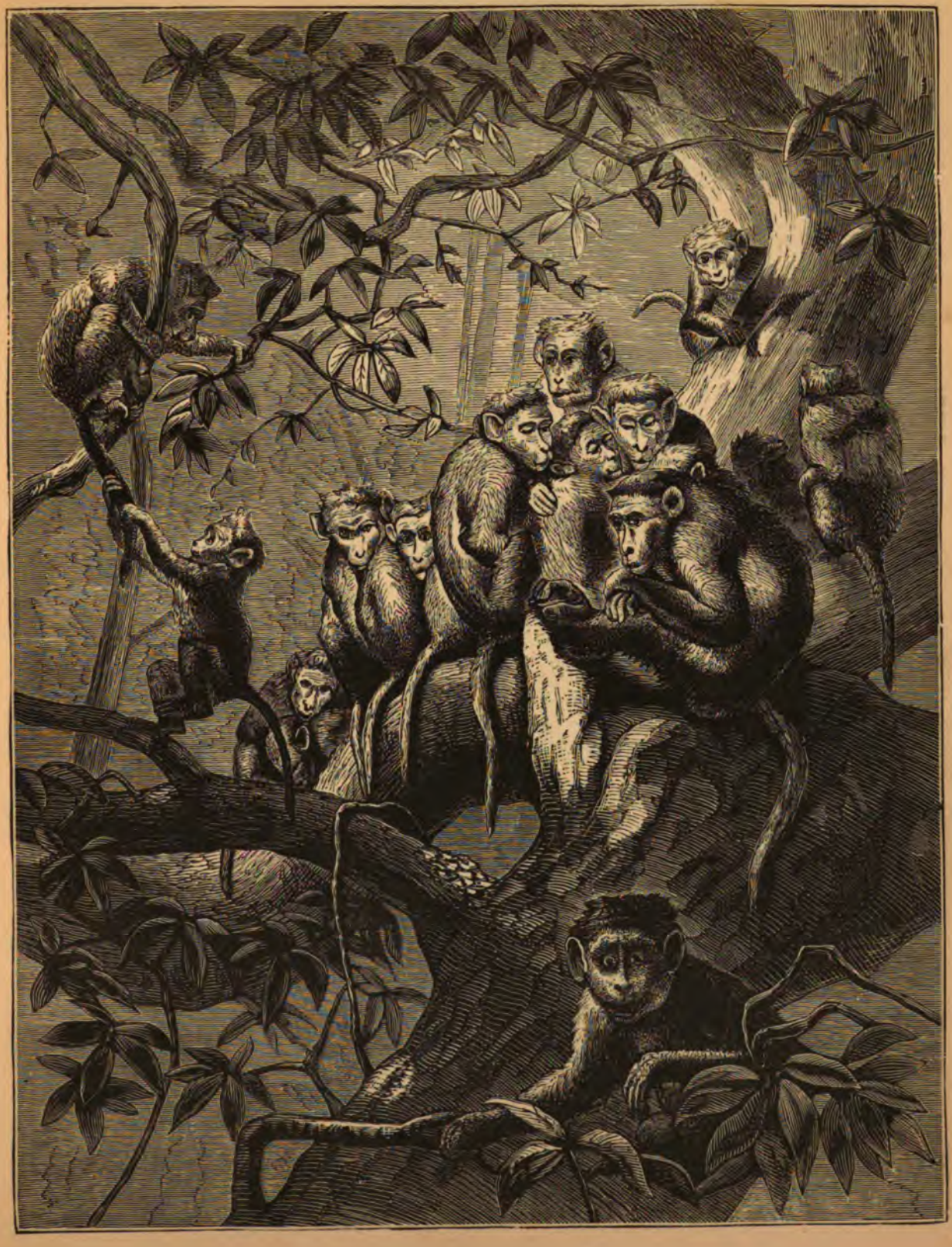
Good morning, Mister Ziegenbock,
Good morning, Mister Old Gray Goat, to thee!
What is't o'clock?
"O, master mine,
It just struck nine!"
Then, glutton, pretty hungry must thou be!

II.

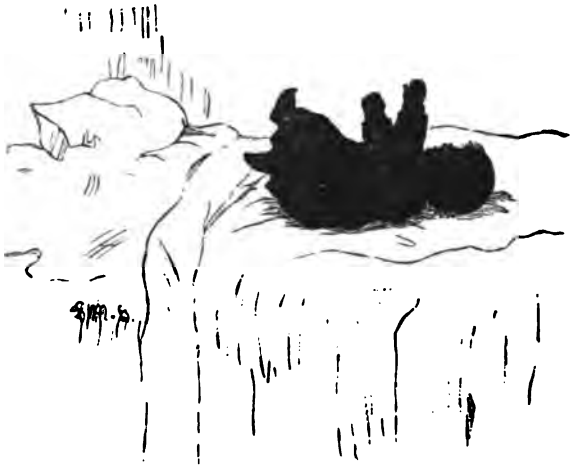
"Ah, master, you're right there!
My head is heavy as a brick,
I am so empty, faint, and sick, —
I'm hungry as a bear."

III.

Yes, I can well believe that tale,
Thou lazy beast!
Thou art already very pale —
Well, here's a feast!
Here grass thou hast: —
Yes, gulp it down, gulp down thy morning bread,
Eat hard and fast until thy cheeks grow red;
But not so fast
That thou'lt bite me — take note,
Old greedy Graybeard Goat!



YOUNG(ONE)'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.



"Hi!" said the ba-by;
"Ho!" said the ba-by;
"Ha!" said the ba-by,
"I won't go to sleep!
Naugh-ty old moth-er,
You make such a poth-er,
Just for to both-er
You, a-wake I will keep.

"Dance!" said the ba-by;
"Prance!" said the ba-by;
"Per-chance," said the ba-by,
"You think I'm a goose!
Vain-ly you're dream-ing
Of rest, and your schem-ing
To si-lence my scream-ing
Is all of no use!

" Sing!" said the ba-by;
" Ring!" said the ba-by;
" Bring," said the ba-by,
" My rat-tles and toys.
Still I will weep, O!
A-wake I will keep, O!
Won't go to sleep, O!
Will make a noise!

" Walk!" said the ba-by;
" Talk!" said the ba-by;
" I'll balk," said the ba-by,
" Your ef-forts one and all.
Then, towards the morn-ing,
When day is dawn-ing,
With-out any warn-ing
A-sleep I will fall."

Some-bod-y's Dar-ling. No-bod-y's Dar-ling.

Out for a sail.

Red Rid-ing-Hood starts.

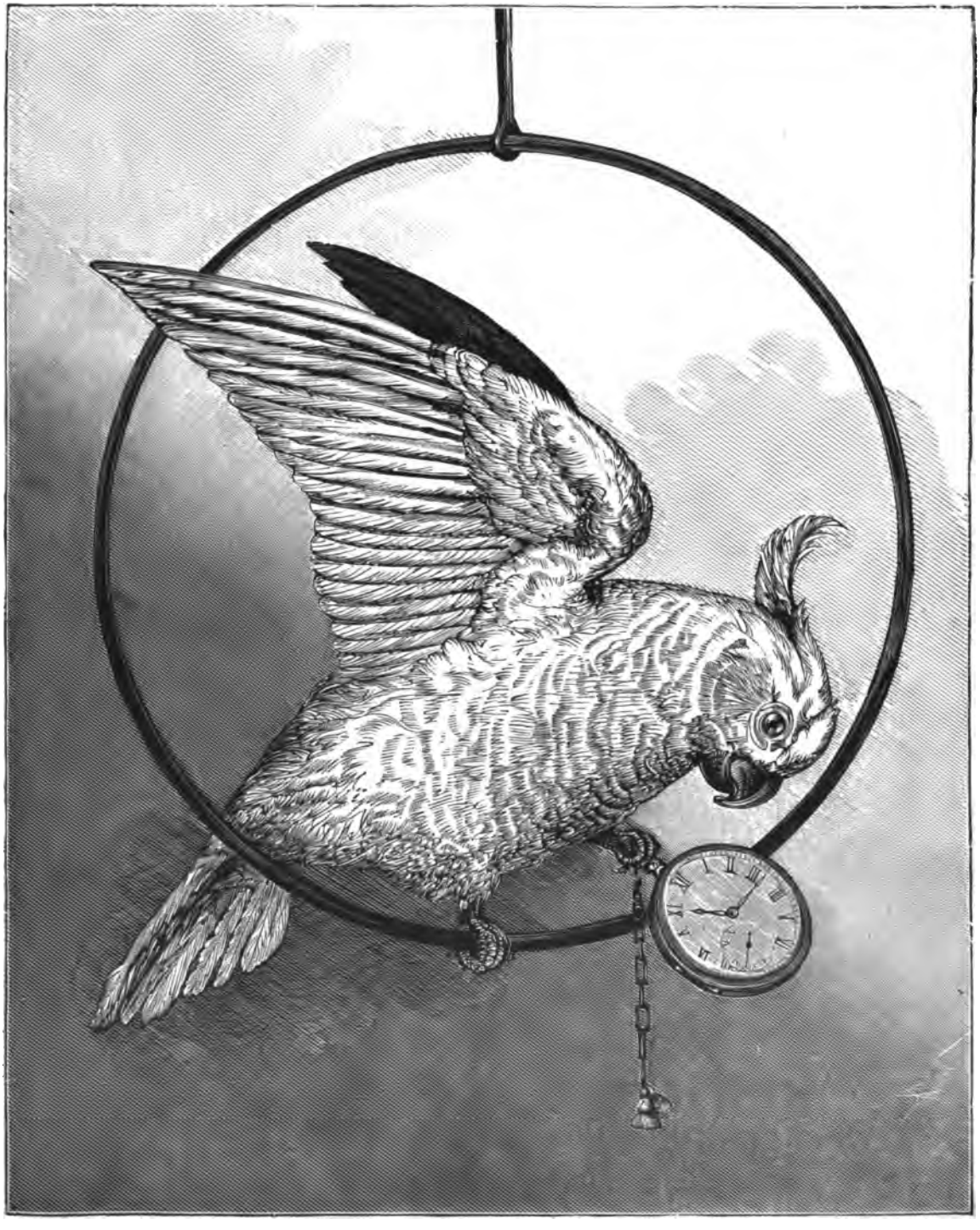
Puts on gran-ny's night-gown.

She meets the wolf.

Red Rid-ing-Hood is a-fraid.

The wolf gets to the door first.

Red Rid-ing-Hood is saved.



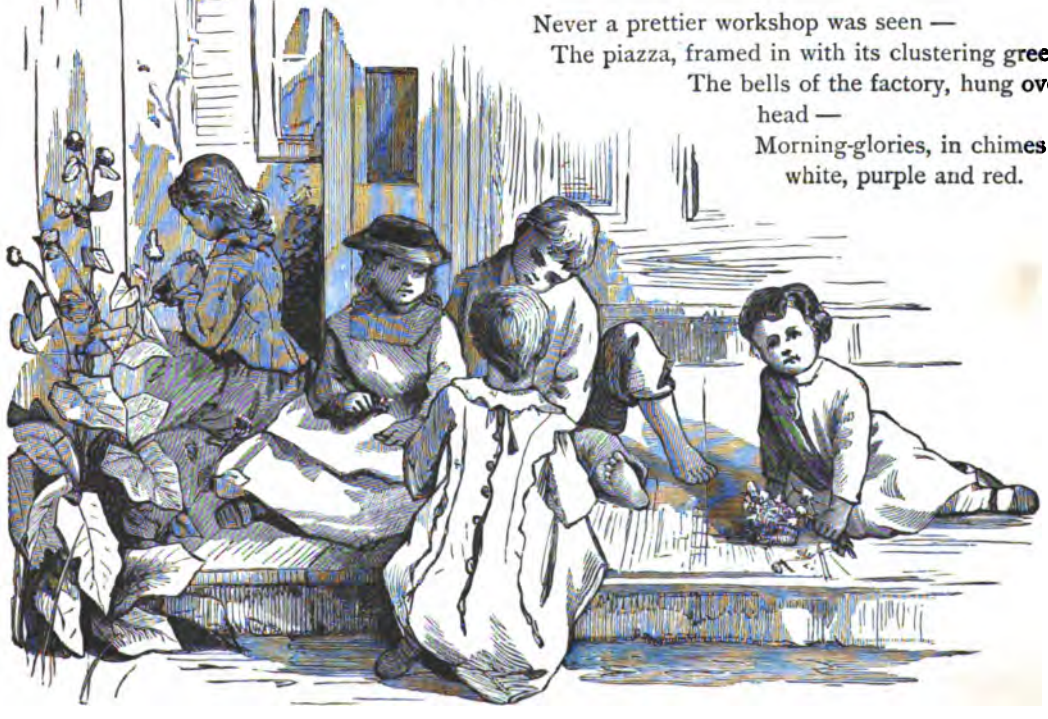
BURR BASKETS.

By Mrs M. E. Morse.

DAINTIER workmanship never was seen,
Tinted in purple, and white, and pale green;
Never a silversmith, cunning and wise,
Fashioned a casket of rarer device.

The spirits of sunshine, of air, and of dew,
Worked on the burdocks the long summer through;
And when the last burr stood erect in its place,
They fringed out its dress for a finishing grace.

Never a prettier workshop was seen —
The piazza, framed in with its clustering green;
The bells of the factory, hung overhead —
Morning-glories, in chimes of white, purple and red.



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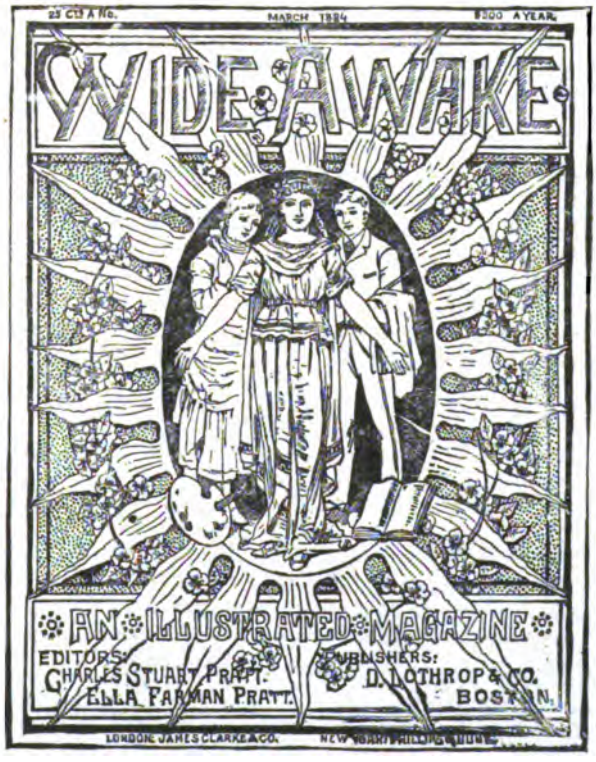

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